

Anon *Moore* 1778
THE
WORKS

Of the CELEBRATED

Monfieur *Voiture*.

CONTAINING,

I. His LETTERS, and CHARACTERS
of the most Eminent Personages in the COURT
of *FRANCE*. Illustrated with explanatory
Notes by Monf. RICHELET.

II. His METAMORPHOSES.

III. *ALCIDALIS* and *ZELIDA*; Or,
the *Undaunted* LADY. A ROMANCE. Com-
pos'd for the Entertainment of *Mademoiselle de*
RAMBOUILLET.

Done from the *Paris* Edition, by Mr. OZELL.

To which is prefix'd, the Author's LIFE,

AND

A Character of his WRITINGS, by Mr. POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for ROBERT MAIN, at *Homer's Head* in
Dame-street. MDCC LIII.



Done for the said University by the OFFICE
To which is given the Author's L.T.R.

A Chapter of his Writings by Mr. For-

In Two Volumes

The Fourth Edition

DUBLIN

Printed for Robert Mair, at the Press of
Dawson Macmillan



TO A
Young LADY
WITH THE
WORKS of VOITURE.
By Mr. POPE.

IN these gay Thoughts the Loves & Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line ;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all, was his peculiar Fate,
Who without Flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great ;
Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read ;
With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred ;
His Heart, his Mistress, and his Friend, did share,
His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the Trifle, Life, away,
'Till Death scarce felt, did o'er his Pleasures creep,
As smiling Infants sport themselves to sleep :
Ev'n rival Wits did *Voiture's* Fate deplore,
And the Gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before ;
The truest Hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with Sighs ;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes ;
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* Death,
But that for ever in his Lines they breathe.

ii *Mr. Pope's Character of Voiture.*

Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay Farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
No matter for the Rules of Time and Place.
Criticks in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much *your Sex* is by their Forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to Woman-kind:
Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your Guide;
Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride;
By Nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame;
Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame.
Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chace,
But sets up One, a greater, in their Place.
Well might you wish for Change, by those accus'd,
But the last Tyrant always proves the worst.
Still in Constraint your suffering Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real Chains:
Whole Years neglected, for some Months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free Innocence of Life!
For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife!
Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please;
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her Prayers,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,
The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
And to compleat her Bliss, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in *Balls*, *Front Boxes*, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward Part,
She sighs, and is no *Dutchess* at her Heart.

But,

Mr. Pope's Character of Voiture. iii

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd *Hymens* willing Victim too ;
Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,
Those Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms :
Good Humour only teaches Charms to laſt,
Still makes new Conqueſts, and maintains the paſt :
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our Hearts may bear its ſlender Chain a Day ;
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonneſs are worn,
A Morning's Pleaſure, and at Ev'ning torn :
This binds in Ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

Thus **Voiture's* early Care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And *Montauſier* was only chang'd in Name.
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, & their Flames ſtill warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle on th' *Elyſian* Coaſt,
Amidſt theſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt,
Pleaſ'd while with Smiles his happy Lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Rambouillet* in you.
The brighteſt Eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muſe,
The brighteſt Eyes of *Britain* now peruſe.
And dead as living, 'tis our Author's Pride,
Still to charm thoſe, who charm the World beſide.

* *Mademoiſelle Paulet.*





The NAMES of the PERSONS with
whom Monsieur *VOITURE* cor-
responded, and to whom the following
LETTERS are address'd.

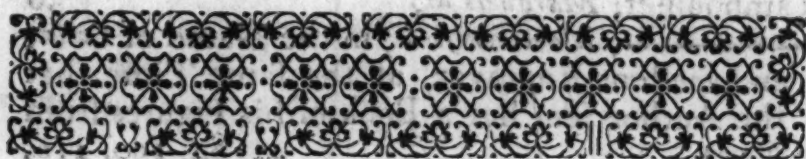
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AN



AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE
OF

Monsieur Voiture;

Written by his NEPHEW.

TTTTTTTTT T being my Intention to honour the Me-
 mory of an Uncle, whom I infinitely e-
 I steem'd, and whose Image will be always
 dear to me, I thought myself, Reader,
 oblig'd, when I gave you his Writings, to tell you
 something of his Person. If I speak of him to his
 Advantage, I hope, I shall not be at all suspected,
 upon Account of being his Kinsman, since that
 very Reason will make me more reserv'd, than
 any indifferent Person would probably be. Had I
 been left to myself, I should have wholly omitted
 fo

so just a Duty, as well because of my Incapacity to perform it, as of the Repugnance I found in my self against publishing the Virtues of a Man to whom I was so nearly related. But I yielded to the Perswasions of his Friends and mine, who represented to me, that since I had taken upon me to publish his Works, I ought to give the Reader some Account of his Life and Person. I shall therefore say all that the Subject requires, with less Art and Ornament, than Freedom and Truth: And to give you an Idea of his Soul, that may go beyond what appears in his Writings, however beautiful and agreeable they may be, I dare assure you, that he had many Qualities besides, which were full as considerable as his Wit, and which were of themselves sufficient to set him above the Generality of Mankind, and to obtain him the Reputation of being the Glory of the Age he liv'd in. He had several Talents very advantageous in the Commerce of the World; and among others, that of having wonderful Success in familiar Conversation, and of doing and saying every Thing with an uncommon Gracefulness. Tho' he spent most Part of his Life in the Diversions of a Court, yet he had study'd very hard, and had great Knowledge of good Authors. He was thoroughly skill'd in what we call the *belles Lettres*; and, which adds to their Value, knew perfectly well how to make a right Use of them. When he talk'd upon any Point of Learning, or gave his Sentiments upon any Topick, he did it very much to the Satisfaction of all that heard him, because he hit it off in a genteel lively Manner, without any Thing of the Peevishness or Contention of a Pedant. He was a perfect Master of Rallery, and agreeably us'd that Quality upon the most serious Discourses. This wonderful Quickness of Wit obtain'd him a good Reception among the chief Lords at Court, and among Princes themselves.

He

He had a commendable Assurance in making himself known, join'd to an extraordinary Sweetness and Civility, with which he always behav'd himself in the Company of the Great, by whom he was caress'd, far above his Rank; and we may boldly say, that no Man of his Condition and Birth, ever carry'd it so high as he did, or had such noble Friends and Acquaintance. Cardinal *de la Valette*, was the first that introduc'd him at Court, where he was immediately appointed to be Master of the Ceremonies to his Royal Highness; by Means of which Employment, and by his own Merit, he might undoubtedly have had much greater Promotions, had he been willing to apply to Business; but he was born for something else, and it would have been no small Loss to the Muses, and to the Age he liv'd in, if he had given himself up entirely to serious Affairs. Not but that he had some very honourable Employments: He was a long Time at the Court of *Spain*, on a Message from his Master, (the Duke of *Orleans*) where he grew acquainted with the Conde Duke D' *Olivares*, and other Grandees, who had a particular Esteem for his Wit. As he always lov'd the Language of that Country, and did afterwards make another Journey thither, he became so perfect a Master of it, that he wrote some *Spanish* Verses which the *Spaniards* themselves imagin'd to be *Lope de Vega's*, one of their best Authors. He was also sent by the late King to the Great Duke, to notify to him the Birth of his present Majesty; and these two Journies made him perfect Master of the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tongues.

He might have obtain'd several other honourable Employments, but the Love, which he always bore to Letters, would not suffer him to push into Business, to which he preferr'd Repose. He naturally lov'd Men of Wit and Learning, of whatever Quality, and was equally belov'd by them.

Among

Among Persons of Condition, and who are now employ'd in the Administration of the Kingdom, Monsieur d' *Avaux* was the first that began to raise our Author's Reputation; which being supported by a Man of such exquisite Judgment, and of such eminent Virtue, could not fail of receiving daily Addition. Monsieur de *Chavigny* afterwards help'd to establish it, by the Marks of Esteem which he shew'd him. The Marechals *Schomberg* and *Grammont*, honour'd him with a very strict Friendship; and to go higher, the late Prince and all his Family were pleas'd to look upon him with a gracious Eye. The present Prince has often taken Pleasure in his Conversation, and gave him Leave to write to him with great Familiarity. The Prince of *Conti* began to conceive a very great Liking to him; not forgetting here the Esteem and Affection which his Master, the Duke of *Orleans*, always testify'd for him. He was not unknown to the King and Queen themselves; and his present Lordship, the Cardinal, sometimes gave him Proofs of his good Will. But he was particularly in the Favour of that celebrated Family, where Virtue has been always encourag'd and honour'd; I mean that of *Rambouillet*. Besides the Marquess and Marchioness, all the polite Persons of both Sexes, who resorted to their House, were extreamly fond of his Company. Among the Learned that were in a Condition more upon a Parallel with his own, Monsieur de *Balzac*, Monsieur *Chapelain*, and many others, whom it would be too tedious to name, had a great Esteem for him while he was alive, and have still a great Respect and Love for his Memory. And we may say, that of all those who have any Reputation at present for Wit, there is hardly one that does not admire his; and I am confident, that the whole Academy, of which he was a Member, will be far from disowning what I say in his Favour. But I don't think that the O-
pinion

pinion of any *Man*, tho' ever so well qualify'd, is more advantageous to him, than the Approbation of those illustrious Ladies, who plac'd the Chief of their Diversions in his Conversation and Writings. That Sex has a very exquisite Taste for the Delicacies of Wit; and an Author must write very correctly, if he would be eternally read in a Circle or a Lady's Closet. In this, Monsieur *Voiture* was a very great Master; and exactly practis'd that old Oracle, which says, *That 'tis often a Piece of Skill to avoid pleasing the Doctors*. His Endeavours were to please those that move in a different Sphere, I mean the Court, of which the fair Sex is the greatest Ornament. I shall be contented with naming three, who will immediately draw after them the Voice and Consent of every Body; and shall lay much less Stress upon the Quality of the Persons, than upon their Merit. The Dutches of *Longueville* is indeed much oblig'd to the Blood of *Bourbon* and *Montmorency*, for a great Estate and a noble Descent; but she is no less oblig'd to her Father and her Mother, for the Advantages of Wit, which she possesses in a high Degree: Of her Father, she seems to inherit the Wisdom and Quickness which he had in all manner of Business; and of her Mother, the extraordinary Perfections, which make that Princess still admir'd as the Miracle of our Age. To these, she has added so many Graces, and so many Qualifications, which she has attain'd by reading the best Books, that foreign Nations justly strive with *France* which shall praise her most. The World looks upon her, as it did upon the Statue of an excellent Workman, which was so perfect and so masterly, that the others call'd it *The Rule*.

The Gift which she enjoys of a wonderful Discernment, I don't say between Good and Evil, but between Good and Better; the Justness, Strength, and Extensiveness of her Capacity, which give her

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a Penetration into the most hidden Beauties and Defects, entitle her to a Right of judging definitively in Matters of this Nature. The Marchioness *de Sable*, and Madam *Montausier* are no sooner nam'd, than our Souls are fill'd with the Image of two Persons accomplish'd in themselves, and in every thing that may make a Lady compleat. I don't undertake their Elogium; but I know that Princes, Ambassadors, and Secretaries of State, preserve their Letters as the true Models of reasonable Thoughts, and of a pure Style. I dare believe, that that Princess, and these Ladies, will not be offended with me, for saying that they thought our Author did in all Qualifications come very near to the Standard which has been set for what the *Italians* call a perfect Courtier and the *French* a gallant Man.

But 'tis Time to let you know something of his Manners, which were no less commendable than all his other Accomplishments. He was perfectly a good Friend, which was one of the Reasons why he had so many. The President *de Maisons* lov'd him cordially, and gave several generous Testimonies of his Affection, as well to him, as to his Relations, even after his Death. When once he contracted Friendship with any Body, he never did any Thing contrary to the strictest Rules of it; and as it was always founded more upon the Virtue of his Friends, than upon their Fortune or Quality, it never ceas'd upon Account of their Misfortunes. He had not the least Animosity in him, and never envy'd the Writings of another Man, or the Glory he might obtain by them. He judg'd of Things without Passion, and never took Pleasure in Scandal, or in lessening any one's Reputation. In Religion, he always had the Sentiments which every Body ought to have; he was charitable to the Poor; and those who knew him from his very Youth, always found him exceedingly averse to all

a

manner

manner of Looseness or Prophaneness. Tho' he was a great Lover of Rallery, yet he never writ any Thing Satyrical; and in all his Writings, there is nothing but what is to the Advantage of those he speaks of. This last Quality should engage the Reader to use his Reputation as tenderly as *he* did that of all the World. I don't doubt but that there are some Things in his Writings, which may be liable to Censure, as indeed there is in the Works of the greatest Authors, no body having yet discover'd the Art of Writing so as to please all; but these ought not to be taken by Retail, but in Gross; not the Words, but the good Sense, the Genius, and the Wit of the Writer, ought to be weigh'd; besides, it should in some Measure be consider'd, that he did not write for the Publick, but for his Friends, at whose Importunity alone his Works were publish'd. There is not in his Letters a tedious Uniformity of Style, but they are full of Inventions and Figures; the Words are very much vary'd, and every Thing in them is writ in an easy Manner, with a particular Air, and an incomparable Beauty. Perhaps his Manner of writing may seem too familiar, considering the Rank of the Persons he writ too; but he had gain'd this Privilege by Custom, and by Permission from the Persons themselves, who suffer'd that in him, which they would not have done in any body else. However, he us'd this Advantage with Discretion, and always behav'd himself with a great deal of Prudence in so ticklish a Point.

But I shall conclude this Preface with appealing to the fair Sex, whom, by his extraordinary Politeness, he has always had the good Fortune to please and divert; and after having left the *Men* to the Freedom of their Judgments, I must beg leave to intreat the Approbation of the *Women*. Let me beg you then, Ladies, to grant him your Voices and Applause; look upon his Works with

as favourable an Eye as he look'd upon you; defend him courageously against all that should presume to find Fault with him: And as he never said any Thing that was not to your Honour, do you never say any Thing that is not to his. Confess with me, that the Loves and the Graces were born with him, and that they would have dy'd too with him, if they had not liv'd in you.

If I say too much of him in the Opinion of some, they must attribute the Excess of my Commendations to the personal Respect I had for him; and, if in the Opinion of others, I have not said enough, they must ascribe my Modesty to the Proximity of Blood.



M. PERRAULT's

A C C O U N T

O F

V O I T U R E.

IRGIL having a Mind to bring a Poet
 V into the *Elysian* Fields, places him in
 the midst of the greatest Heroes; there-
 by to shew, that a Genius for Poetry,
 when it is in a high Degree of Perfection, makes
 the Man who possesses it, fit to live among Prin-
 ces and Kings, and in some sort to be upon a Le-
 vel with them. An Example of this was seen in
 him whose *Elogium* I am now writing. Tho' his
 Birth

Birth was but obscure in Comparison, being only the Son of a Wine-Merchant ; yet, by Means of his extraordinary Wit, he had the Happiness to spend his Life in the Friendship and Familiarity of the greatest Persons then at Court.

Indeed his Genius was very wonderful ; and, which is more, the only one of its Kind. There appear'd, at that Time, a great many very eloquent Authors, who join'd with *Balzac* in giving our Language the Elegance and Majesty which was wanting to it. *Malherbe*, and several other Poets, had carry'd Poesy to a much higher Pitch of Perfection, than that wherein they found it : But this Eloquence, and this Poetry, was still of the same Species with that of the Ancients ; and they only differ'd as to the more or less.

Voiture, in all his Writings, whether Prose or Verse, had such a genteel Air of Rallery, and such a beautiful Simplicity, as was not to be found in the most polite Authors of Antiquity. This Talent, being admirable in it self, and having, besides, the additional Charms of Novelty, acquir'd him the Love and Esteem of all the World. The most inconsiderable Things became valuable by his handling them. Even Proverbs, which in our Language do generally make a Discourse mean and unpolite, made his agreeable, whenever he had Occasion to bring them in. It was in the Hotel de Rambouillet, (at that Time the common Rendez-vous of the Wits) that his Merit began first to be taken Notice of. The Duke of Orleans, the King's only Brother, being desirous to have him always near his Person, made him his Master of the Ceremonies ; an Office which he executed to the Day of his Death, and of which he acquitted himself perfectly well, being in Possession of all the Talents and Languages that were requir'd for it. The Duke sent him to *Spain* about some Affairs ; and being There, out of Curiosity he cross'd over to
Africa,

Africa, as may be seen in his Letters. He was very much esteem'd at *Madrid*, where he writ some *Spanish* Verses, which every Body took to be *Lope de Vega's*, the Diction of them was so pure and so natural. The Conde Duke d' *Olivarez*, prime Minister and Favourite of the King of *Spain*, took great Pleasure in his Conversation, and desir'd he would write to him when he was return'd to *Flanders*. He made two Journies to *Rome*, and was sent to *Florence* to carry the News of the King's Birth. He had also a Place in his Majesty's Household; and the Count d' *Avaux*, Super-Intendant of the Finances, made him his Deputy, not to exercise the Office, but only to receive the Salary. He might have dy'd rich, but that he was so addicted to Gaming, that in one Night he lost fifteen hundred Pistoles. The Prince of *Conti*, even when he was Duke of *Anguien*, was pleas'd to honour him with his Favour and Friendship. The Approbation of this young Heroe, help'd not a little to elevate his Soul; and his Desire to please so nice a Taste, is perhaps one of the principal Causes of the Excellence of his Works. This may be seen by the Epistolary Poem which he writ to that Prince at his Return from his Conquests in *Germany*; a Piece, wherein it is hard to say, which prevails most, Wit, Pleasantry, or Solidity: Never were the Grave and the Serious temper'd with a more clean and ingenious Rallery.

Tho' he himself never printed any of his Writings, yet his Reputation extended not only all over *France*, but also into most foreign Countries; and the Academy of the *Humoristi* at *Rome*, sent him Letters of Admission into their Society. His Works were publish'd after his Death in one Volume, which was so well receiv'd, that two Editions of it were sold off in six Month's Time. His Prose is rather more correct than his Verse, and has an Air of Gallantry quite throughout, not to be

be found in any Author but himself. His Poetry is full of Variety, and has something in it so new and uncommon, that the more it is endeavour'd to be imitated, the more inimitable it is found to be. He was a Member of the *French Academy*, and prov'd one of its greatest Ornaments. He was born at *Amiens*, and educated at *Paris*, where he dy'd in the Year 1648, aged 50 Years.

As there were great Numbers that admir'd him, so there were some who envy'd his Glory, which they endeavour'd to eclipse in a very particular Manner, I mean, by praising him; for they only admir'd two or three of his Letters: One, for Example, which he wrote as from a *Carp* to a *Pike*; and another, where he praises an Abbess for not suffering a Cat to get to the Cheese; and in praising such as these, they endeavour'd to insinuate, that he excell'd only in Trifles. *M. Costar*, who perceiv'd the Maliciousness of these Commendations, was resolv'd to expose them to all the World; and in order to it, made a Collection of all such Passages in his Letters as are most noble and most moving. Tho' one has never so often read over these beautiful Things in their natural Places, it is hardly credibie how one is amaz'd at them when they appear all together.

After his Death, *Sarazin* publish'd a little Pamphlet, call'd his *Funeral Pomp*, wherein his Life and Manners are very ingeniously describ'd. This is an admirable Piece, and I believe the only one of that Nature. It is an Honour to him for whom it was written; not only because it praises him, and is in it self excellent, but because the beautiful Turn which is admir'd in it, is owing chiefly to the Imitation of his Writings. His Works are one Volume of Letters, with some Poems, and a Romance, call'd *ALCIDALIS* and *ZELIDA*.

M. RICHELET's ACCOUNT
of VOITURE.

 *Incent Voiture* was born about the Begin-
 ing of the last Age at *Amiens*, the Capital
 of *Picardy*; but he was educated at
Paris, and at Court, and bred up with
 Persons of the first Quality. His Father was a
 Wine-Merchant, and serv'd the Court. He said
 that his Son was chang'd at Nurse, because he
 drank nothing but Water, for which he was often
 rally'd. One Day, going by Chance into a Part of
 the Duke of *Orlean's* Palace, where some Officers
 were carowling, one of them cry'd out to him,
 Glass in Hand,

Thy Father was an honest Cod,
As ever sold the Grape's rich Blood :
Thou Voiture's Son ! the Dev'l a Bit :
Thou neither sell'st nor drinkest it.

Another Time, it being thought that he was upon
 courting a Cook's Daughter nam'd *la Prou* in the
 Way of Marriage, this Epigram was written upon it,

Thrice happy Pair, beyond Expression blest !
Whose Life shall be but one continu'd Feast,
A Banquet which the Morn to Night shall join ;
For as la Prou finds Meat, Voiture shall furnish Wine.

Madam *Deloges*, playing one Day at Proverbs with
Voiture, and not liking one of his: *This is not worth a*
Earth'ing, *M. Voiture*, said she, come, pierce us ano-
 ther. *Monseigneur de Bassompierre*, is reported to
 have broke the following Jest upon *Voiture*: 'Tis a
 thousand Pities he was not of his Father's Trade; for be-
 ing

xviii *M. Richelet's Account of Voiture.*

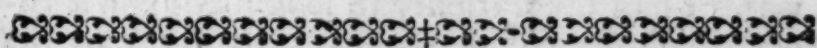
ing so fond as he is of sweet Things, he would have drawn us nothing but Hypocras. 'Tis believ'd, that the same Lord had this Rallery too upon Voiture: Wine, which fetches other People to themselves, makes this Man swoon if he does but hear it nam'd. Voiture could not bear to be rally'd upon the Subject of his Birth; and in this Point he was very weak: A Man of Wit and Sense, tho' of mean Parentage, is more valuable than a Man of Quality without Parts or Capacity.

Monfieur d'Avaux introduc'd Voiture at Court, having contracted a Friendship with him at School; Monfieur de Chaudebonne carry'd him to the Hotel de Rambouillet. Afterwards he was taken into the Family of the Duke of Orleans, who sent him about some Affairs into Spain; from whence, out of mere Curiosity, Voiture went to Africa. He had several Pensions, and might have dy'd rich, had it not been for his Love of Play; for he lost more than a Man of his Condition could possibly bear.

Voiture was good-natur'd, civil, amorous, or at least pretended to be so, and he boasted, that he had made Love from the Scepter to the Sheep-Hook, and from the Coronet to the round-ear'd Cap. He dy'd at about fifty Years of Age; he was finely shap'd, dress'd well, and said Things in a very polite Manner; the Works he has left us, are glorious Proofs of his Wit. His Prose, which consists of about two Hundred Letters, and a small Romance, call'd *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*, more correct than his Poetry. His Letters, which do not treat of Love, have, for the Generality, an admirable Turn, and are in a Manner so many Originals. In his Prose, he imitated the charming Simplicity of Cicero; and in his Verse, that of Clement Marot, and Melin de St. Gelais, whom he infinitely excell'd.



Monsieur Voiture's
WORKS.



To Mademoiselle * PAULET.

LETTER I.

MADAM.

0033-300 T was much more my Interest than it
 00 00 was yours, to keep the Riches you had
 00 I 00 sent me, from falling into other Hands
 00 00 than mine. I had rather lose all I
 0033-300 have in the World, than those Things
 you make me a Present of; and so long as I en-
 joy these latter, I could almost dispense with e-
 very thing else. If the Stones you have given me,
 can't break mine, they will at least make me sup-
 port

VOL. I. B

* She was the Daughter of Charles Paulet, Secretary of the King's Bed-Chamber: This Lady was one of those who had the strongest Passion for Monsieur Voiture, who was not insensible to the fair One, for she was rich and deserving. She was call'd the Lyoness, on account of her high Spirit, and yellow Hair.

E *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

port the Torment with Patience; and I think I ought never to be sorry for my having the Stone-Cholick, since it has procur'd me so much Happiness. Yet I can't help telling you, that this Generosity had lik'd to have cost you dear, for I had much ado to hinder your Present of Jewels from bringing a Scandal upon you. The Gentleman I live with knows you do me the Honour to write to me, because I shew'd him the Billet in which you send your Service to him. I was in his Company when your Letters were deliver'd to me; he either knew, or guess'd it was your Hand, by the Superscription, and I did not deny but that it was. I had the Curiosity to look first upon a Paper which seem'd more heavy than any of the rest, and having open'd it, I pull'd out in his Presence a Bracelet more brilliant and handsomer made than any I ever saw before. 'Tis impossible to tell you how much I was surpriz'd to find a thing I so little expected from You, and that I had been so indiscreet in the very first Favour you ever did me. My Blood flew all into my Face, and made me redder than the very Ribband you sent me; and he, before whom I stood, assum'd a Countenance as grave and severe, as if it had been given me by some Miss. But upon reading your Letter, I found that what I at first took for a Favour, was only a Medicine; and that the Bracelet was not sent to a Gallant, but to a poor sick Patient. Whatever you may think, Madam, 'tis my Opinion I am very good; for I, who would have given all I have in the World to have had this Present from you by way of Gallantry, was however contented tho' it was not one, and was extremely glad to find that you appear'd innocent, tho' it made me less happy. Thus the Ejade has already done you a Kindness, tho' you did not expect it; and by its Virtue has defended yours, which was accus'd, and almost upon the Point of being

being condemn'd. After this, I cannot but look upon it as very precious ; and coming from so good Hands, I have mighty Faith in it. I am in no small want of this Remedy, in a Country where there is no other, and where Assistance is to be expected sooner from Stones, than from Men. If you can but call to mind one Particularity, which was formerly told you about this Place, you'll very much pity those who have the Cholick in't. If you don't find out what I mean, I shan't be sorry for it ; for this Talk is not a bit too gallant for a Man that has had some little Reason to believe he is in your Favour. I shall only tell you, Madam, that you are very much oblig'd to take care of me ; for besides that you have had the same Distemper, I must inform you, that this Time mine proceeds from the same Cause, and the Physicians of *Madrid*, give me the same Prescriptions as those of *Paris* did formerly give you. In your worst Humours, you were never more solitary, more untractable, nor more peevish, than I am here : You can't imagine how differently I live from what I us'd to do ; and you'll be astonish'd when I tell you that I have spent eight Months without speaking to a Woman, without scolding, without gaming, and, which is most strange of all, without so much as warming my self at a Fire once : The very Relation of this is terrible. I have endur'd a Winter more cold and piercing than any we have in *France*, in a Place where there are no Night-Gowns, no Chimnies, nor any Fires, but upon a Victory, or the Birth of a Prince. This Misery has often made me wish for the good Fires you keep at your House ; and I repent that I refus'd to be the Cyclop of a Lady who is more charming than her who governs the Master of all the Cyclops. You must be very learned, if you understand this ; but if you guess who I mean, I humbly beg you, Madam, to give me Leave to

4 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

assure her here, that I have a more passionate Respect for her than ever, and that I should be contented with her Absence, if I thought it had the same Effect upon her, as it has upon me; for, upon my Word, it has considerably increas'd the Desire I always had to serve her, and has made me forget all the Things she has done to vex me; so that now I only remember the excellent Qualities which make her so agreeable and charming. Whatever I might pretend outwardly, I had still some little Spite against her in my Heart; and 'twas not till my last Fit of Sicknes, that I forgave her the Trick she play'd me once in your Presence, when she almost drown'd me with a Basson full of Water. But now all Desire of Revenge is chang'd into a Longing to see her, to honour her, and to serve her; and if there is any one Body in the World that I love more than herself, 'tis only one whom she too loves more than she does herself. As for that one Person, she shall always keep a particular Rank, both in my Memory, and in my Esteem; she shall never have either a Companion, or an Equal in my Affection, no more than she has in the World: And if my Love for you, were any thing else but Friendship, I confess I should not love you so much as I do her. Don't knit your Brows at this, nor wonder that I should not avoid saying shocking Things in my Letter, when you have not the same Consideration for me in yours. For what Occasion had you to tell me, that those two Ladies have gotten new Acquaintance, who may perhaps make them forget their old Friends? And why should you put this at the End of the most obliging Letter in the World? Indeed, if my Distemper might be cured like the Quartan Ague, by violent Apprehension, this Malice might be of some Use; tho' I should be but little oblig'd to you neither, if you gave me the Disease of Jealousy, in order to cure me of the Cholick.

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 5

Cholick. Pray take care to make me easy upon this Head ; for seriously it has broken my Rest, and I have hardly been able to sleep for it. I was a little inclin'd to fear this before ; not that I in the least doubt the Goodness of those Ladies ; but I can't help considering what a dangerous Thing 'tis to be at a great Distance from Folks. In a word, Madam, I know no Body but you, that I may depend upon ; for to hold out against so long an Absence, 'tis not enough to be constant, one must be obstinate. But since you have been pleas'd to put me into the List of your Friends, I am sure my Misfortunes will not make you retract it ; neither would you care to see Chance bring about a Thing, which formerly so many Priests, and so many religious People, could never effect. If there is any other Person that does me the Honour to love me, I enjoy that Happiness with Fear and Trembling, as a thing I am liable to lose, and of which may be every Day Time robs me of some Part. You tell me, that the Mistress of your Fortune has not forgot me : I can hardly tell how to unriddle this. Pray, is not your Mistress a young Lady, whose Eyes are very lively, and whose Nose turns up a little at the End ; who is cunning, proud, disdainful, haughty, and civil, and good-natur'd ; who often scolds, and yet always pleases ; who is a very good Girl, and yet has a Mother that leads her a weary Life ; and whom I lov'd once from *Baignolet* to *Charonne* ? If this be your Mistress, I can tell you she deserves to be Mistress of the whole World ; and I have maintain'd for eight Months together in this Court, that there's nothing under the Sun so good, nor so beautiful as she. All my Concerns put together, have not given me so much Uneasiness as hers have, and I have shed abundance of Tears, in which she has had the greatest Share. And indeed it must be own'd, 'tis a miserable Thing to think of, that her

6 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

Birth should be so happy, and her Life so unhappy; and that one and the same Person, should at once have all the Graces, and all the Disgraces in the World. I receive the Honour she does me, with all the Respect and Joy it is my Duty to do, and I pray God to comfort her, as she comforts others. This Goodness ought to be a Shame to that Lady who had three Lice found upon her one Day; but your Mistress, by her saying nothing to me, seems to stand mightily upon her Fidelity to you; tho' she might make me a Compliment, without giving me the least Cause for Jealousy. You take great Pains to assure me of the Friendship your Servant has for me; if 'twere not he I guess at, I should not like your remembering him so much; but that Gentleman deserves all Things, and I can envy him nothing. As for *Madam de Clermont*, tho' you had not so much as mention'd her, I should nevertheless have been assur'd, that she does me the Honour to love me; knowing the Extensiveness of her Charity, as I do, I can't doubt of her Affection; and 'tis enough to be in the Number of the Afflicted, to be in the Number of her Friends. In the midst of all the Joy I receive from the Honour so many extraordinary Persons are pleas'd to do me, I am extremely griev'd to find that you say nothing to me of a Man whose Remembrance of me you know would be the greatest Comfort to me. I am touch'd with nothing, in all my Misfortunes, so much as I am with that; and there's nothing but what I could endure with more Patience. I am afraid he won't take it well, that I should speak of him; but this, nor no other Consideration, can hinder me from publishing in every Place where I come, that there's no Man in the World more deserving the Love of his Friends, and Esteem of his Enemies. If the Count *de Guiche* is at Court, pray give me Leave humbly to beg him to think of me sometimes,

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 7

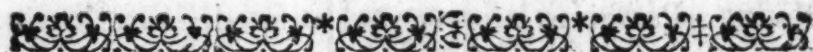
times, and to give a Proof of his Constancy, by loving a Person so useless, and so far distant. I was very well pleas'd t'other Day, to find *Mademoiselle de Montausier* in the *Gazette*; but I own I never could have thought that her Fame would have reach'd farther than her Brother's. I should be glad if he were inform'd, that I am still his most humble Servant, and that I wish him all the Conquests in his Amours he deserves. But however, I must except one Lady from this Wish, upon whose Account I formerly fear'd him; and I must here assure that Lady herself, that she'd be the most ungrateful Woman in the World, if ever she forgets me, be it for whom it will. For in sober Sadness, the Passion I have for her, goes beyond any Thing she can imagine: But if after all this, she rewards that Passion with Infidelity, I'm resolv'd to use Sword, Dagger, Poison, or any Thing else, to be reveng'd. I don't think, Madam, you can guess who I speak of; that is a Secret too important to be trusted to any Body. I only desire you to shew this Part of the Letter to *Mademoiselle du Pin*: But I grow now accusom'd to write long Letters, and I'm afraid I shall tire you: I have yet a thousand Things more to say to you, and 'tis not without the greatest Violence, that I content my self with telling you, that I am,

Madrid.

Madam,

Your most, &c.





To the same.

LETTER II.

MADAM,

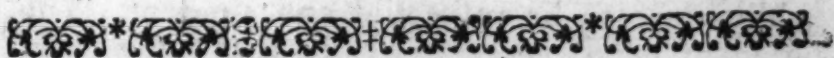
SINCE the Favour you did me in writing to me, is not to be valu'd, and 'tis impossible for me to deserve it, you ought not to have left it off, tho' I may have seem'd to forget acknowledging it. The Condition I was in two Months ago, made me let the Post-man set out without writing to you; and if this was the Reason, as 'tis very likely to be, why he did not bring me any of your Letters, I'll assure you my Cholick has done me no Injury so great as this. Since they are so necessary, pray, Madam, don't refuse me your Assistance; and since you are so charitable to every Body in Affliction; why should you not be so to me, who am tormented with so many sorts of Miseries? You are yet more oblig'd to be so, since my greatest, and that which I endure with most Impatience, is seeing my self absent from you. If besides this Grief, I have some other, 'tis for Persons whom you love no less than you do your self. I most humbly beseech you to be often telling them, that the Passion I have for them, cannot be told, and keep some Place for me in their Minds; you, who have so great a Share in them, that at least we may be together there, if we cannot any where else. As for you, Madam, I once more beg you not to desert me; the Honour of receiving Letters from you, is a Happiness I durst never hope for; but now I am us'd to it, 'tis impossible for me to live without it. Don't then deprive me of it,
after

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 9

after having so generously bestow'd it upon me, nor fall off at once from two Virtues which are so natural to you, Liberality and Constancy. And since 'tis not in my Power to repay this Obligation, at least I will wish I could, and shall beg nothing of Fortune so earnestly, as that it may be in my Power to testify to you, how much more than I can speak, I am,

Madam,

Yours, &c.



To the same.

LETTER III.

MADAM,

Nothing in your Letters can be more agreeable, than themselves; I found in the very Beginning of yours, what you would not give me any Hopes of, 'till at the End, and you gave me the Satisfaction you promis'd me elsewhere. I don't think you read what was added to it in a different Hand; and 'tis not to be believ'd that you, who send me nothing but Gold and Jewels, or Words which are even more valuable than either of them, would ever have sent me Abuses. Yet I must own I do in some Measure deserve that which is written to me; and I am not at all gallant, since I had not the Courage to be so with you. 'Tis a burning Shame that I should send you so many long Letters, without inserting a Word of that Style which one of your Friends says is so like Poetry; and tho' I'm so many Leagues from you, should never yet dare to tell you my Thoughts. But I'd have you to know, I won't be dishonour'd any more for you; and if you don't see and get

10 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

me Satisfaction for these Reproaches, I am resolv'd to write you Letters full of nothing but Flames, and Darts, and wounded Hearts, and to do so many Gallantries, that you shall repent you ever provok'd me. I can hardly forbear doing it this very Moment, and I have no other Way to restrain my self from it, than by thinking of that excellent Person, of whom I have learnt to foresee in every Thing the Inconveniencies that may arise from it; and the sole Remembrance of her, obliges me to be respectful and prudent. You, Madam, who know every thing that passes in my Mind, pray be so kind as to tell her in what a Manner she is in it, and with how much Gratefulness and sincere Affection I repay the Honour she does me. I think too, being so good-natur'd as you are, you might by the same Means induce Madam de Clermont to continue to love me, and to put me in her Prayers. On my Part, I shall do all I can to make my self worthy the Blessings she may obtain for me; and the Deuce is in't, if a Man whom you preach to, and she prays for, should not be converted! But pray let her know that I am more desirous of her Affection, than her Prayers; and tho' I believe she may make me holy, constant, and happy, I don't so much desire all this, as I do to be belov'd by her. 'Twas with the greatest Joy and Satisfaction that I read what you tell me of the Divine Person before whom I formerly made my Epitaph. I can tell her, that even when I had two Fans at my Throat, and was in the Hands of my greatest Enemies, I was not more to be pity'd than I am now; and that 'tis more happy to die in her Presence, than to live from her. After the extraordinary Honour she does me, I have nothing more to wish for, in order to make my Glory compleat, except it were, that I had been so happy as to have been remember'd by the young Lady who had like to have been

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 11

been run away with at *Lima*. But Heaven is absolutely resolv'd that her Mother shall never have her Equal in this World; and that if by Chance there may be some one as handsome, at least she shall never be so good. I think she, for whom I made the *Dryades* laugh one Time, I mean *Madam de G—*, (I believe there'd be no Danger, if I should write her Name at length.) I say, I think she need not be so inveterate against the Rebels, as not to do me the Honour to think of me sometimes. If what is reported, be true, namely, that we had a Design to steal her away, it had been in the same Manner as the *Greeks* stole the Image of *Pallas* from the Custody of their Enemies, in a Belief that Happiness and Victory would always attend that Side who had her with them. But really I knew nothing of that Design; she herself can tell, that if I had any Design at all upon her, 'twas in an honourable Way; and she may please to remember, that my Courtship of her, was always full of Respect and Decency. And without Lying, whatever Love I may have for our Affairs, I can't help having some for her. Every Time I consider her, I restrain my Wishes, and have much ado to adhere to my Party as I ought. I have been more generous to praise her, than she has been to remember me. 'Tis not eight Days ago since I represented her here so like herself, that I got her the Love, or at least the Esteem to a high Degree, of a Man who has no great Reason to wish well to all her Family. I am your Servant's most humble Servant, and I assure him, that he has not a greater Passion for you, than I have for him. You tell me, *Madam*, that there is one of your Servants who thinks of no Body so much as me, and that a Favour so unusual from him, deserves a very grateful Return; but you should have been more plain, that I might have been sure who you mean: Pray Heaven it be him I hope it is,

12 *Monfieur VOITURE's Letters.*

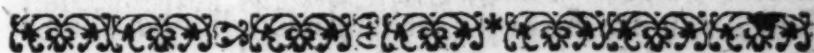
is, 'twould comfort me for all my Misfortunes; you may easily guefs who I wifh it may be. I don't know whether 'twill be dangerous for you to fpeak to him of me, but pray, Madam, don't let that hinder you from doing it. Whatever he may appear outwardly, there's no need to fear him fo much; he's better than he feems to be. I know thus much of him, he can't, for the Heart's Blood of him, help loving thofe that love him. I believe, when I go from hence, I fhall pafs by the Way of *Granada*; and to take the Advice, or rather to obey the Commands, that I have receiv'd, fhall fail five hundred Leagues by Sea, to avoid travelling two hundred by Land. The Danger and Inconveniency of the Voyage don't vex me fo much as 'twill not to pafs thro' *France*. Tho' I was long ago engag'd to promife it, I can hardly tell how to refolve to do it. If I had my Will, I'd have taken the great Road with the fame Boldnefs and Security as ever, and gone directly to *Bourg la Reine*. I fancy they that difwad'd me from this Defign, were not fo much afraid for me, as they were afraid of me; and imagin'd that my Coming would be known all the Town over, and that I fhould run headlong into all Companies publickly. But I had taken a Refolution to be more difcreet; I fhould have been fatisfy'd with ferenading three or four People or fo, and away: But I muft be contented to obey, and to believe that we are commanded for the beft: But this Submission ought to be taken mighty well, for in my Opinion, 'tis both Obedience and Sacrifice together. At leaft, I ought no longer to be accus'd of being obftinate, when I was not fo upon fuch an Occafion as this. This Submission, and my taking fo much Pleafure in writing, as not to know how to give over, are two notable Alterations in me. Forgive me one, for the Sake of the other, and be fo good as fometimes to call to Mind how heartily I am, Madam,

Madrid.

Your, &c.

P. S.

P. S. I most humbly beseech you, Madam, to give me leave to answer a Word or two, with all the Mildness imaginable, to the Person who attacks me in your Letter. I have study'd a long while to find out who could be that little Man of whom such great Things are reported, and who is set so much above and below me. It can't be Mr. *Vigean*, for I am but two Fingers taller than him; and he is but ten times more gallant than I. After much Thought, I believe that this is a Fib, to tell you my Mind, and that 'tis impossible there should be a Man either so little, or so witty. I beg, Madam, you'd let me know the Truth of the Business.



TO

Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

IF your other Letter was like this I have receiv'd, the Loss of it is no mighty Misfortune to me; and it were to be wish'd that this second Time too I had only known that you had done me the Honour to write to me, without any Thing farther. When I first read what you tell me, namely, that you had much ado to perswade your self to venture your Compliments, I really expected some, and when I went on, I could find no other Compliments, than that you put me in Mind I am little, and tell me I'm not at all witty, or gallant. If these were all the Compliments you had to make me, Madam, there was no need of your putting them under the Protection of the

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14 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

valiantest young Lady in all *France*. Even tho' they had been intercepted, they could never have witness'd against you for favouring the Rebels; and in the Manner your Letter was written, you ought to have fear'd nothing but its being deliver'd to me. After having been so desirous to hear from you, you take the Pains to write five or six Lines, wherein you blame Fortune for daring to attack Things that you send; and all that you say as to my self, is this, "We have a Man here, a Foot and a half shorter than you, and I'll swear a thousand times more witty and gallant." This is a fine comfortable Letter truly, and these Words are mighty likely to make me forget all my Afflictions! I believe, Madam, I have told you before now, you are fitter for writing a Challenge, than a Letter. All you have to do after this, is to add, that this you will maintain in the Court of *Trebizond*, and so sign *ALASTRAXERÆA*. Since you have so many wonderful Qualities, and so much Power over me, why should you make use of both these Advantages only to do me harm, and be one of the Faries who delight in nothing but making Mischief, and undoing the Good which others had done? When *Mademoiselle Paulet* has written me a fine obliging Letter, in which the *Marchioness* assures me of her Friendship, *Madam de Clermont* of her Prayers, and the most perfect Lady in the World of her Remembrance; you come at last to knock all my Joy on the Head, and to undo all that they had done in my Favour. 'Tis a strange Thing that the *Pyrenean* Mountains, which serve for Boundaries to two large Kingdoms, should not be able to defend me from You! My Misfortunes are so far from appeasing you, that you come to persecute me at the farthest Corner of the World, and to torment me even more than my ill Fortune. At a Time when my very best Friends durst not hold any

*Cor-

Correspondence with me, and when 'tis dangerous to write to me, you pass by all these Considerations, only to tell me that you don't think I've the least Morfel of Wit or Gallantry in me, and that there's a Dwarf that you like a thousand times better than you do me. Tho' I have all the Reason in the World, Madam, to scold at this, yet, not to confirm what you say of me, and to shew you that I have some Gallantry in me, I will tell you, Madam, that I thought my Miseries could receive no Allevation, and yet they were alleviated the Moment I read what you did me the Honour to write to me. Not that they were less great than I took 'em to be ; but this is to shew that nothing is impossible to you, and that you can give a Remedy even to Things which are incapable of receiving any. Nevertheless, I can't but wonder that you could do me so much good, tho' you say nothing to me but what is to the last Degree unkind ; and that I should be satisfy'd only with some of your Writing, tho' what you write, has nothing satisfactory in it. Magick Characters have not a more wonderful Effect than yours have ; and this shews that you have the Art of giving a secret Virtue to Words, and a Power quite different from what they have of themselves. That by telling me of my Faults, you should ease me of all my Sorrow ; and that I should receive Pleasure from hearing that you like another better than me, is a Miracle, I can never comprehend ! But I have long forborn, Madam, to endeavour to assign any natural Cause to any Thing that belongs to you. I know that a Person who is full of Miracles, may now and then work some : But however great yours may be, the strangest you ever perform'd, is, the giving Joy to one who is in the Condition I am, and making happy a Man who is at once poor, banish'd, and sick. In this you shew that Fortune,
who

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who has the World beneath her Feet, is herself beneath yours; and that you are able to give Success to those whom she condemns to be wretched. And indeed, so I have but you on my Side; no matter if the Stars are against me; and tho' they all conspire to ruin me, yet if you will undertake my Defence, I shall believe that the better Part of Heaven is for me. Pray, Madam, don't abandon a Man who reposes so much Confidence in you. If you will but please to desire I may be happy, I must be so; and if but in your Heart you wish me well, I shall even at this Distance feel the Effects of your Thoughts and Wishes. You are oblig'd to make some for me; for I swear all mine are for you, and my most earnest ones are, that you may have every Thing your Beauty and Virtue deserve. 'Tis true, my Interest is concern'd even in this; for if you had all you deserve, there would no longer be two Parties, nor two Factions in the World; all Mankind would be of one Mind, and all the Earth obey you.

This is to teach you, Madam, to take care what you say another Time, and to let you see that I have more Wit and Gallantry than you say I have. If you would convince me that I have not, let your little Man write a Letter a thousand times more gallant than this. But even tho' he had the Advantage of me in that, I should have it over him in something else which I value more, I mean in being a thousand times more than him or any Body else,

Madam,

Your, &c.





*To the Duke of BELLEGRADÉ,
sending him Amadis de Gaul.*

LETTER V.

My LORD,

IN an Age wherein History is so perplex'd, I thought I might safely send you Fables; and in a Place where your only Design is to divert your self, you might afford to the Conversation of *Amadis*, some of those Hours which you give to the Gentlemen of your Province. I hope that in your Solitude, he will sometimes agreeably divert you, by relating to you his Exploits, which, 'till you suffer yours to be publish'd, will certainly be the greatest in the World. But whatever Wonders we read of him, it must be confess'd your Fortune is as amazing as his; and of all the Enchantments which he put an End to, there is not one but what you could have finish'd, unless perhaps it be that of the *Bow of Loyal Lovers*. In Effect, my Lord, you have shewn to *France* a *Rogero* more amiable and accomplish'd, than him of *Greece*, and of *Ariosto*, and without enchanted Armour, without the Assistance either of *Alquist* or *Urganda*: In short, without any other Charms than those of your own Person, you have had the greatest Success that could be wish'd for, both in War and Love. And if one were to consider that Complaisance so exact, and which never left you; that charming Gracefulness by which you gain the Affections of all that see you, and that Greatness and Steadiness of Soul which never suffer'd you to go contrary to Duty, nor even to Decency; 'tis hard not to imagine that you are of the Race
of

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of the *Amadis*es. And I verily believe that one Day the History of your Life will be added to the many Books we have of theirs. You have been the Ornament and Prize of three several Courses; you have known how to have Kings for your Rivals, without having them for your Enemies, and to possess Their Favour and that of their Mistresses at the same Time; and in an Age where Discretion, Civility, and true Gallantry were banish'd from this Court, you have taken them into your own Person, as into an *Asylum*, where they have been admir'd by all the World, without being imitable by any Body. And I must confess, one of the chief Reasons which induc'd me to send you this Book, was to let you see what Advantage you have even over those that were form'd at Pleasure to be an Example to others, and how far short the Invention of the *Italians* and *Spaniards* is of your Virtue. In the mean while, I humbly beg you to believe, that amongst the many Affections it has gain'd you, it has inspir'd none with so much Admiration nor real Passion as it has me; and that I am, more than I can express, and with all Respect,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



TO

Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER VI.

MADAM,

ALL the Means that you have taught me to make my self easy, are of no Use to me in this

this Country ; and the more reasonable your Advice seems to be, the less Cause I have to be comforted, for having lost the Pleasure of hearing one who argues so perfectly well. Every Body here assures me that this is a very agreeable Place, and there is not one that belongs to my Lord's Train, who has not a Highness, or at least a Princess, to converse with. But however gallant the Court of *Lorain* may be, I am as lonely in it, as I was about eight Months ago in the Journies of *la Beauffe* ; and I have seen better Company in the Streams of *Paris*, than I have yet met with in the Dutcheß's Chamber. I can't tell whether 'tis an Effect of the Spleen, which I have been tormented with for some time ; but in my Opinion, there are no more Persons of Conversation, besides those which I saw in the last Journey I had the Honour to go with you ; and I could discourse much more agreeably with *M——* than I could do with the Dutcheß of ——. The Melancholy I have in my Heart and Eyes, makes every Face appear to me as if I saw it thro' the Smoke of Brandy, and I can see nothing here but what seems frightful to me. Those Hours which the Marquiss calls the Hours of Digestion, last me from Morning 'till Night ; and I am such ill Company, that *M. de Chaudebonne* is angry about it, and I can plainly see that he takes it ill : But I have made my Peace with him, by promising one of these Days to talk to him for two Hours together, and that I will tell him a Story more agreeable than that of *Heliodorus*, and made by a Person more handsome than *Charicleas*. You will easily judge, Madam, that 'tis that of *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*, which I have promis'd him, for that can be said of no other. As stupid as I'm grown, don't fear, that in telling it I shall rob it of any of its Beauty ; for in all my Misfortunes, I have still preserv'd my Memory sound, and I believe it will serve me faithfully when 'tis for you,

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you, since you have as much Share in it as any Body, and I am, more than I can express,

Madam,

Yours, &c.



To Mademoiselle PAULET.

LETTER VII.

MADAM,

THere never were such fine Enchantments as yours are, and all the Magicians that ever made Use of Images of Wax, never work'd such strange Effects with them as you. That which you sent me has fill'd all who have seen it with Amazement, and that which is much more admirable, and which I believe no Magick can bring to pass, it has struck Madam the Marchioness of *Rambouillet* with Love, and me with Joy, the same Day you went away. I can't comprehend how this could happen to you; but the Letter and Present which came from you, really made me forget all my Misfortunes; and I receiv'd the little *Europa* with as much Satisfaction, as if I had been presented with that which makes one of the three Parts of the World, and which is divided into several Kingdoms. And indeed it is of more Value, since it resembles you; and Madam the Marchioness, under that Pretence, rob'd me of it by Force, and swore by *Styx* she should not leave her Closet. Thus *Europa* has been run away with a second Time, and, in my Opinion, much more gloriously than when she was stoln away by *Jupiter*. 'Tis true, to appease me, they have given me

two

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 21

two Dogs, with such long Snouts, that in my Mind they are well worth a Gentlewoman; and I don't know whether there is e'er a one at *Paris* that I would change them for: Indeed in the Humour I am now in, I ought no longer to converse with reasonable Creatures; and in my Despair I wish I were in a Desert, in the Claws of the most cruel of the Lions, I, who said that one ought to love nothing but Dogs. You, who made them gallant, pray make them grateful too, and let them sometimes remember me, since I honour them more than any one in the World, and am,

Mademoiselle,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle CHALAI S,

LETTER VIII.

MADAM,

I Did not care to put you in Danger, any more than the Marchioness, by making you read this Letter; but, I believe, Persons who have taken the Tincture of Gold, cannot be infected. For my Part, I every Morning take three Grains of Antimony, and six of the Fishes Eyes, which you know of; with this I may safely go any where. Pray continue to honour me with your Love; for if that once fails me, I shall take my Antimony unprepared. I am,

Madam,

With all my Heart,

Your, &c.

To



To the Marchioness de SABLE.

LETTER IX.

MADAM,

I Receiv'd with your Letter the greatest Joy I have been sensible of since your Absence. If you consider with how much Friendship and Wit all those are written which you do me the Honour to send me, you would not doubt it; and you would not entertain such an Opinion of my Negligence, if Fortune had not lost the last I writ to you. 'Tis a Loss which you have Reason to be concern'd for, since there was one from Mademoiselle de Rambouillet in it. She desires you to learn of Madam de St. Amand, for whom 'tis directed, what is become of it, for she is in Pain about it, because of several Things which she tells you in it. For my Part, Madam, I assure you I take so much Pleasure in writing to you, that I don't take more in being idle. And my Letters are writ with such a true Affection, that if you consider'd well of it, you would esteem them more than those which you ask of me again. Those proceeded only from my Head, these proceed from my Heart; those were a Trouble to me, these ease me extreamly. Is it not true, Madam, that I should have made you angry, if I had put any more of *those* and *these*, and that you would have been amaz'd at the Novelty of the Style? I had a Thought of doing it, to see what you would say; but since you were absent, I have had no Inclination for Mirth; and I should have left this Place long ago, had not some Affairs detain'd me. My Slothfulness was born under the happiest Constellation in the World;

it

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 23

it always finds some Pretence or other for every thing that it does not care to do; and I have put off my Journey from Week to Week, nor has it been my Fault that I stay'd here till now. I believe, Madam, you won't think this strange, you, who would still have been here, if the Cart of those that were infected with the Plague, had not frighten'd you away. But I am resolv'd to force my self away from *Paris* in ten or twelve Days, and I believe I shall have no great Trouble in it. At least the strongest Tie that retain'd me, was remov'd the Day that you set out; and if any thing now could keep me here, 'twould be Madam and Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*, who every Day tell me I ought to be gone. I can assure you, Madam, without offending against the Freedom with which I ought to speak to you, that you are belov'd by those two Ladies as much as you can desire; and I hear them speak of you every Day with so much Tendernefs, that one of the chief Things for which I love them, is the Affection they bear to you. Have no more Distrust therefore of them than of me, and don't reckon their Friendship amongst the Happineffes which you might spare. I am very glad you have confirm'd the others who were not of that Nature, and that you have put your Affairs in the Order you desir'd. I humbly thank you for not having forgot the Care of mine. In my Neglect of such Things, it would be necessary for me to know what I have to do, from one whom I dare not disobey, and who advises and commands at the same Time. That which gave me so much Trouble, and detain'd me so long, is in a better Posture than I could have expected, and I believe we shall bring it to a Conclusion for a Piece of Money. But I shall think my self well come off, if it cost me no more than that; and besides, Madam, I am less fond of Money than ever, since I am assur'd that
you

24 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

you have it. Let the worst come to the worst, with the Secrets I have in Chymistry and Physick, you may very well entertain me ; and when you have a Mind I should usher you by the Hand, 'tis but giving me the Habit of a Gentleman. You rightly imagin'd that I should stand in need of your Interest with Mademoiselle d' Aticki ; and I humbly beg you, Madam, to write to her for me. I have seen her but once since your Departure. That, and what Monsieur Nerli may have said to her, will, I hope, make her believe that you recommend to her one who is not indifferent to you, and who is faithful enough to deserve that Favour of you. If she believes thus, Madam, I think she will judge better of this than of a great many other Things : For 'tis true, and forgive me, Madam, if I do not tell it you with Respect enough, that I love nothing in the World so much as you ; and that I am, with all my Heart,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER X.

MADAM,

THE Moment I saw the Beginning of your Letter, I admir'd your Judgment ; for you did indeed perceive a Sentiment which lay conceal'd in my Heart, before I my self did. For my Part, I thought I was in mighty Haste to be gone ; but however glad I always am to hear from you, I own when I saw Robineau, I was in a little Consternation,

sternation, to think that I had then no farther Excuse for staying here; and I believe, I should have been very glad to have been without that Joy for seven or eight Days longer. Yet, Madam, whatever Uneasiness I may have, I can easily be comforted, by the Concern you shew for my Interest; and I am mightily pleas'd to see that you have writ more Letters for me in one Night, than you have done in four Years for *Madam de Loges*, and *Madam d' Aubigni*. 'Tis certainly the greatest Proof of Affection it is possible for me to get from you, especially, when I consider it with the Circumstance you writ to me of; and I need not doubt, but you would do any thing for the Advancement of my Fortune, since you take Pains for it. I acknowledge this Obligation, Madam, with the Heart you know me to be Owner of; and besides the Satisfaction I receive in this, with regard to my self, I am also extreamly glad to find that you are as generous and good a Friend as I always desir'd you should be; and I swear, I am so contented with this Part of my Fortune, that I believe I shall neglect it in every thing else, and that I shall despise the Friendship of Queens every Time I think of yours. I desire you therefore, Madam, to be very well satisfy'd with what you have done for me, without giving your self any Disturbance about the Success or Fruit your Letters will bring me; and if you writ them with an Intent to procure me either Profit or Honour, be assur'd they have already had the Effect you desir'd. I shall not fail to deliver them with the Order you command. You did well in excusing the Style, for really I could hardly endure that Jargon of *Marficia*, *Merlin*, and *Alexis*. Yet, amidst it all, I perceive abundance of Wit and wonderful Skill, and especially a great Zeal to do something for me. What you say to *Mademoiselle Rambouillet* is very comical, namely, that if Care be not

C

taken,

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taken, I shall go to *Flanders* as I went to *Vaugirard*; and in my Opinion, that one Word is worth a whole Letter. 'Tis true, Madam, had it not been for the Care that was taken to give me Notice, I should have gone with the Messenger of *Brussels*. And to tell you the Truth, I take this Journey so unwillingly, that I can't imagine why I should fear being taken up; and were it not for Madam ——— I should be very well contented to pass the rest of the Winter in a Chamber of the *Bastile*, so it were but warm enough. The ——— is entirely ruin'd; *M. de ———* was four Months ago in strict Friendship with him and *Monsieur de Bellegarde*: You may well imagine, Madam, he will be ne'er the better for it, nor I neither. *Mademoiselle d'Atichi* has promis'd me Wonders, and with as much Kindness as you yourself could have done: I'll assure you, I never deserv'd it of her, neither can I tell whether or no I ever shall. You may be secure of *Madam de Villery*, and of every thing else. I have receiv'd all your Advice, and I shall take it. Madam and *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet* love you mightily. I bid you Farewel, Madam, with Tears in my Eyes; and give you my Word, I love you as much as you deserve, and more than you can imagine.



To the same.

LETTER XL

MADAM,

REally 'tis very ungrateful in you, not to give your self the Trouble to send me an Answer; and being more idle even than I my self, is too idle of all Conscience. Whatever fair Excuses I might

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 27

might have, for being six Months without writing to you, I could not let *Robineau* go, without assuring you, that after all, I am more your humble Servant than ever. 'Tis too true, Madam, that you can never lose me, be as negligent as you will: I should be very glad, and so would *Mademoiselle de Chalais*, to save my self from your Service; and there are some certain People here, that would not think it Labour lost to steal me away, but I can never consent to it; and to me, it would be as bad as destroying me, to save me in such a manner. Madam *de Rambouillet* commanded me to tell you, that to supply your Want of an ingenious Person, to be in the Place of her you have lost, she has sent you *Mademoiselle* ——— who, as good Luck would have it, had not fertled herself. She believes you will receive her as one she has chosen for you, and has caus'd her to set out, to come to you, two Days ago. I should not have writ this Raillery, if I had been commanded to do it; for, in serious Sadness, Madam, my Heart's too full of the little Regard you have for me; discharge it of that Uneasiness I beseech you, for I swear I am,

Entirely Your.



To the same.

LETTER XII.

MADAM,

IF you take no Care about my Pleasure or Repose, at least take some about my Fortune. I am now just upon the Point of being gone, without any further Delay, except it be 'till I have heard from you; I am afraid the Letters you have

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given me, will be too old: If you still keep up your Intelligence in that Country, I believe it would do me no harm, if you gave me others, wherein you shall take Occasion to speak in my Favour, if you think fit: If you don't, at least, you would do well to speak for your self, and by your Letters renew the Assurances of your Fidelity and Service. And this, Madam, will however be some Recommendation for me: I humbly beg you would send them me as soon as possible, for I wait only for them to begin my Journey. I bid you farewell, Madam, with so much Affection and Tenderneſs, that it would be more dangerous for *Nerli* to see this than the other; and I swear, I am more concern'd at going further off from you, than at parting with all those whom I leave here. And indeed, Madam, you will for ever be more considerable to me, than all the rest of the World; and if you knew how true this is, you your self would be satisfy'd, you, who can never be contented, unless you have the sole Possession of all Hearts. I speak this with the same Sincerity, as I shall do my last Words upon my Death-Bed: There never will be any Body that I shall love, honour, and esteem, so much as you; and I shall always be, Madam, at all Times, and in all Places,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle PAULET.

LETTER XIII.

MADAM,

I Return you my humble and hearty Thanks, for not complaining of me, and I'll assure you,
you

you have leſs Cauſe to do it, than any Body in the World. I'm amaz'd at your ſaying, that the Perſons, who do me the Honour to love me, blame me for my Slothfulneſs, and yet are ſo ſlothful themſelves, that they reproach me by Proxy. In the Condition I am in, it would be much better done, to ſend me Comfort than chide me; and thoſe who are in Affliction and Banishment, and who have loſt their All, have but little Heart to divert others. When I ſay this, I would not have you think I complain of that rare Perſon, whoſe Merit and want of Health, ſet her above all ſorts of Duty: But thoſe who write out of wantonneſs of Heart, and only to ſay fine Things, are not, in my Mind, to be excus'd for omitting to do me that Honour. I'll aſſure you, there never was Melancholy equal to mine; and, if I durſt write mournful Letters, I could ſay Things that would cleave your Heart. But, to tell you the Truth, I had much rather have it remain entire; and I ſhould be afraid, if it were once in two, it would be divided in my Abſence. You ſee what Uſe I can make of the fine Things I hear you ſay: But pray, Madam, do you, to whom I am oblig'd for that, take care to ſend me ſome now and then, ſince I know how to make ſuch good Uſe of them, and tranſmit ſome Words to me, which I may remember as long as I have thoſe. All thoſe which I have hitherto ſeen of yours, are ſo indifferent, that they have not in the leaſt taken from my Diſturbance; and I humbly beg you to ſend me ſome that may have more Virtue in them, ſince you can give what you pleaſe to thoſe that belong to you. If you don't, I ſhall think the haſty Reconciliation, which was ſo ſuddenly clapt up before my Departure, was falſe; and that there is nothing ſincere in you, but your Coldneſs and Indifference. You may judge, whether it be poſſible for me to live with this Imagination, and whether

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you are not the most mischievous Body in the World, if you put me to such imminent Danger. I conjure you to have more Care of me; for you are very much bound to do it, since I am more than ever,

Madam,

Your, &c.

P. S. After having writ this Letter, I thought there were five or six Drachms of Love in it; but 'tis so long ago since I have mention'd it, that I could not forbear, and then I am so little, that you know there is no great Danger of me.

The Man you speak of, has been dead this great while; it remains only to bury him, but they have not done it yet, through Negligence.

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XIV.

MADAM,

I Am far from finding any Fault with your Prudence, since it is joyn'd with so much Goodness; and is not less used for the Good of others, than for your own. I confess, I was amaz'd to find myself the first unhappy Wretch that you abandon'd; and that you should try upon me the Experiment of that pitylefs Virtue, which could not yet be compatible with your Goodness. And, indeed, since those Actions, in which there is most Danger, are most esteem'd, it is not reasonable always to expect so much Safety in doing Good; and you,
Madam,

Madam; I take to be particularly oblig'd to take care of the Unhappy, since, by a Word speaking, you may change their Condition. Those which you did me the Honour to send me, have produc'd in me all the Effect you can imagine, and I have since been griev'd at nothing, but at my Inability to shew you the Sense I have of them. It must be own'd, Madam, when you are not mischievous, you are the most accomplish'd Lady in the World; and the Goodness, which in any other is so amiable, is much more estimable in you, in whom it is better accompany'd, than it ever was in any other. I should not so long have deferr'd returning your my Thanks for that you have been pleas'd to shew me, if I had had an Opportunity to do it; and this Letter I put into the Hands of Fortune, without being able to conceive how it can pass through all the Difficulties and Flames which surround us. Yet I believe it will be so happy as to escape, since 'tis to you that 'tis directed; and you will not fail to receive it, by means of the good Fortune which you say attends you in all insignificant Matters.

I have a great deal to say to you that is not insignificant, which I should be glad to have you know; but I believe you desire I should be prudent as well as you, and not write any thing that will admit of Explanation. Yet, tho' we are of contrary Parties, I fancy I may say, without a Crime, that there is no Body, even in ours, I would follow so willingly, as you, and that I shall be all my Life-time, with all Respect, and sincere Esteem,

Your, &c





To Monsieur de BALZAC.

LETTER XV.

SIR,

IF it be true, that I have always kept the Rank, which you tell me I have held in your Memory, methinks you have shewn but an indifferent Concern for my Satisfaction, in delaying so long to impart the pleasing News to me, and in suffering me so long to be the happiest of Men, without dreaming I was so. But, perhaps, you were of Opinion, that this very good Fortune, was so infinitely above any thing that I could in reason hope for, that it was necessary you should take Time to invent Arguments, which might render it credible, and that you had an Occasion to employ all the Power of Rhetorick to perswade me; that you had not forgot me. And thus far, at least, I must needs confess, that you have been very just, that resolving to let me have nothing but Words for all the Affection you owe me, the Choice which you have made of them, has been so rich, and so beautiful, that, let me die, if I believe the Thing they assure me of would be of greater Value: This, at least, I'm sure of, that they would suffice to counterballance any Friendship but mine. I am only discontented at one thing, and that is, that so much Artifice, and so much Eloquence, should not be able to disguise the Truth from me and that in this I should resemble your own Shepherdesses, who are too silly to be beguil'd by a Man of Wit. But, indeed, you must excuse me, if I am something inclin'd to suspect an Art, which could invent Commendati-
ons

ons for a * *Quartan Ague*, and for *Nero*, and an Art which you have at more Command than ever Man had before you. All those Graces, and that Air of the Court, which I so much admire in yours, convince me rather of the Excellence of your Wit, than of the Goodness of your Will. And from all the fine things which you have said in my Favour, all that I can conclude, even when I am inclin'd to flatter myself, is, That Fortune has been pleas'd to give me a Place in your Dreams: Nay, I know not if the very Extravagancies of a Soul so exalted as yours, are not too serious, and too reasonable, to descend so low as to me. And I shall esteem myself too obligingly us'd by you, if you have but so much as dream'd that you love me. For to imagine, that you have reserv'd a Place for me amidst those sublime Thoughts, which are, at present, employ'd in recompensing the Virtues of all the World, and distributing Shares of Glory to Mankind; to imagine this, would be extream Presumption in me. I have too great an Opinion of your Understanding, to believe that you could be guilty of any thing that is so much below you; and I should be unwilling, that your † Enemies should have that to object to you.

C 5

* Some Wits, to shew their Eloquence, have taken extraordinary Subjects: One has chosen the Praise of *Nero*, another, that of a *Quartan Ague*, and of Folly; and *Euretiere* did not disdain to write a Letter to *Jack-Catch*.

† *Theophile*, and *Father Goulu*, General of the Order of *St. Bernard*, were two of *Balzac's* greatest Enemies, and those that were the most formidable. *Theophile* writ a bloody, tho' agreeable, Letter against that Author; and *Father Goulu*, under the Name of *Philarchus*, writ two Volumes against him, which are almost as dull as *The Roman Citizen*.

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you. I am perfectly satisfy'd, that the only Affection which you can have justly for any one, is that which you owe to yourself; and that Precept of studying one's self, which is a Lesson of Humility to all besides you, ought to have a contrary Effect in relation to you, and oblige you to contemn whatever you find without you. And therefore here let me swear to you, That, without pretending to any Share in your Affection, I should have been very well satisfy'd, if you had preserv'd, with never so little Care, the Friendship which I have vow'd eternally to have for you, and that you would have plac'd it, if not amongst the Things which you value, at least amongst those which you are not forward to lose. But, in leaving me here with that lovely Rival, of whom you made mention of in yours, you have shewn, let me tell you, too little Jealousy; and you have suffer'd her to gain so much Advantage of you, that I have reason to suspect, that you have conspir'd with her, to do me a Mischief. And therefore I have more Reason than you to complain, that she has enrich'd herself by your Losses, and that you have suffer'd her to get into her Power, that which I thought to have secur'd from her Tyranny, by entrusting it in your Hands. If you had been willing to have made never so little Defence, the better part of myself had yet been our own; but you, by your Negligence, have suffer'd her to surprize it; and to advance her Conquest at such a rate over me, that tho' I should surrender to you all that remains of me, you would not have so much as one half of that which you have lost. Nevertheless, let me assure you, That you have gain'd in my Esteem, as much as you have lost in my Affection; and that at the very Time that I was beginning to love you less, I was forc'd to honour you more. I have seen nothing of yours since your Departure, which does not go beyond all that
. . . you

you had done before : And by your last Works you have the Honour of excelling him who surpass'd all others. It cannot therefore but appear strange, that when you have so much reason to be contented, you should yet be complaining ; and that you yourself should be the only great Man who remains dissatisfy'd with you. At present all *France* is listening to you, and you are indifferent to no Man, who has but learn'd to read. All who are concern'd for the Honour of their Country, are not more inquisitive after what the *Mareschal de Crequi* is doing, than they are after what is doing by you. And you are the Person who can make more Noise in * your Solitude, than the most happy and most renown'd of our Generals, at the Head of forty thousand Men. Can you wonder then, that with so much Glory, you should be obnoxious to Envy ; and that the very same Judges with whom *Scipio* was Criminal, and who condemn'd *Aristides* and *Socrates*, should not unanimously do Justice to your Desert ? The People can plead Prescription for hating the very Qualities which they admire in any one. Every Thing which transcends 'em, they think affronts 'em : and they can better bear with a common Vice, than an extraordinary Virtue. So that if ‡ that Law was in Force amongst us, of banishing the most powerful for

* By this Word *Solitude*, he means the Village call'd *Balzac*. 'Tis a little Place near *Angoulême*, where *M. de Balzac* was retir'd to study at *Quier*. He himself calls it, sometimes, his *Solitude*, and sometimes his *Hermitage*. His Friend *Mainard* calls him the Hermit of *Charente*.

‡ Heretofore in *Greece*, the Cities, where the People rul'd, often banish'd those that were most rich, who had most Credit, or were most powerful in Friends ; and this sort of Exile was call'd *Ostracism*.

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for Authority or Reputation, I make no doubt, but that you would stand the Mark of the publick Envy: And I believe ev'n ‡ the Cardinal would not run greater Hazard. But, for God's sake, have a care of calling that your Misfortune, which is but that of the Age: And complain no more of the Injustice of Men, since all, who have Worth, are of your Side; and that amongst them you have found a Friend, whom yet, perhaps you may lose once more; at least, I shall do my utmost to put you into a Condition of doing so. For every Man's darling Vanity, at present, is to be accounted yours. For my own part, I have always in so publick a manner profess'd my self so, that if, thro' ill Fortune, I should not be able to love you so much as I have done, yet here let me swear to you, that you shall be the only Man to whom I will dare to declare it; and that I will always own myself to the rest of the World, to be as much as ever,

Yours, &c.

‡ He means Cardinal Richlieu, a Minister of State, the greatest and most fortunate, the most fear'd and most hated, that perhaps ever was. He dy'd in 1643, five Months before *Louis XIII.*

*To the Marquiss of RAMBOUILLET,
Embassador at the Court of Spain.*

LETTER XVI.

My LORD,

I Could never have believ'd it possible, that I should give you any Reason to complain of me, or that ever Libels should be written against me
in

in *Madrid*. And to deal fincerely with you, I should not eafily have been appeas'd for the one or the other, it, when I receiv'd that unhappy News, I had not, at the fame Time, met with an Account of your Welfare, and the great Reputation you daily gain among a Sort of Men, who, before they faw you, could not admire any thing but themfelves. But fince I number all your Happineffes amongst my own, I muft think it abfolutely unlawful for me to be melancholy at a Time when all *Europe* fpeaks fo advantagiously of you: Nor can I do lefs than rejoyce as often as I hear it faid here, that you have taught the *Spaniards* Humility, and that they honour you as much as if you were of the Blood of the *Guzmans*, or that of the *Mendoza's*. You may therefore conclude, my Lord, that my Soul is more tender than you make it; and that I have this at leaft common with all the Virtuous, that I concern my felf in whatever good Fortune happens to you. 'Tis true, I had once refolv'd with myfelf to fmother this Sentiment, fo as not to communicate it even to you: For amidft thofe great Affairs, whereof you have now your Hands full, I thought it a Breach of publick Peace, to occasion the leaft Diverfion of your Thoughts, by any unnecessary Address; and how much Liberty foever you might have given me to do it, yet should I not have had Confidence enough to make Ufe of it, if I had not another extraordinary Adventure to acquaint you with. Be pleas'd then to know, that upon *Sunday* the 21st of the laft Month, about Twelve at Night, the King and the Queen Mother, having afsembled the whole Court at one End of the great Hall, in the *Louvre*, where nothing appear'd before, a great Brightnefs broke forth on a fuddain, and immediately there appear'd, amidft an infinite Number of Lights, a Company of Ladies, cover'd all over with Gold and precious Stones, and appear'd as if they

they were newly descended from Heaven : But there was one amongst the rest, so easily observable, as if she had been all alone ; and I verily believe that human Eyes never saw any thing so excellent. She was the very same, my Lord, that upon another Occasion, had been so much admir'd under the Name, and in the Habit of *Pyramus*, and that had another Time appear'd among the Rocks of *Rambouillet*, with the Bow and Countenance of *Diana*. But imagine not, that you can represent to yourself above half her Beauty, if you measure it only by what you have seen ; and know, that this Night the Fairies had shed on her those secret Advantages of Beauty, which make the Difference between Women and Goddesses : For even when she had mask'd herself, with the rest, in order to the Ball which they were to present, and consequently had lost the Advantage her Face gave her over 'em, the Majesty of her Stature and Carriage, render'd her as remarkable as before ; and whithersoever she went, she drew along with her the Eyes and Hearts of all Beholders, inasmuch, that renouncing the Error I was in, in believing she could not dance excellently well ; I now confess, with a great deal of Shame, it was only she that could. And this very Judgment was so generally given by all present, that those that can't endure to hear her Praises, must certainly banish themselves from the Court. This, my Lord, acquaints you, that while you receive great Honours where you are, you miss greater Enjoyments here ; and that Fortune, how nobly soever she may employ you else where, does you no small Injury, whenever she takes you from your own House. For, in fine, now that you have pass'd the *Pyrenean* Mountains, if you should pass that Sea which separates *Europe* and *Africa*, and proceeding farther, would visit that other Side of the World, which Nature seems to have dispos'd at a great Distance,

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purposely for the greater Safety of her Wealth and Treasure, you should not find any thing there so rare or entertaining, as what you have left behind you; and, indeed, all other Parts of the Universe cannot afford you what may equal that which you have left at *Paris*. This makes me believe your Absence will not be long; and that as soon as his Majesty's Affairs shall give you Leave, you will return hither, to enjoy that Happiness which none but you yourself can be worthy of. But, my Lord, I am not satisfy'd, whether we are not over-confident of a Nation that has made so great Usurpations upon us, to have trusted you in their Power, and accordingly fear the *Spaniards* will be as loth to part with you, as *la Valteline*. This Fear certainly would put me into a far greater Disorder, were I not confident that those of the Council of *Spain*, have not, since you came into the Country, been Masters of their own Resolutions; and that you have made too many humble Servants there, to stand in Fear of any Violence. We may then hope, as soon as the Sun, which scorches Men, and dries up Rivers, shall begin to re-assume his Heat, you will return hither and overtake the Spring, which you had already pass'd over there, and gather Violets, after you have seen the Fall of Roses. For my own part, I expect this Season with very much Impatience; not so much, because it furnishes us with Flowers and fine Weather, as that it brings your Return; and I promise you, I shall not think it pleasant, if it comes without you. I am of the Opinion, you will easily believe what I say; for I am confident you'll allow me to be so good, as that I should passionately wish that Happiness wherein so many are concern'd; besides that, you know how particularly

I am your Honour's

humble Servant, &c.

To



*To Madam DE SAINTOT, sent with
the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. Tran-
slated into French by du Rosset.*

LETTER XVII.

MADAM,

THIS is the finest of all *Orlando's* Adventures; and he acquir'd less Glory when he singly defended *Charlemain's* Crown, and wrested the Scepters from many Royal Hands, than he obtains from the Honour of kissing yours. The Title of *Furios*, by which he has hitherto wander'd about the World, ought not to discourage you from granting him this Favour, or make you apprehend his Acquaintance; for I am confident that he will grow very civil as soon as he approaches you, and the very first sight of you, will make him forget *Angelica*. At least, I know by Experience, that you have already done greater Miracles, and that you have heretofore cur'd with a single Syllable, a more dangerous Madness than his. Indeed, it would exceed all that *Ariosto* could fancy, if he did not acknowledge the apparent Advantage which you have over his Mistress, and if he did not confess that she, were she set near you, would have more Occasion than ever she had, to fly for Assistance to the Force of her enchanted Ring. That Beauty, which of all the Champions of the World, found not one that was Proof against her, who never yet struck the Eyes of any Man, but at the same Time she pierc'd his very Heart and Soul, and who fir'd as many Parts of the World, as the Sun himself enlightens, was but a
rough

rough Draught of the Wonders which we admire in you. Nor were all the most glittering Colours of Poetry able to represent her so charming as Nature has painted you. The very Flights of Poetick Fancies have been unable to reach such Excellence. And indeed, the extravagant Apartments of Crystal, and Palaces glittering with Gold and with Diamonds, were a great deal more easily fancy'd, than such Parts of Beauty as we behold in you; and all the Enchantments of imaginary Knights, Enchantments which appear so incredible to you, are not half so hard to be believ'd as yours. To captivate with a Glance the most obstinate Minds, and the most averse from Slavery, to kindle in them Love, which is obedient to Reason, and a Stranger to Desire and Hope, to ravish with Excess of Pleasure and Glory the very Souls from whom at the same Time you take Repose and Liberty, and to contrive that they should be perfectly pleas'd with you, who despair of being oblig'd by you, these are more improbable unaccountable Wonders than flying Chariots and fiery Dragons, and all the Adventures related in Romantick Legends. I should make a Book more *voluminous* than that which I send you, if I should go on with this Subject. But, Madam, this Champion, who has been us'd to give Place to no Mān, begins to murmur at my having convers'd so long with you, and is now advancing to entertain you with the Story of his Passion. This is a Favour which I have been often refus'd by you. Yet I can endure, without being jealous, to see *Orlando* more fortunate, since he has promis'd me, by Way of Requitall, to present you with this from me, and to oblige you to read it before you do any Thing else; which Enterprize requir'd a no less daring Courage than his, and yet the Event is but very uncertain. And yet methinks it should be but reasonable, since I oblige him with an Opportunity

42 *Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.*

tunity of making his Passion known to you; that he should acquaint you with mine, and that amongst so many Fables, he should mingle some Truths. I am very sensible that you are seldom in a Humour to hear them: But since you can never be touch'd by them, and they are too inconsiderable to oblige you to have any feeling of them, you may be told, without any Danger, that I esteem you alone above all the rest of the World; and that I should be more proud to obey you, than to command that. I am,

Madam, &c.



To the Marchioness of RAMBOUILLET, in the Name of Callot, an excellent Engraver, at the same Time that the Author sent her a Book of his Figures from Nancy.

LETTER XVIII.

MADAM,

OF all the various Fancies which my Mind has produc'd, the most reasonable that I have had, is that of presenting this Book to you; to you, Madam, who principally excel in that Faculty of Soul, which makes great Painters, Carvers, and Architects, and which is defended by your Example, against the old Accusation, that it never appears in an eminent Degree join'd with a perfect Judgment. For besides that Light of your Understanding, which makes Things appear to you as they are, you have an Imagination incomparably skilful in discerning their Beauties.

And

And as there is not a Person alive, who has more Interest than you, that perfect Things should be valu'd, there is not one who can be thought to commend them with more Address than yourself. It is but a moderate Commendation to tell you, that you are skill'd in them, when at the same Time I might truly affirm, that you can produce them, whenever you please, in Perfection. Nay, it has frequently happen'd, that by Way of Diversion, you have conceiv'd Designs which *Michael Angelo* need not have blust'd to own. And besides, we may justly boast, that you have oblig'd the World with a Master-piece, which surpasses all that *Greece* and *Italy* ever produc'd of Beautiful, and which might eclipse the Glory of the *Minerva* of *Pheidias*. Madam, it would be superfluous to tell you, that I speak of your Daughter, in whom alone we may justly affirm, that you have wrought divers Wonders; but a bolder Hand than mine is requir'd, to paint the Beauties which are to be found in you both. That would be a Task for which Volumes would be too little, tho' I undertook it, who have the Skill to employ whole Armies in one single Sheet, and to shew Seas and Mountains in it their full Proportion. I must be contented then to tell you, with a great deal of Respect, and with a great deal of Truth, that I

am, Madam,

Yours, &c.





To Mademoiselle DE RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XIX.

MADAM,

SINCE I have had the Happiness to see you, I have been extremely troubled, yet have not been unmindful of the Commands you laid upon me. As I pass by *Espenay*, I went, by your Order, to visit the Marechal *Sirozzi*, and was so mightily charm'd with the Magnificence of his Monument, that considering the Condition I was in, and finding my self upon the Spot, I was very desirous to lie close by him. But this was a little boggled at, because it was perceiv'd I had too much Warmth about me; I resolv'd therefore to cause my Body to be transported to *Nancy*, whither at last it is arriv'd, but so harass'd, and out of Order, that there are many at Rest in their Graves, that had less need of rest. I have lain still eight Days to no Purpose; for the more I rest, the wearier I am. Besides, there is so great a Difference between the fifteen Days wherein I had the Honour to be with you, and the fifteen last past, that I wonder how I can suffer it; and methinks, Monsieur *Margone*, who is a School-master here, and my self, are the two most deplorable Examples of the Uncertainty of Fortune that ever were seen. I am troubled with certain Obstructions and Weaknesses, which give me not one Day's Intermission, there being no such Thing here, as *Theriacon*; and consequently, I am sicker than ever I was, and that in a Place where I can find no Remedy. So that, Madam, I much fear *Nancy* may prove as fatal to me, as to the Duke of *Burgundy*;

gundy; and that after I have run through great Hazards, and oppos'd powerful Enemies, as he had done, it is decreed I shall end my Days here. But I will hold out as well as I can; for I assure you, I never am so much in Fear of Death, as when I think I shall not have the Honour to see you again; and therefore have escap'd Death by the Hands of one of the most beautiful in the Universe, and neglect many Opportunities to die in your Presence; it would grieve me very much to come and lay my Bones three hundred Miles from you, and to think one Day, when I should rise again, that I should have the Dissatisfaction of finding my self once more in *Lorain*. I am,

Madam, Yours, &c.

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To the same, in the Name of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

LETTER XX.

MADAM,

BEhold the * *Lion of the North*, and that Conqueror whose Name has made so much Noise in the World, who comes to lay his *German Trophies* at your Feet; and who, after having defeated † *Tilly*, and overthrown the Fortune of *Spain*,
and

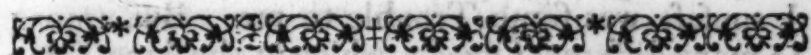
* So he calls *Gustavus*, because he was really valiant, and the Kings of *Sweden* bear Lyons in their Arms.

† *Tilly*, one of the greatest Captains of the Age, General of the Emperor's Troops, and of the Duke of *Bavaria's*, beaten twice by *Gustavus Adolphus*, wounded in the first Battle, and having the same Misfortune in the second, he was carry'd to *Ingolstat*, where he dy'd of a Wound in his Thigh. *Vide Loccenius's Historie de Suede.*

and the *Imperial* Forces, comes with all his Pride to submit to yours. Amongst the Shouts of Joy, and the Songs of Triumph, which I have heard for so many Days, nothing has sounded so agreeably to me, as the Assurance they give me, that I have your good Wishes; upon that Information, I have alter'd all my Projects; and that Ambition has stopt at you, which before grasp'd at the Universe. This is not so much to have retrench'd, as to have enlarg'd my Designs. For the World itself has its Bounds; and the Desire of becoming the Master of it, has fallen upon other Minds. But the Understanding which we admire in you, that Understanding which nothing can confine, and which no other can comprehend, that Greatness of Mind by which you are rais'd so far above Crowns and Scepters, and those Graces which cause you to captivate all Mens Souls, are infinite Possessions, to which no one but I has ever dar'd to aspire; and they who have coveted several Worlds, have in doing it, form'd more temperate Wishes than mine. Should they succeed, and should Fortune, which makes me victorious every where, second my Attempt upon you, I should have little Reason to envy the Conquests of *Alexander*; and I should believe that they who controul'd the Universe, were never in Possession of so fair an Empire as mine. Madam, I have abundantly more to say to you, but I am about to ‡ engage the *Imperial* Army, and to take *Nuremberg* six Hours afterwards. I am

Your most passionate Servant, *Gustavus Adolphus*.

‡ *Gustavus Adolphus* fought the Emperor's Army 3 Battels, and in the 3d, which was that of *Lutzen*, he lost his Life, being, at the Beginning, shot in the left Arm; after which, as they were carrying him out of the Fight, he fell among a Body of the Enemies, of whom he receiv'd two Wounds of a Musket, one in his Head, and t'other in his Body, and dy'd gloriously, since he triumph'd in his Death. This happen'd in 1632. See *Loccenius's Histoire de Suede*.



To Mademoiselle DE BOURBON.

LETTER XXI.

MADAM,

LAST Friday in the Afternoon I was toss'd in a Blanket, because I had not made you laugh in the Time that was given me: Madam de Rambouillet pronounc'd the Sentence, at the Request of her Daughter, and Mademoiselle Paulet. They had deferr'd the Execution to the Return of the Princess, and yourself; but they bethought themselves afterwards, not to delay it any longer, and that it was very improper to put off Punishment to a Time which ought to be wholly devoted to Pleasure. 'Twas in vain to cry out, and make Resistance; the Blanket was brought, and four of the lustiest Fellows they could get, were pick'd out for this Service. I may venture to affirm to you, Madam, that no Man was ever yet in so exalted a Condition as I was, and I did not believe that Fortune would ever have rais'd me so high; at every Toss they threw me out of Sight, and sent me higher than a soaring Eagle. I saw the Mountains crouching far below me, the Winds and Clouds travel beneath my Feet, discover'd Countries that I ne'er had seen, and Seas I ne'er had thought of. There can be nothing more diverting, than to see so many Things all at once, and to discover half the Globe at one View. But I assure you, Madam, all this cannot be seen without some Disturbance, when one is in the Air, and certain of falling down again. That which frighten'd me the most, was, that when I was very high, looking downwards, the Blanket appear'd so small,
that

that I thought it impossible to fall into it, and that I confess was some Trouble to me. But among so many different Objects, which at the same Time struck my Sight, there was one which for some Moments took away my Fear, and touch'd me with real Pleasure: It is this, Madam; being desirous to look towards *Piedmont*, to see what pass'd there, I saw you at *Lyons*, as you cross'd the *Saone*; at least, I saw a great Light upon the Water, and abundance of Rays about the most charming Face in the World. I could not well discern who was with you, because at that Time my Head was lowermost; and I believe you did not see me, for you look'd another Way. I made Signs to you as well as I could; but as you began to look up, I fell down again, and one of the Tops of the Mountain *Tarara* hinder'd you from seeing me. As soon as I came down, I told them, that I had seen you; and, as I was going to tell them how you did, they all fell a laughing, as if 'twere a Thing impossible, and immediately began to make me leap higher than before. There happen'd to me a very strange Accident, which will seem incredible to those who have not seen it. One Time, when they had toss'd me to a very great Height, in coming down, I found my self in a Cloud, which being very thick, and I extreamly Light, I was a great while intangled in it, before I could fall down again; so that they stay'd a long Time below spreading the Blanket, and looking up without being able to imagine what was become of me. By good Luck there was no Wind stirring; for if there had, the Cloud in marching would have carry'd me on one Side or t'other, and so I must have inevitably fallen to the Ground, which could not have happen'd without hurting me very much. But a more dangerous Accident succeeded this; the last time they threw me into the Air, I found my self amongst a Flock of Cranes, who at first were mightily

tily surpriz'd to see me so high ; but when they came near me, they took me for a Pigmy, with whom you know, Madam, they have perpetual War, and thought I came to them as a Spy into the middle Region ; immediately they fell upon me with great Strokes of their Beaks, and with such Violence, that I imagin'd my self struck with a hundred Daggers. And one of them that had taken me by the Leg, pursu'd me so furiously, that she did not leave me 'till I was in the Blanket. This made my Tormenters afraid to send me back to the Mercy of my Enemies, who were now got together in great Numbers, and hover'd in the Air, expecting me again. At last they carry'd me Home again in the same Blanket, but so dispirited as never was Man. To tell you the Truth, this Exercise is a little too violent for one of my tender Constitution. I leave it to you, Madam, to judge how cruelly I have been dealt with, and for how many Reasons you are oblig'd to condemn this Action ; and to deal plainly with you, you that are born with so many commanding Qualities, should think it of the highest Consequence to begin betimes to hate Injustice, and to take those that are oppress'd, into your Protection : I beseech you then, Madam, in the first Place, to declare this an Outrage you by no Means approve ; and, for Reparation of my Honour and my Strength, to order a great Canopy of Gause to be set up for me in the blue Chamber of the Palace of *Rambouillet*, where I shall be waited on, and magnificently entertain'd for a whole Week by the two Ladies who were the Cause of this Misfortune ; that at one Corner of the Room they shall be continually making Sweet-meats ; one of them shall blow the Fire, and t'other shall do nothing else but put Syrup upon Plates to cool, and bring it me as often as I have Occasion. Thus, Madam, you will do a Deed of Justice, worthy of so great

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and beautiful a Princess, and I shall be oblig'd to be with the utmost Sincerity and Respect,

Yours, &c.



To my Lord Cardinal De la VALETTE.

LETTER XXII.

MY LORD,

I Am satisfy'd, that you old Cardinals take more Authority upon you, than those of the last Promotion; because having written many Letters to you, without receiving one from you, yet you complain of my Neglect. In the mean Time, seeing so many well-bred Men, who assure me, that you do me too much Honour to think of me at all, and that I am bound to write to you, and to give my Acknowledgments, I am resolv'd to take their Counsel, and to pass over all Sorts of Difficulties and Considerations of my own Interest. This then will give you to understand, that six Days after the Eclipse, and a Fortnight after my Decease, Madam the Princess, Mademoiselle *de Bourbon*, Madam *du Vigean*, Madam *Aubry*, Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*, Mademoiselle *Paulet*, Monsieur *de Chaudebonne*, and my self, left *Paris* about Six in the Evening, and went to *La Barre*, where Madam *du Vigean* was to give a Collation to the Princess. In our Way thither, we found nothing worth our Observation, but only that at *Ormesson*, an *English* Mastiff came up to the Boot of the Coach to make his Compliment to me. Be pleas'd to take this along with you, my Lord, that as often as I express myself in the plural Number, as for Example, We went, we found, or we beheld, 'tis always to be

be understood, that I speak in the Quality of a Cardinal. From thence we happily arriv'd at *La Barre*, and enter'd a Hall, where we trod upon nothing but *Roses* and *Orange-flowers*. Madam the Princess, after she had sufficiently admir'd this Magnificence, had a Mind to see the Walks before Supper : The Sun was then just sitting in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, and gave us no larger a Share of his Beams, than to supply a soft and pleasing Light : The Air was not disturb'd either with Wind or Heat ; and it seem'd that Heaven and Earth were conspiring with Madam *du Vigean*, in her treating the fairest Princess upon Earth. After she had pass'd through a great Parterre, and Gardens full of *Orange-trees*, she arriv'd at the Entrance of an enchanted Wood, so thick and shady, that Authors conclude the Sun, since the Day of his Birth never enter'd it, 'till now that he waited on her Highness thither. At the End of an Alley, which carry'd the Sight out of Distance, we found a Fountain, which alone cast up a greater Quantity of Water, than all those of *Tivoli* together ; about it were plac'd four and twenty *Violins*, which had much ado to make themselves be heard, for the rumbling of the Streams in falling. When we were got near enough, we discover'd in a certain Nich, within a Pallisade, a *Diana* of about eleven or twelve Years of Age, and fairer than the Forests of *Greece* and *Thessaly* had ever seen : She bore her Bow and Arrows in her Eyes, and was encompass'd with all the Glories of her Brother. In another Nich, not far distant, was another Nymph, fair and gentle enough to pass for one of her Train : Those who are not given to believe Fables, took them for *Mademoiselles de Bourbon* and *la Priande* ; and, to confess the Truth, they resembled them exactly. All the Company was in a profound Silence, admiring so many different Objects, which at once astonish'd

their Eyes and Ears, when on a sudden the Goddess leap'd down from her Nich, and with a Grace, impossible to be describ'd, began a Ball, which lasted for some Time about the Fountain. 'Twas somewhat strange, my Lord, that in the midst of so many Pleasures, which were sufficient to engage the whole Attention of their Spirits who enjoy'd them, yet we could not forbear to think of you; and it was generally concluded, that something was wanting to our Happiness, since neither you, nor *Madam de Rambouillet* were present. Then I took up a Harp, and sung this *Spanish Stanza*,

*Pues quiso mi suerte dura,
Que saltando mi sennor
Tambien saltasse mi Dama.*

and continu'd the rest of the Song so very melodiously, and with such an Air of Sadness, that there was not one of the Company, but the Tears came into their Eyes, and they wept abundantly: Their Sorrow had endur'd much longer, had not the Violins struck up a *Sarabrand*, with great Speed and Presence of Mind; upon which the Company got upon their Feet, with as much Gayety, as if nothing in the World had happen'd, and fell into the Dance, thus leaping, capering, turning round, and hopping, we return'd to the House, where we found a Table ready spread, and serv'd as if it had been serv'd by Fairies. This, my Lord, is one Passage of the Adventure, which is so stupendious, that no Words are capable of expressing it; for there are neither Colours of Speech, nor Figures in the Art of Rhetorick, which can describe six several Sorts of Potages, which were at once presented to the Sight. And what was particularly remarkable, that there being none but Goddesses, and two Demi-Gods at the Table, (*viz.*) *Monsieur Chaudelbonne* and I, yet every one

one eat as heartily, and with as good Appetites, as if we had been neither more nor less than plain Mortals. And, to confess the Truth, a better Treat could not have been provided. Amongst other Things, there were twelve Dishes, besides other Eatables in Disguise, which were never seen before on any human Table, and whose very Names have never been so much as mention'd in any History. This Circumstance, my Lord, by some disastrous Accident, has been related to *Madam la Marechalle* — ; and though immediately upon it, she took twelve Drams of *Opium* beyond her ordinary Dose, yet she has never been able to close her Eyes from that fatal Moment. During the first Course, there was not so much as one single Cup went round to your Health ; the Company was so intent upon the present Affair, and at the Desert, we quite forgot it. I beg your Permission, my Lord, to relate all Things as they pass'd, like a faithful Historian as I am, and without Flattery ; for I would not for the World, that Posterity should mistake one Thing for another ; and that at the End of two thousand Years hence, or thereabouts, Posterity should imagine your Health was drank, when really there was no such Thing in Nature. Yet I must give this Testimony to Truth, that it was not for want of Memory ; for, during all Supper-time, you were often mention'd ; all the Ladies wish'd you there, and some of them very heartily, or I am much mistaken. As we rose from Table, the Sound of the Violins summon'd us up Stairs, where we found a Chamber so gloriously lighted up, that it look'd as if the Day, which was now below the Earth, had retir'd hither, and was assembled in one Body of Light. Here the Ball began again in better Order, and with more Grace than it had been danc'd about the Fountain ; and the most magnificent Part of it, my Lord, was, that I footed it there in Person.

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Mademoiselle de Bourbon, I must confess, was of Opinion, that I danc'd awkwardly; but she concluded, to my Advantage, that I must be allow'd to fence well, because that at the End of every Cadence I put my self upon my Guard: The Ball continu'd with much Pleasure, 'till all of a sudden a great Noise, which was heard without Doors, caus'd the Company to look out at the Windows, where from a great Wood, which was about three hundred Paces from the House, we beheld so vast a Number of Fire-works issuing out, that we verily believ'd all the Branches and Trunks of the Trees had been metamorphos'd into Guns; that all the Stars were falling from the Firmament, and that the Element of Fire was descending into the middle Region of the Air. Here, my Lord, are three Hyperboles rack'd together, which being valu'd at a moderate Price, are worth three Dozen of Fuses at the least. After we were recover'd out of this great Fit of Extasy, into which so many Miracles had plung'd us, we resolv'd on our Departure, and took the Way to *Paris*, by the Light of twenty Flambeaus. We pass'd through all the *Ormessonnois*, and the wide Plains of *Espinay*, without Resistance, and went through the middle of *St. Dennis*. Being plac'd in the Coach, by the Side of Madam——, I said a whole *Miserere* to her on your Behalf; to which she reply'd with much Gallantry, and no less Civility. We sung in our Journey a World of Songs, Roundeaux, Roundelays, Lampoons, and Ballads, and were now half a League beyond *St. Dennis*, it being two a Clock in the Morning precisely; the Fatigue of the Journey, watching, walking, and the painful Exercise of the Ball, having made me somewhat heavy, when there happen'd an Accident, which I verily believ'd would have been my total Ruin. There is a certain little Village, situate, say the Geographers, betwixt *Paris* and *St. Dennis*, and
vulgarly

vulgarly call'd *La Vilette* : At our going out of this Place, we overtook three Coaches, in which were those numerical Violins which had been playing to us. Hereupon, Satan entering into the Spirit of Mademoiselle, she commanded them to follow us, and to give Serenades all Night long to the poor innocent People of *Paris*, who were asleep, and dream'd not of her Malice. This diabolical Proposition made my Hair rise an End upon my Head ; yet all the Company pass'd a Vote in Favour of it ; and the Word was just ready to be given, but, by a signal Providence, they had left their Violins behind them at *la Barre* ; for which the Lord reward them. From hence, my Lord, you may reasonably conclude, that Mademoiselle is a dangerous Person in the Night, if ever there was any in the World ; and that I had great Reason at Madam ——'s House to say, that the Violins ought to be turn'd out of Doors, when that pestilent Lady was in Company. Well, we continu'd our Way happily enough ; but only, that as we enter'd the *Fauxbourg*, we met six lusty Plasterers, as naked as ever they were born, who pass'd directly by the Coach, to the Terror of the Ladies. In fine, we arriv'd at *Paris* ; and what I am now going to relate, is indeed prodigious : Could you imagine it, my Lord ? The Obscurity was so great, that it cover'd all that vast City ; and instead of what we left it, not full seven Hours before, fill'd with Noise, and with a Crowd of Men, Women, Horses, and Coaches, we now found nothing but a deep Silence, a dismal Desert, a frightful Solitude, dispeopled Streets ; not meeting with any mortal Man, but only certain Animals, who fled from the Lustre of our Torches. But the remaining Part of the Adventure, you shall have, my Lord, another Time. As *Boyardo* tells you,

*Qui e il fin del Canto ; e torno ad Orlando,
Adio Signor, a voi me raccomando.*



To Madam de VIGEAN ; with some Verses which he had made, and which she had desir'd of him.

LETTER XXIII.

MADAM,

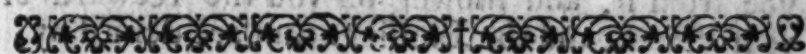
I Have, at length, sent you the Verses which you have so often desir'd of me, and which hitherto, tho' they have been repeated to a few, yet have been read by none. Would to God they would meet with the same good Fortune which has attended you, who after you had so long conceal'd the finest Thing in the World, shew'd it of a sudden, and dazzled all the Beholders. But 'tis to be over-sord of Trifles, to wish them so much Felicity. Can I heartily wish that they had more Merit, since they were not made for you ? Yet the more wretched you find them, the greater will your Obligation be to me, since, tho' I am sensible of their Demerit, in Obedience to your Commands, I send them to you. To oblige me to which, it was necessary for you to have as much Influence over me, as that which you have lately acquir'd ; you may assure yourself, that these Trifles owe their very Being to your Command, and that otherwise they had existed no where but in my Memory. But it is now grown high Time to discharge it of them, and make room for a more agreeable Object, since that which Madam — shew'd it so lately, takes it up so entirely, that there is room for nothing else in it. But, Madam, I begin to be sensible, that instead of an Excuse and a Complement, I send you a *Billet Doux* ; yet,

would

would to God I could as easily excuse the rest of the Faults you will find in it. In the mean Time, I protest to you, that it is an Age since my Heart has been so deeply engag'd; and there are several Persons to whom I would not say half what I have said to you, tho' their Daggers were held to my Throat. But, Madam, since there is no Fear of Scandal, you ought to cherish this growing Passion, if it were but to see at what Rate I should behave my self, if I came to be in Love in good earnest, and to what the Business would come, if I were suffer'd to go on. I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



*To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,
on the Death of her Brother, who
dy'd of the Plague, and whom she
attended during his Sickness.*

LETTER XXIV.

MADAM,

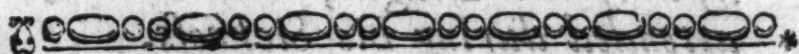
HAVING no less Admiration for your Courage and good Nature, than Sympathy with your Grief, I am so highly sensible of the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you those Commendations which are justly due to you, and that Comfort which you stand so much in need of, I must needs confess I should be at a great stand where to begin; for what Obligations can be of more Force, than to render to eminent Virtue its due Merits, and to such violent Afflictions the Comfort they require? But I am much to blame,

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to put a Distance betwixt these two Things, since Charity has so perfectly united them, that the unexampled Assistance you afforded your late Brother, should now prove an extraordinary Comfort to you ; and God bestows that on you out of Justice, which others obtain out of his pure Indulgence ; his infinite Goodness being such as will not suffer unrewarded so exemplary an Act of Tenderness, as that which thro' a Contempt of your own Life, engag'd you in the Offices of the best Sister in the World, beyond the Bounds of all manner of Obligations, and, by an admirable Constancy, made you assur'd in the midst of Danger that terrifies the most brave and daring. Upon this Account, I am confident that he will preserve you from it, and shower on you the Reward of your Virtue, and the Blessings that are desir'd by,

Madam,

Your humble Servant, &c.



To the Marchioness of SABLE.

LETTER XXV.

MADAM,

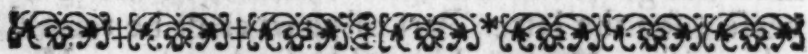
I Can't tell of any better Way to ease you, as to the bad News you have already receiv'd, than to put you out of Fear as to yourself. Know then, I, who write this to you, have been three Days together in the very House, out of which two Persons dy'd of the Plague. The best Thing you ever did in your Life, was your leaving of *Paris*, since it was a Time when all the Virtuous were to expect Persecution. *Madam de Rambouillet* hath lost

lost her Grandson, who in three Days made a Shift to die of the Plague; yet she could not be any Ways perswaded to leave the House, as long as there was any Life left in him. You may easily think, Madam, that nothing could divert me from being continually with them, since you are not here: But I am much afraid I shall frighten you, and that the Remedy I apply to your Affliction is too violent for the Disease. Know then, that I, who write to you, am not the Writer hereof, but have sent it at least a hundred Miles from this Place, to be copy'd out by a Man I never saw. I think my self much concern'd, Madam, in the Trouble that now lies on you, and apprehend that this Misfortune could not happen in a more unlucky Time; yet the Moderation that your Mind is subject to, and the little Value you have for the Things of this World, raise in me a Hope that you will bear these Afflictions with less Concern, than the Loss of fifty thousand *per Annum*, now gone out of your Family, would give some other more interested than yourself, while the Rule of Moderation that governs your Mind, will not suffer so great a Loss to be an Affliction to you. But, Madam, I must not, by a consolatory Letter, think to answer the most obliging and kind Love-Letter in the Universe; for the latter Part of yours can't be term'd otherwise. My humble Address therefore, Madam, is, that you would not repent of your writing so obligingly to me as you have; for amongst all my Discontents, I have entertain'd that Joy as sensibly, as if I had known the greatest Serenity in the World; and I cannot conceive myself unhappy, while I have the Honour of your Affection. I am so fortunate, and so confident, that I am not in the least Doubt of it; and my good Fortune is great in this, that I esteem *That* the greatest Good on Earth, which I conceive myself the most assuredly possess'd of. You are so well satisfy'd with
me,

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me, Madam, that I know you will more favourably receive those Assurances which I express of your Affection, than those that I might give you of mine; and tho' you wish my Happiness in all Things, yet can you not desire any Thing more advantageous for me, than that I should believe you love me. And those that have seen what an Alteration your Absence hath wrought in me, and how great a Part of my Mind you have taken away with you, may one Day satisfy you, that I, in some Measure, deserve that Honour. But, Madam, I cannot forbear to tell you, that Monsieur le *Maistre*, who saw with what Tenderness I bade you farewell, will be better confirm'd in his former Opinion, and hopes one Day to find our Characters engrav'd together upon the Trees of *Bourgon*; at least, it is no small Satisfaction to me, that he hath observ'd the Acknowledgment and Immutability of our Affections. For my Part, Madam, I once more tell you, what I so much press'd upon your Faith at our Departure, which is, That I shall never esteem or admire any Thing in this World so much as I do you, and shall ever, with all manner of Respect, remain

Your humble Servant, &c.



To Mademoiselle de PAULET.

LETTER XXVI.

MADAM,

TWas the greatest Happiness in the World to me to receive your Letter, just before I left *Brussels*, and with it so much Consolation on the very Eve of my Departure. Since that blessed Moment I have known no Disturbance, tho' I have
suffer'd

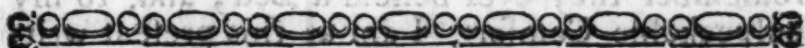
suffer'd a great deal of Pain; for I would not have it said, that a Man for whom you were pleas'd to shew some Concern, can be *unhappy*; and I should be asham'd to shew my Face again, should I suffer Fortune to have a greater Influence over me than your self. I have travell'd ten Days, without the least Intermiſſion, from Morning 'till Night. I have paſs'd through Countries, where Wheat is as great a Curioſity as a Warming-Pan under the *Line*, and where Apples are preserv'd with as much Tenderneſs as Oranges in *France*. I have viſited Places, where the moſt ancient Inhabitants cannot remember they ever beheld a Bed; and, to my unſpeakable Comfort, I am at this preſent writing in that School of Virtue and Industry, call'd an *Army*, where the ſtoutest are weary'd out and founde'r'd; yet, Madam, I am ſtill alive and luſty, and don't believe there is a Man in all the Troops in better Health than myſelf. I am at a loſs what to aſcribe ſuch a miraculous Strength of Conſtitution to, unleſs it be to ſome divine Power in your Letter; and methinks my Caſe reſembles that of thoſe Men, who perform more than human Actions, after they have fortify'd themſelves with certain charming Characters. As ſoon as I came hither, by the Favour of *Monſieur de Chaudbonne*, I got myſelf liſted in a Troop of *Gravater*. I can aſſure you, Madam, without the leaſt *Vanity*, that I have behav'd myſelf as gallantly as any of my Comrades. The Truth on't, is, I have not as yet raviſh'd either Matron, Wife, or Maid; becauſe, to deal ingenuouſly with you, I have not as yet recover'd my full Strength, nor made my Carcaſs amends for the Fatigue of my Journey. So all that I could do, was, to ſet two or three Houſes on Fire; but I grow ſtronger and ſtronger every Day, and within this little while you may expect to hear Miracles of me. To be ſerious with you, I am another ſort of a Man than when you laſt ſaw me;
and

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and I find my Valour fo *ſtrangely* improv'd, that *Almanzor* himſelf would have a hard Time to eſcape me : And yet I believe, that how terrible ſoever I repreſent my ſelf, you don't take me for ſuch a Sort of a Monſter ; but conclude I am not much to be fear'd, eſpecially by you, Madam, ſince you know you've an abſolute Aſcendant over me, and that I am, with the utmoſt Reſpect,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.



To the ſame.

LETTER XXVII.

MADAM,

YOU ſhould hear from me oftener, were it in my Power, as it is always in my Inclination. But the Miſchief on't, is, that, *generally* ſpeaking, we are forc'd to take up our Quarters in a Heatheniſh barbarous Country, where we may as well expect to meet all the Niceties of *Paris*, as Pen, Ink, and Paper. Beſides, it being expected I ſhould write with a World of Care and Circumſpection, I am ſo *ſtrangely* confounded, that I fall a trembling when I take Pen in Hand, for Fear of exceeding my Bounds, which I endeavour all that lies in my Power to avoid. Even at this preſent I am almoſt at my Wits Ends, for writing Things which it were more convenient not to mention, and ſuch, perhaps, which you are far from approving. For I remember, in your laſt Letter, you forbade me to ſpeak of Love ; and I am forc'd to obey you, without diſputing your Orders, tho' I commit ne-

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 63

ver so great a Violence upon myself; and yet, Madam, I cannot forbear to let you know, that how great soever my Passion for the War may be, yet I have another that is much more prevalent in me; and it will be allow'd on all Hands, I suppose, that our first Inclinations are ever the strongest. Hitherto we have met with nothing to oppose us. We daily make nearer Approaches to the † Country of Melons, Figs, and Muscadine Grapes; and we are marching to fight in a Place, where it will be impossible for us to gather *Palms*, but such as are mingled with Flowers of *Oranges* and *Pomegranates*. But I assure you, Madam, that I should willingly part with all the Advantages, that I may hope from a *Victory*, for the Honour of throwing myself this Moment at your Feet; and that I shan't set so great a Value on the Title of Conqueror, as that of being,

Madam,

Your obedient Slave,

VOITURE.

To

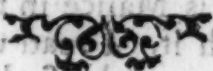
† He means *Italy* or *Spain*, which are the Countries for Figs, Peaches, Oranges, Grapes, and Melons. 'Tis of these last that Seignior Berni said,

Oh frutto sopra ogni altro benedetto

Buono inanzi, nel mezzo & dietro pasto

Ma inanzi buono, & di dietro perfetto.

Oh thou best of Fruit! good before Meals, good in the midst of Meals, but, above all, most excellent after Meals!





To Mademoiselle PAULET.

LETTER XXVIII.

MADAM,

YOU must believe the Change of Air has not chang'd my Inclinations at all ; for I'll assure you nothing can alter me in any Thing that relates to you. If you believe, my Affection is of all Prices, you must also believe that those Prices are just and proportionable to the Value of the Person ; and as long as I shall follow that Rule, you may be certain of the grateful Esteem in my Heart ; if that be justifiable to my Reason, I'm sure it is to my Inclination, and you may believe I ne'er shall endeavour to stifle the Passion I have for you. You that say I can't constrain myself, and that I have not Prudence in what regards my Happiness ; I have none greater than to honour you, and to call often to my Memory the Goodness and Beauty you are Mistress of: Tho' all the Presents you have made me be Poison, I receiv'd them heartily, and will always do the same by every Thing that comes from you. I have been very glad, Madam, to find my Justification in that very Place you thought to convict me ; the two black Beaus, in the Stanza of the Boys, shew, that it was not design'd for the Lady ; she deserv'd that Name, as well as *Madam de Neufvic* ; and I assure you that the Pocket-Book came into her Hand the same Way ; the Business of *Madam le Mandate* is more innocent ; and if you have open'd some of the Letters, it is Malice in the highest Degree to charge me with it. I read with Confusion the Stanza you sent me, and I find myself more guil-

ty in making bad Verses, than bad Gallantry ; which show my Guilt so plainly, that since Monsieur de Chaudebonne has made my Peace with Madam de Rambouillet, I have learn'd more Wit ; for I must confess, I was a great Sot at that Time that Madam du Plessis said I was so pretty : But, Madam, pray, when they have a mind to affront me, I desire you would have no Hand in't. They write to your Husband to take care of me, and wrap me up in Silk and Cotton, yet at the same Time endeavour to kill me. I find the Advice of Madam de Bourbon excellent, which is to preserve me in Sugar ; but there must go a great deal to sweeten so much Bitterness ; and when they had done all, I should taste but like a little candy'd Citron. I cannot find Words to acknowledge the extraordinary Honour she does me, in remembering me ; I wish *Aurora* (for that Name becomes her well) be follow'd with as fine a Day as she deserves, and that all the Days of her Life be exempt from Clouds, and as clear and serene as her Face and her Wit. I humbly kiss the Hands of Madam de Clermont, and her Daughters, with my Thanks to Mr. Godeau for the Verses he sent me ; I find them like the rest of his Works, which with Pleasure I read every Day, and which indeed is the greatest Part of the Study of

Your humble Servant, &c.



To

down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it shall not at least be that, which maintains that Pain is not an Evil, and that he, who is wise is at all Times happy. But whatever befalls me, I can neither be happy nor wise without being near to you, and nothing can make me one or the other, so much as your Presence, or your Example. Yet am I very uncertain when I shall be able to leave this Place; and expecting both Money and Men, which are coming by Sea, and which are two Things that do not always keep touch with us, I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wish; therefore I make it my humble Request to you, that you would not forget me so long as you have done, and that you would testify, by doing me the Honour of writing to me, that you are convinc'd of the real Affection with which I am

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de PAULET.

LETTER XXX.

MAD AM,

IF 'tis a Fault in me to have any Satisfaction out of your Sight, at least 'tis some Excuse that I have none but what you give me. 'Tis you that are the Cause of all my Pleasure; and tho' I have lately been to see the *Escurial* and *Aranjuez*, and been at *Bull-Feasts*, I should have seen nothing agreeable in *Spain*, if I had not receiv'd your Letters here. Your Cares ease me of the greatest Part of mine; and I'm no longer unhappy, when I consider that you have not forgot me. This Obligation is so great, that I don't think any be-

sides

fides myself would ever be able to repay it. But if you'll please to remember, you'll find, I paid for it before-hand; and since the very first Moment that I had the Honour to know you, there has not pass'd a Day in which I have not deserv'd all the Favour you can ever shew me. I'm sure, Madam, you won't ascribe this to Vanity, but to the great Esteem I have for the Passion with which I honour you, and to a Belief which I have, that a perfect Affection deserves every Thing. That which I have to serve you, is in so high a Degree, that nothing besides yours is able to reward it; and tho' you had given me Life an hundred Times, and with that all the Riches in the World, you would still be deep in my Debt, unless you gave me your Love too. I own in one Thing you are pretty conscientious; not being able to give me what is my Due, you endeavour to content me otherwise, and to cover a Piece of Injustice with a great deal of Civility. But all the fine Words in the World, are not to be compar'd with the smallest Particle of good Will; tho' if any might, they'd certainly be yours, neither would you have any Occasion to borrow of any Body else. I'm always surpriz'd to find, that tho' I receive a great Packet from you, there is but a little Letter in it; and that what is written with your own Hand, is but the least Part of what you send me. As I remember, I hardly ever had the Honour to see you at your House, but there were five or six Persons in the Room with you; so you take care to put as many into your Letters, and never write to me but in publick. But you must not imagine, that this will make me speak to you with e'er the less Boldness: I'll make those my Confidants, whom you seem to have constituted my Judges; for I had rather let them know my Secret, than let you not know it. But to speak seriously, (for I know, Madam, you would not for the World

that

that I should mean what I say) instead of complaining of this, I have Reason to return you a thousand Thanks for the Honour you cause me to receive from so many deserving Persons, and what I could never have pretended to, but thro' you. I own, tho' I can't even wish for more Pleasure than I take in seeing your Letters, yet I am extremely glad when you do surpass my Wishes, and procure me more Satisfaction than I could desire. If I an't deceiv'd, there were in your last some Lines of the best Hand in the World, and I receiv'd them with the same Veneration, as they formerly gather'd together the Leaves wherein the *Sybil* wrote her Oracles. I have a greater Esteem for those four Verses, than for all *Matherbe's* Works; and tho' I have seen some that were upon Love, and in Praise of myself, yet I'll assure you I never read any Poetry that was so agreeable to me. I can't tell how it is, but I can neither see nor hear any Thing that comes from that Person, but what touches the very Bottom of my Soul; and I can't conceive how it happens, that Esteem and Respect should in me have the same Effects as a violent Passion. Tho' you say nothing to me of *Madam de Clermont*, I'm sure she can't have forgot me; and I most humbly beseech you, Madam, to be so kind as to tell her, that I endeavour to grow better every Day, in order to deserve her Affection. The Sermons you preach to me, and the Books you send me, are of no small Service to me in this Design. I thank you for the Psalm; but pray, why in the Condition I am in should you send me Things so mournful? What better Paraphrase can there be of the *Misereve*, than my self? I have, at length, got *St. Paul's* Epistles. The two Books you sent me, one in *December*, and t'other six Weeks ago, are come to me both the same Day; and, as far as I am able to judge, the Man whom you represented to me to be so little,

is one of the greatest Men in all *France*. Amongst other Things, I thought the Preface perfectly fine, and I took abundance of Pleasure in reading it. I would say more of it, but I can't for one Hour, at least admire any Thing besides *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*. I freely confess, Madam, (whether 'tis Stupidity or Presumption I can't tell) I beheld without Jealousy all the fine Things you took care to say to me: But when I had read the Answer of the fortunate *Infanta* to *Launcelot* of the *Lake*, I was not able to guess who could write it; and not to lye, was very uneasy to think that it was not myself. I call'd to mind all the Persons of Wit I ever knew, to find out who could be the Author of it, and all would not do: But when your Letter, which I always keep 'till the last, had inform'd me who 'twas, I own I was transported with the greatest Joy I have been sensible of this long Time. 'Twas a great Ease and Comfort to me, to see that this Glory was due to one whom I already honour'd so much, and on whom I had bestow'd so much of my Wit, that it may be doubted whether it was hers or mine that she employ'd in writing so pretty a Letter. Really she seems to be Mistress of that of all the World, her Genius is so turn'd to every Thing. Perhaps she may take it ill, but if she does, I can't help telling you, that I had like to have remain'd in the same Incredulity, wherein I was once with relation to another Miracle of her Wit; and I could not believe 'twas possible she could write so well upon such a Subject, having never read any Books of that Nature. But this must be conceiv'd by Faith, and not by Reason; and as she writes Histories wherein all the Passions are represented, without ever having felt one of them; as she describes *Italy* and *Spain*, without having so much as ever seen the Maps of them; and as she knows every Foot of Ground in the whole World, without having ever

been

been beyond *Chartres*; so, without being at all conversant in the old Romances, she talks the Language of *Launcelot* of the *Lake* better than Queen *Genevora* herself could have done; and I believe she could speak *Arabick* too, if she had a mind to try. It must be confess'd, she's a Person very hard to be understood; and if *Madam de Rambouillet* is the most perfect Thing in the World, her Daughter is the most to be admir'd. But you are to construe my Praises, *Madam*, with the Restriction every one must make that knows you. Yet 'twas well for me, that I had not this Testimony of her Wit 'till she sent me one of her Civility too; for 'twould have given me very great Uneasiness, not to love one for whom I was forc'd to have so great an Esteem. The five or six Lines she did me the Honour to write me, were receiv'd by me with all the Respect, Love, and Joy that she can imagine, and wholly effac'd the Resentment I conceiv'd at her t'other Letter. One of the Advantages which ill-natur'd People have over those who are not so, is, that all the Favours they bestow are much better receiv'd than ordinary, and the Rarity seems in some Measure to add to the Value of the Action. Tho' I am sensible that she shews me this Kindness only, that I may be the more concern'd at her future ill Usage, yet I can't help suffering myself to be deceiv'd by it; and I love her now as much as if she were the sweetest temper'd Creature upon Earth. As for the Reproaches which she reserves for me against some other Day, this Threat does not make me e'er the less desirous of having the Honour to see her; and I shall then make so good a Defence, that she will find I have deserv'd Thanks, even in those very Things in which she believes me guilty. Amidst an infinite Number of Things in your Letter, which gave me a great deal of Satisfaction and Pleasure, I read with particular Joy what you tell me about that

worthy

worthy Gentleman. I have long wish'd for some Proof of his doing me the Honour to remember me. I shan't be afraid to tell you, that there's not a Man in the World I *respect* so much as him ; but I durst not tell you how much I *love* him, for fear the Interest of your *Husband* should make you take it ill, and upbraid me with misplacing my Affection. You, who make it a certain Rule, that all such People are incapable of loving, should however make some Exception for him ; and as I have heard you say more than once, that he had more Generosity than any of the rest, you may also believe he has more Friendship. But even tho' he had utterly forgot me, it would not have been in my Power to retrench any thing of the Passion I have for him. I can no more resist this Inclination, than I can that which I have for you ; and I can't imagine why you should wonder at my loving an ungrateful Friend, when you know how long I have lov'd an ungrateful Mistress. Without lying, even when I thought he did not in the least think of me, I could not walk in a fine Evening in the * *Prada*, without wishing him with me. If I had him here at *Madrid*, I would carry him to Doors which open more easily than yours, and where we might be better receiv'd than we were at your House. There are in this Place certain Animals, call'd by the People of the Country *Morenists*, whose Form of Body is very agreeable, and Skin extreamly soft ; who are good humour'd, brisk, and pleasant, very easily tam'd, and naturally Friends to Mankind. The fresh Air of the Night, which they love to breathe, makes them generally to be found in the Streets at that Time ; and, as he is curious in this Sort of Things, I know he'd be very glad to see some of them. I humbly beg you,

* The *Prada* at *Madrid* is a publick Place to walk in, much the same as our Park.

you, Madam, to whom I am indebted for so many Obligations, to use all the Credit you have with him, to make him do me the Honour to remember me; and if you can get him to love me, I give you a Respite of six Months in what you owe me. I don't know whether or no your Servant has done me the Honour to write to me; I am still *bis*, with as much Respect and Esteem as ever. At the Bottom of your Letter are three different Hand-writings; but I could not guess whose, and I don't know whether I ever saw them before or no. I had a Design to get them answer'd by three *Spaniards* of my Acquaintance; but I had not Time, being very near my Departure. I hope, I shall leave this Place in three or four Days, to begin the Tour I inform'd you of, and go visit *Portugal* and *Andalusia*. Some of my Friends would fain dissuade me from it, upon Account of the Heats which reign there at this Time of the Year; but I am resolv'd to see a little of the World, to get Wit; and in order to make myself amends for a Winter which I have been here without warming myself. I intend to go in the Dog-Days to *Africa*, and spend the Summer in a Country where the Swallows spend the Winter. The Hazards I must run in this Voyage, don't deter me, and perhaps I might run yet greater, were I with you. All that vexes me, is, that if I die in it, Mademoiselle *d^e Rambouillet* will have the Pleasure to say, it was but three Years ago she foretold I should die in four. But one whom you put into your Prayers, Madam, may hope for better Success than that comes to. I don't know whether I have a great while to live; but I think I have a great many Years Love in Stock for you; and my Affections being so great and perfect, I can't conceive how 'tis possible I should so soon cease to be,

Madam,

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To r, &c.

To



To Mademoiselle PAULET.

LETTER XXXI.

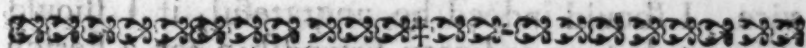
MADAM,

THere was only one Thing wanting to your Adventures, and that was to be a Prisoner of State; I have given you here the happy Occasion of being such: Fortune, who has omitted no Opportunity of bringing you into Play, will, in all Probability, make her Advantage of this. I know very well that I bring you into Danger by writing to you, yet cannot even that Reflection restrain me. From whence you may conclude, that there is no Risk which I would refuse to run, to refresh your Remembrance of me, since I can resolve to endanger even you, who are dear and valuable above all the rest of the World to me. I tell you this, Madam, at a Time when I would not lie, no, not in a Compliment; for I would have you to know, that I am much the better for the Distemper which I have lately had; it has caus'd me to assume such good Resolutions, that if I had them not, I could be contented to purchase them with all my Health. I plainly foresee, that this will but divert you, you who are conscious to so much of my Weakness, and who will never believe that I can keep single Resolutions, I who have broken so many Vows; yet nothing is more certain, than that I have hitherto beheld the, *Spanish* Beauties with as much Indifference, as I did the *Flemish* at *Brussels*; and I hope to grow a Convert in the very Place of the World in which the Tempter is strongest, and where the Devil resumes as glorious Shapes as what he put off when he fell. The
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Reformation is so great in me, that I have but one Scruple remaining, which is, that I think too often of you, and that I desire to see you again with a little too much Impatience. I, who have moderated the rest of my Passions, have been unable to reduce that which I have for you, to the Measure with which we are permitted to love our Neighbours, that is to say, as much as we do ourselves; and I fear you have a larger Share in my Soul, than I ought to allow a Creature. Look out, I beseech you, for a Remedy for this, or rather for an Excuse for it; for as for a Remedy, I believe there is none, and that I must be always, with the utmost Passion,

Madam,

Yours,



To the same.

LETTER XXXII.

MADAM,

SO great a Misfortune as mine, wanted no less Consolation than that which I lately receiv'd from you; and I look'd on your Letter, as a Pardon which Heaven granted me after my Sentence: I can call by no other Name the News which oblig'd me to return to this Place; and I can assure you that Sentence of Death is oftentimes less rigorous. But since, in the midst of all my Misfortunes, I have the Honour to be remember'd by you, to complain would be ill-becoming of me; for methinks he may dispense with the Favours of Fortune, who is happy enough to obtain yours. This is the Reason that I shall make Use of to comfort myself, for the Necessity of remaining

here ; and not that which you urg'd in yours, That it is better to be an Exile in a foreign Land, than to be a Prisoner in one's own Country : For, alas ! you know but one half of my Misery, if you are not convinc'd that I am both together ; and if you judge of the Matter rightly, you will find, that two Things which seem very inconsistent, are to be found in me, *viz.* to be banish'd, and a Prisoner at the same Time. You will find it difficult to interpret this Riddle, unless you call to Mind, that I have always been us'd to mingle a Dram of Love in my Letters : For if, as you say, I am allow'd some Liberty here, of which I should be depriv'd in *France*, I beseech you let it be that of assuring you, that there is a great deal of Passion mix'd with the Affection which I express for your Service. I should indeed be ungrateful, if I should discover but an ordinary Friendship for a Person who does such extraordinary Things for me ; and I am oblig'd to fall in Love, at least, with your Generosity. I have been acquainted what Care a Gentleman and a Lady have taken to enquire of my Welfare, which is an additional Obligation to one whom they had extremely oblig'd before. For all the rest, they have seem'd bury'd in so profound a Silence, that for six Months together I have heard not the least mention of them. Whether this comes from their Forgetfulness, or from their Prudence, I am unable to determine ; yet Forgetfulness may be allow'd an Excuse for Silence, but a dumb Remembrance is without Defence. I leave you to conclude, Madam, how much Lustre this reflects upon what you have done for me, and how much I am oblig'd to you for a long Letter, at a Time, when others have been afraid to send me their Service. Therefore let me assure you, that tho' I am unable to make suitable Returns to such Goodness, I esteem it, at least, and extol it

it as it deserves; and that I am, as much as a Man can possibly be,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Monsieur de PUY-LAURENS.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR,

I Receiv'd the Letter you did me the Honour to write me, with more Joy than I did expect ever to have here; and I, who have so many Things to desire, and am so far from all Places where I wish to be, saw myself languishing in a Labyrinth of Disquietudes, unable to get out without great Difficulty, do now find my Thoughts quiet and serene from all anxious Fears, since I see you remember me; and if 'tis true, that I have some Part in your Esteem, it will over-balance all the Troubles of my Life; those to whom you gave Wealth and Honour, were not so well rewarded as I am. I have read your Letter over and over, with the same Transport as the most passionate Lover could a *Billet* from his consenting Mistress; and it is, I'll assure you, the greatest Satisfaction I e'er receiv'd in this Country. The little Health I have had, would not permit me to have any Divertisement; neither saw I any Woman, but in the *Prada*, or on the Stage; and so, without doing myself any Violence, I agree with you in what you said in Prejudice of the Ladies of *Madrid*, in Favour of those of *Brussels*; and before their Presence, or yours, can oblige me to be compliant, I yield from this Moment to whatever you can think or say to their Advantage; their Innocence, their Youth,

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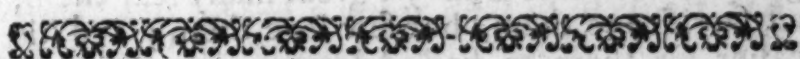
and Beauty, for which you say you do esteem them, are Qualities we can never see here in one Person; neither are they common with you, I am perswaded; but I can guess the Reason why you take their Parts with so much Passion; and, if I err not, if the Cause be the same which I imagine, I should wrong both my Judgment and Inclination to think otherwise than what you do; for I must own with you, that if *Xarifa*, *Daraxa*, and *Galiana*, should return into the World again, yet would *Spain* have nothing to oppose her. All the Artifice they use here, and the Illusions by which they appear what they are not, cannot represent a Form so beautiful. The most celebrated Beauty we have here, is no more comparable to her, than Brass and Ebony to Gold and Ivory; and the nearest Comparison I can make, would resemble her no more, than a fine Night does a fine Day; and I now repent of my rash Declaration, in saying *Spain* only furnish'd us with desirable Beauties; since only one of the Court, where you are, is sufficient to convince the World to the contrary. The only Advantage we have of you, is, our Ladies are more amorous; yet I doubt the universal Truth on't; for if the same Fortune you have had every where, follows you in *Flanders*, you will teach some of them not to be excell'd, even in that. But I refer this Discourse, 'till I have the Satisfaction of being nigh you, and have the Honour of your Conversation, the Hopes of which doubles my impatient Wishes for my Return. I conjure you, remember your Promise, and take Care that the Multitude of your Adventures deface not the least Part of me in your Breast. And whereas those that are near you, require Favours, Pensions, and Places, I never shall ask more than your Friendship, nor do I think you can give me any Thing more valuable from the Number of your Acquaintance; the very Fire you have chose to stamp the Mark
of

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 79

of Friendship on, makes me admire the Solidity of your Judgment, and the Prudence of your Conduct, in contradicting the bare Practice of the World, in being more liberal of your Wealth than of your Heart; and I am proud of nothing so much, as of being admitted into the Number of,

Sir,

Your humble Servants, &c.



To the same.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR,

YOU have included in five or six Lines every Thing in the World that's most agreeable to me; and in promising me the Presence of my Master, your Conversation and your Friendship, you have answer'd all my Wishes. To compleat these Hopes, no Difficulties can seem insupportable to me; the Sea will be cross'd with Pleasure, to go to enjoy so much Happiness; and all the greatest Men in the World formerly us'd to undertake Voyages upon Accounts less valuable. But I must first break the Enchantments of *Madrid*, and overcome the Destiny of this Court, which will force every Body to stay ten or twelve Months longer than they design'd to do. This is so true, Sir, that having made an Endeavour this Winter to escape from it before that Term, the Strength of the Charm fetch'd me back an hundred and twenty Miles; and I am now as strongly engag'd to it as ever. However, I have some Hopes from what you say you have written in my Favour; and if this

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Adventure is to be finish'd by one of the worthiest Men in the World, I believe I shall be indebted to You for my Deliverance. I know, Sir, it won't be one of the greatest you ever put an End to, but I am sure it will be one of the most difficult and most just; for really you are in some Measure oblig'd to take Care of one, who honours you so sincerely as I do; and in the Place where you are, nothing is so hard to find as Affections so pure as mine. Those who possess such Posts as yours, are generally us'd like Gods; a great many fear them, all sacrifice to them, but few love them; and 'tis easier for them to find Adorers, than Friends. For my Part, Sir, I have always look'd upon you, in your naked Character, distinct from every Thing that's foreign to it: I behold Things in you, which are greater and more glorious than your Fortune and Qualities, with which 'tis impossible for you to be like the Generality of Mankind. You'll be convinc'd, I speak this knowingly, if you remember the Discourse I had the Honour to have with you in a certain Field, where having laid open your Heart to me, I saw in it so much Strength, Resolution, and Generosity, that you entirely won mine. I then perceiv'd that you had such sound Notions of all those Things which generally deceive the rest of the World, that those Things which they beheld in you with greatest Admiration, were what you esteem'd least, and that no Body examines you with half so little Love as you do yourself. I own, Sir, at that Time, seeing you walk upon Precipices, with a bold and chearful Countenance, and not imagining that Constancy could reach so far, I fancy'd you did not perceive them all. But you taught me, that there was nothing in your Person, nor about it, but what you knew to the Bottom; and that, tho' you saw but a Step before you, Imprisonment and Death, and so many other Accidents which threaten'd you, and

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters.

and on the other Side, Honours, Glory, and the greatest Rewards, you beheld all this without the least Discomposure, and saw Reasons, not to wish too much for the one nor to fear the other. I was amaz'd that a Man, brought up from his Youth in the Arms of Fortune, should be acquainted with all the Secrets of Philosophy; and that you should gain Wisdom in a Place where every Body else generally lose it. From that Moment, Sir, I put you into the Number of three or four Persons, whom I love and honour above all the rest of the World, and added a great deal of Respect and Esteem to the Passion I before had for you. Out of this I form'd another Affection much greater still; this is that I have yet, and shall preserve as long as I live, to such a Degree, that indeed you ought to acknowledge it by testifying some Satisfaction at my being so much as I am,

Sir,

Madrid, June 8. 1638.

Your, &c.



To the Lord FARGIS.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR,

AS far as I see, you are as liberal of Praises as
as you are of every Thing else; and not being able to assist me any otherwise, in the Necessity I am in, you however send me the finest Words in the World. I can't employ them better, than to return them to you again; and if I don't make Use of these, I own I can think of none sufficient to express the Honour you do me. And indeed, Sir, I believe you writ them to me, foreseeing

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seeing how much I should stand in need of them ; and as you gave me so much Cause to praise you, so you took Care to give me also wherewithal to do it. This Favour obliges me to receive with Patience the Reproaches you charge me with ; and as I am loaden with Honours which are not due to me, 'tis but reasonable that I should endure Complaints which I have not deserv'd. Were it not for this, I should demand Satisfaction of you for accusing me of a mighty Desire to leave this Place ; and why should you bestow the Title of Harred upon that which you ought to ascribe to Affection ? I am as well acquainted with the Delights and Charms of *Spain* as any Body ; but I fancy, Sir, you believe it has none I like so well as being with my Friends ; and if *Paris* itself was irksome to me, because of my Master's Absence, you ought not in the least to wonder at *Madrid's* being so, or at my being unable to receive any Satisfaction from a Place where I can't enjoy my Health. But were this Desire as unjust as you say it is, you ought not to upbraid me with a Piece of Injustice which I commit for your Sake, nor be offended at my having too great a Desire to see you. Tho' I should meet with the same Inconveniences in the Place where you are, yet I should not think them the same, if I bore them in your Company ; and I wonder you should talk as you do in the same Letter, where you inform me that there are Persons with you with whom the greatest Afflictions would seem pleasant to you. I'll assure you, Sir, I too am capable of that Sort of Consolation ; and whatever you are pleas'd to say, 'tis impossible for me to be sensible either of Sorrow or Necessity in the Place where you are. There are Treasures in your Person, which I can enjoy in Spite of ill Fortune, and with which I can never be poor nor sad. This is what makes me so impatient to be gone from hence ; and if all my Friends did not absolutely

lutely forbid me, I would take the nearest Road to come to you; and by the Way, tear down with my own Hands the Pictures of you, which you say are fix'd up upon the Frontiers. I dare say, Sir, your Soul is not so weak as to need any Comfort upon this Head; and you, who have look'd Death herself so closely in the Face without Terror, can never be mov'd with her Resemblance. 'Twon't be upon this, that Posterity will make a Judgment of you. Fortune, who is not always unjust, will give you a Description more to your Advantage, and for these Pictures bestow Statues upon you. All the Changes she has made in your Life, seem to me like that Sort of Icing-glass, which being put upon a Picture, alters all that is round the Person, but still leaves the Face unalter'd. Thus she makes Sport of great Men; she takes Delight in seeing them in different Shapes, and in less than a Moment she puts those under a Canopy, whom she had before shewn publicly upon a Scaffold. I wish, Sir, I may find this Alteration at my Arrival; and, as for myself, I only desire that I may speedily have the Honour of seeing you, and that my Fortune may be so closely ty'd to yours, that I may never be happy nor unhappy but with you. I am,

Sir,

Madrid, June 8, 1633.

Yours, &c.



To



TO THE
Marchioness of RAMBOUILLET.
 LETTER XXXVI.

MADAM,

THO' my Liberality should, as you tell me, surpass the Bounty of *Alexander*, it would nevertheless be richly recompenc'd, by the Thanks which you have return'd me for it. He himself, as boundless as his Ambition was, would have confin'd it to so rare a Favour. He would have set more Value upon this Honour, than he did on the *Persian* Diadem; and he would never have envy'd *Achilles* the Praise which he receiv'd from *Homer*, if he could but himself have obtain'd yours. Thus, Madam, on this Pinacle of Glory on which I stand, if I bear any Envy to his, 'tis not so much to that which he acquir'd himself, as to that which you have bestow'd upon him; and he has receiv'd no Honours, which I do not hold inferior to mine, unless it be that which you did him, when you declar'd him your Gallant. Neither his Vanity, nor the rest of his Flatterers, could ever persuade him to believe any thing that was so advantageous to him; and the Quality of Son of *Jupiter Hammon*, was by much less glorious to him than this. But if any thing comforts me for the Jealousy which it has rais'd in me; 'tis this, Madam, that knowing you as well as I know you, I am very well assur'd, that if you have done him this Honour, 'tis not so much upon the account of his having been the Greatest of Mankind, as of his having been now these two thousand Years no more.

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However, we here find Cause to admire the Greatness of his Fortune, which not being able yet to forsake him, so many Years after his Death, has added to his Conquests a Person that gives them more Lustre than the Daughters and Wife of *Darius*; and which has gain'd him a Mind more great than the World he conquer'd. I ought here to be afraid, after your Example, of Writing in too lofty a Style: But how can the Writer be too sublime who writes of you, and of *Alexander*? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe, that I have equal Passion for You, with that which you shew for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues will oblige me to be always,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Monsieur de CHAUBONNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR,

WHILE you so lavishly commend my Eloquence, you should have some little Regard to my Modesty, and take Care not to make me forfeit a good Quality which I have, out of a Desire to give me one which I have not. However, I receiv'd your Commendations with a great deal of Pleasure; not that I think I deserve what you say of me, but I look upon it as a particular Mark of your Friendship; and am convinc'd you must needs have a very great Affection for me, since it could incline you to write so favourably of me, in Defiance to your Judgment, which knows better Things. Thus, Sir, I find it more to my Advantage, to think myself unworthy of the Honour

nour you have done me; and I am more proud of that which raises me to a good Opinion of your Friendship, than that which would have rais'd me to a good one of myself. Were I a Man of that Eloquence as you represent me, I should desire to make no other Advantage of it, than to gain that Room in your Affection, which you tell me I have there; and to beg you to continue me so inestimable a Blessing. If I found you inclin'd to grant me this, the next Favour I would beg of you, would be, to return my humble Thanks to those Ladies, who, you say, do condescend to think of me sometimes, in all the choicest Dress of Words, of which you are so perfect a Master. For one of 'em particularly I would be at the Expence of gathering all the Flowers and Graces of *Rhetorick*, and would immediately write her a Love-Letter, so full of *Gallantry* and *Tenderness*, that you should tell me at my Return Home, that it did not displease her. Since there are three of 'em, methinks neither of 'em has any Reason to be offended at this Freedom. It would shew too much Cruelty in 'em, to deprive me of the Liberty of my Wishes, and hinder me of entertaining myself with this *imaginary Happiness*, since it is the only Satisfaction I have left me. I begin now to have stronger Hopes of my Return than hitherto I have had. The Pleasure I shall have in leaving this Place, will make me sufficient *Amends* for the Vexations I have found in it; and I feel by way of Advance, Part of the Joy I shall receive, when I am so happy as to see you. Thus, Sir, you may perceive there is a Mixture in all Things. Good and Ill are huddled and blended together; and when either of them is not to be found in the Top, you may certainly expect to find it at the Bottom. I am as yet uncertain which Way to steer my Course; but I am inclin'd, upon second Thoughts, to take Shipping at *Lisbon*. Had it been left to my own
Choice,

Choice, I would have ventur'd thro' *France*, let the Event have been what it would: Not that I have a Mind to be thought over-confident, or love to take, as you would insinuate, a dangerous *Way*, when I may take another: But I was always of Opinion, that the shortest is the safest. Besides, to tell you the Truth, I could never fancy I was born to be hang'd. However, I am commanded to take another Way; and the Persons to whom you have given an absolute Power over me, and who, in Justice, ought to exercise it over the whole World, have so positively order'd it, that I dare not so much as to deliberate on the Matter. In the mean time, while they command me not to hazard myself by Land, they make me rely upon the Sea and Pirates: Yet I may safely tell you, I fear neither; and am more afraid of the Calms, which may delay my Happiness of seeing you. As for the rest, I shan't much trouble myself, provided I may soon arrive at my Journey's End, and find an *Opportunity* to make it appear one Day, by my Services, that you have bestow'd your Favours upon one who has a grateful Sense of 'em, and is, with the utmost *Sincerity*,

Madrid, June

8, 1633.

SIR,

Yours, &c.



To Mademoiselle de PAULET.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MADAM,

I Have now one of the finest Subjects in the World to furnish me with a Love-Letter; for, without

without wronging my Conscience, I may safely tell you, that I pass my Days without Light, and my Nights without the least Sleep: At least this has been my constant Course of Life ever since I left *Madrid*. In ten Nights I have made a shift to perform ten Days Journey, and am arriv'd at *Granada* without seeing the Sun, unless it were just as he was rising in the Morning, or a little before he went to Bed at Night. He is so very dangerous here, that the Comparison which some of our Poets make between his Rays and their Mistresses Eyes, will hold good no longer; for what they perform only by Figure and Allegory, he actually effects in this Climate. In short, he burns every thing that beholds him; and any living Creature that can look upon him without Roasting for it, may, for all I know, be able to live comfortably in a Furnace. However, I have had the good Luck, to escape him, for which I am beholding to the Night, for I always took care to keep the whole Earth between his Worship and me. At present I pass my Time most deliciously in the Shade of a Mountain of Snow, which does this City the Honour to cover it. Three Days ago in *Sierra Morena* I saw the individual Place, where *Don Quixote*, of blessed Memory, and *Cardenio*, met upon the Road; and the very same Day I slept at the Inn, where the famous Adventures of *Dorothea* were accomplish'd. This Morning I took a Turn in the ancient *Alhambra*, cross'd the noted Square of *Vivarambla*; and the Street where I lodge boasts a Name, ten times longer than a *Welsh* Epedegree, for 'tis call'd *La Calle de Abenamer Muley Benand Moro de la Morera*. You can't imagine what a great Satisfaction it was to me, to see these Things which I had so often thought of; but, Madam, it was infinitely more Pleasure to me, to think on certain Things which I had sometimes seen. Tho' I must own, that the Objects that daily present themselves

selves to my Eyes, are extremely beautiful and fine, yet my Imagination perpetually obliges me with something which is infinitely brighter; so that I would not change the Images my Memory furnishes me with, for all the richest Sights in the Universe. Yesterday, casting my Eyes on the Walks and Fountains of *Generalisa*, and wishing I could be so happy as to meet those celebrated Beauties of the Romantick Age, *Galiana*, *Zaida*, and *Daxara*, just in the very Equipage and Habit as they were when they liv'd in this sinful World, I could not forbear to wish the good Company of another Person, who, to do her Justice, is a thousand Times more charming and amiable, and would eclipse the greatest Beauties in the World, should they presume to appear in the same Hemisphere with her. By these Tokens, as I take it, Madam, I have sufficiently describ'd her to you: But is it not a most horrid and lamentable Thing, that I should be forc'd to observe so much Artifice in my Language, and that I dare not say for my Life that it is your Ladyship I mean all this while? For your Comfort, Madam, you may give me Leave to display some of my Compliments now, being at the Fountain-head of Gallantry, from whence it has spread itself all over the Earth. From this Place I design in four Days to reach *Gibraltar*, and from thence to make a small Trip to *Centa*, in order to visit the Place of your Nativity, and pay my Respects to your noble Parents, the lawful and undoubted Monarchs of all the Forests and Deserts of that spacious Country. Now, Madam, as I shall give them a full Account of your Ladyship, so I humbly desire you to do the same for me to all your Friends; and particularly to assure three of them, that let Fortune dispose of me where she pleases, my better Part, meaning my Soul, shall be everlastingly with them. As for your self, Madam, I need not at this Time

of

of Day give myself the Trouble to inform you, that no Man respects and honours you more than myself; for you cannot but know, that I am but too much,

Madam,

Your humble Servant, &c.



To Monsieur De CHAUBONNE.

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR,

I Write to you in Sight of the Coast of *Barbary*: There is but a Channel between us of about three Leagues over, tho' it is the Ocean, and the *Mediterranean Sea* together You would be surpriz'd to see a Man so far off, who takes so little Pleasure in Rambling, and who was in such Haste to return to you: But the Advice I receiv'd, that this Season was very improper for Navigation, by Reason of the great Calms, and that I should find it very difficult to embark before *September*, has given me at once an Inclination and Leisure to pursue this Voyage; for I chose rather to suffer the Fatigue of Travelling, than the Laziness of *Madrid*. So that after having seen at *Granada* all that remains of the Magnificence of the *Moorish Kings*, *El Alhambra**, the ‡ *Zaccatin*, and that famous

* A strong Fortrefs in the City of *Granada* in *Spain*, above all the other Buildings in the City, with the Royal Palace, and a Monastery of *Franciscans* in it, built by the *Moorish Kings*. The Name, in *Arabick*, signifies *Red Castle*.

‡ A Quarter in the same City, signifying the *Brokery*, an *Arabick Word*.

mous Place the || *Vivarambla*, where I had formerly imagin'd ſo many Tilts and Tournaments. I am juſt come to the Point of *Gibraltar*: From whence, as ſoon as they ſhall have equipp'd me a Frigate, I hope to paſs the *Streights*, and viſit *Ceuta*; and coming back from thence, to take the Road of *Cales*, *St. Lucar*, and *Sevil*, and ſo to *Lisbon*. Hitherto, Sir, I have not repented of this Enterprize, which at this Time of the Year has ſeem'd raſh to all the World. *Andalouſia* has reconcil'd me to all the reſt of *Spain*; and having paſs'd in it ſo many other Parts, I ſhould be ſorry not to have ſeen it in the only Place where it appears beautiful. You'll think it ſtrange, that I praiſe a Country where it is never cold, and where the Sugar-canes grow: But, in Recompence, I can aſſure you, they have ſuch Melons, that 'twere worth coming four hundred Leagues to taſte them; and that Country, for which a whole People wander'd ſo long in the Wilderneſs, could not be, in my Opinion, much more delicious than this is. I am attended here by Slaves, who are handſome enough to be my Miſtreſſes; and it is permitted me every where to gather Palms without Danger. This Tree, for which all ancient *Greece* has fought, which is not to be found in *France*, but in our Poets, is here no ſcarcer than the Olive-Trees; and there is not an Inhabitant on this Coaſt, who has not more of them than all the *Cæſars*. You may behold, at one View, the Mountains charg'd with Snow, and Vallies cover'd with Fruit. They have Ice in *Auguſt*, and Grapes in *January*: Summer and Winter here are always mix'd together; and when the Year grows cold in other Countries, and whitens all the Earth, here it is ever green with *Lawrels*, *Orange-trees*, and *Mirtles*. I confeſs, Sir, I
endea-

|| A Gate of the ſame City; in *Arabick*, the *Sandy Gate*.

endeavour to make it feem as beautiful to you as I can; and having complain'd to you formerly of the Ill I have met with in *Spain*, if I do not retract what I have said, I think I am oblig'd, at least, to represent to the best Advantage, whatever I find that's good in it: In the mean Time you'll wonder that a Man, so much a Libertine as I am, should be in Haste to quit all this, to go and look a Master. But I'll swear ours is such a one, that there can be no Pleasure that ought to be preferr'd to the Honour and Satisfaction of serving him. Liberty, which is esteem'd the most charming Thing in Nature, is not so desirable as his Highness. You know how little I am inclin'd to Flattery; and one of the most remarkable Qualities which distinguishes my Lord, is that he cannot suffer it. But it must be acknowledg'd, that besides the eminent Virtues which are owing to the Greatness of his Birth, his Affability, his good Nature, the Beauty and Vivacity of his Ingenuity, the Pleasure he takes in hearing witty Things, and the Grace with which he speaks them himself, are Qualities which can hardly be found any where, to that Degree, as they appear in him; and if it were only to see something extraordinary, that I ramble about the World, what need I give myself the Trouble to go so far, when I should do much better to keep near his Person. I examine every Thing I see, with more Curiosity than I naturally have; that when the Time serves I may give a satisfactory Account to his Highness; and I am well assur'd, that when I shall have once had the Honour to discourse with him about these Matters, he will know them ever after better than I do. The prodigious Memory of this Prince has been a mighty Comfort to me during my Absence; for having had the Honour to be in it some Time ago, I don't question but I have a Place there still; because I can hardly imagine, that I

am so unfortunate, as to be the only Thing he ever forgot. His Highness, who never forgot a *Tribune* nor an *Ædile*, nor even a *Legionary Soldier* who has once been nam'd in History, will not, I believe, forget one of his humble Servants; and the whole *Globe* being in his Imagination better represented than in any Map of the World, let me go never so far, I need not fear for that, to go out of the Honour of his Remembrance. Nevertheless, I humbly intreat you, Sir, (you, who with so much Goodness procure me all Sorts of Honours and Advantages) to find an Opportunity to tell my Lord, how much I desire to have the Honour to kiss his Hand, and the Prayers I make continually for a Life of so great Consequence to all Mankind. If after this I desire any Thing more of you, 'tis only that you would be pleas'd to take Care, that Time shall not diminish the Share you have so liberally given me in your Affection: But see how far the Excess of mine has carry'd me, that it makes me doubt the most generous Man alive. You, who know, Sir, that in all those that love much, there are always some Motions that are not conformable to Reason: Pardon, I beseech you, this Fear, and consider that I am excusable, being with so much Passion,

Yours, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I Should be very glad to have the Countess of *Barlemont* and the Princess of *Barbancon* made acquainted, that I eternally think of them, at one of the Extremities of *Europe*, and that I am now going to cross the Sea, on Purpose to inform my self, whether *Africa*, which was always fam'd for Rarities, can produce any Thing so rare as themselves.

To



To Mademoiselle PAULET.

LETTER XL.

MADAM,

AT last I am got out of *Europe*, and have pass'd the Strait which gives Limits to it; yet the Sea that lies between us, can stifle nothing of the Passion I have for you; and tho' the Slaves of Christendom are free when they touch upon this Coast, I am never the less yours for that. Do not wonder to see me break forth into Gallantries so openly; the Air of the Country hath inspir'd into me something of impolite Assurance more than ordinary; and you may easily perceive I am grown more confident than ever; and when I write again, expect to find me as a *Turk* does a *Moor*. But for all that, you should not take it ill, to be diverted with Love at this Distance; and if it were but out of Curiosity, you should be glad to see the Love-Letters of *Barbary*. There wanted in your Adventures that of having an humble Servant beyond the Seas; and as you have some of all Qualities, it were but reasonable you should have some in all Quarters of the Globe. Yesterday I grav'd your Name upon a Mountain, not very much lower than the Stars, from whence may be discover'd seven Kingdoms; and to Morrow I send Challenges to the Emperors of *Morocco* and *Fez*, wherein I offer to maintain, that *Africa* never produc'd any Creature so beautiful and so cruel as yourself. When that's done, Madam, my Business here is at an end; but only to go and see your Friends, to whom I intend to propose the Marriage, which has made such a Noise some time

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time since, and endeavour to gain their Consent, that there be no farther Delay in that Matter. And for what I hear, they are People not very easy of Access, I shall be much troubled to find them; I have been told, they should be at the Bottom of *Lybia*; and that the Lions of that Quarter are less, both as to Nobility and Growth. There are some young ones sold here, which are extremely handsome; I am resolv'd to send you half a Dozen of them, instead of the *Spanish* Gloves; for I know you will esteem them more, and they are cheaper. You may have the prettiest that can be here for three Crowns; it is but Play with them to carry away a Man's Arm or Hand at least; and, yourself excepted, I never saw any Thing more agreeable. Pray be pleas'd to prepare Mrs. *Anne* to converse with them, and to give them the Place of *Dorinda*. I shall send them by the first Ship that sails from this Place; and I wish to Heavens I could come along with them, to throw myself at your Feet! There it is, Madam, where they will have the Occasion to be the cruellest Creatures in the World, and think themselves to be Kings of all their Brethren; but the greatest Assurance I can give, that the Air of *Africa* hath instill'd some Barbarity into me, is, that I have written three Pages, and thought to have finish'd my Letter without speaking of M^r. *D. R.* I assure you, where-ever I am, she is always in my Heart and Remembrance; and even at this Moment, *Benche di tanta lontananza, li fo humilissima riverenza*; and I am her most humble and most dutiful Servant *Branbano*. While I am out of Christendom, I dare not say any thing to Madam *de C—*; for Mademoiselle *de R—*, I believe she will not wish me the worse for it: I hope one Day to be out of her Debt, for the great Pleasure I had in hearing the Adventures of *Alcidalis*, by entertaining her with my own. I shall acquaint her
with

with Things very strange and incredible, and for her Fables I shall give her History. *Your Servant* hath still in my Mind, the Place his Merit, and the Affection he honours me with, may justly claim. There is a Friend of yours, Madam, I love so passionately, that I forgot my Duty, and withal to tell you how much I honour and respect him: The infinite Desire I have to continue in his Remembrance, hath almost put me upon an Indiscretion; for without considering the Motives which might dissuade me, there wanted but little that I had written to him, and had resolv'd to begin as follows,

MY LORD,

I Could not forbear writing to you, were it only out of a Humour of dating my Letter from *Genoa*. After I had survey'd the Palaces of the Kings of *Granada*, and the Habitation of the *Abencerrages*, I was likewise desirous to see the Country of *Rodomont* and *Agramant*, and be acquainted with the Soil that produc'd all those great Men:

*Che furo al tempo, che passaro I Mori,
D' Africa il Mar' e'n Francia nequer tanto.*

I believe this Beginning, Madam, would have made his Mouth water for the rest, which I would have continu'd after this Manner.

If your Inclinations are not chang'd, I am confident, my Lord, you will not censure this Curiosity; and that amongst the Felicities that surrounds you, there are certain Moments when you envy the Condition of a poor wretched Exile. If I can get a Pass, as I hope I shall, from *Tetuan*, and that the *Alarbes*, who rove about the Country, do not hinder my Design; I shall have the Satisfaction, in some Days, to see a whole City full of Turbants, a People that swear by no other Name than *Alha*, and *African* Ladies, who have nothing bar-

barbarous about them, but the Name; and altho' they are burnt by the Sun, are yet fairer, and cast a greater Brightness than he. This Country, my Lord, where Women are not Fools, neither cold nor cruel; they are all amorous, full of Fire and Spirit, and which some will never think a Farthing the worse, that they never go to Confession. By the Pleasure I take in seeing all these Things, my Lord, you may very easily guess, that it is not always Fortune that makes Men happy; and that there is not any so bad, wherein there may not be good Occasions, if a Man can but happen on them. While you are taken up with your good Fortune, and are troubled to make your Advantages of it, and to employ it well, I enjoy Leisure and Liberty, wherein my Misfortune leaves me. Methinks now I am depriv'd of *France*, I am in Possession of all the World besides; and that I ought no more to quarrel at the Destiny which forc'd me thence, than People, troubled with the Lethargy, should with those that strike and pinch them, that they might awake. Instead of spending my Life amongst ten or twelve Persons, in five or six Streets, in two or three Houses, I change Place now every Hour; I see Mountains, Desarts, Precipices, Flowers, and Fruits, which I never had heard nam'd; different Nations, Rivers, and Seas I was not acquainted with. Every Day I change Cities, every Week Kingdoms; I cross in a Moment out of *Europe* into *Africk*, and I could with more Ease find out the Source of *Nile*, than I could have done some Time ago that of *Rongis*. If this Condition, my Lord, admits not the Enjoyment you find in the Conversation of the only most admir'd Person the Earth affords, I, at least, want these Hours of Distraction and Melancholy, which poison even the Soul, and can, in an Hour at least, break the strongest Heart in the World. In this State of Innocence wherein I live, I solicit Heaven every Day to pre-

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serve you from it, and that it would long continue in your Person, the purest Generosity of our Age, and so many other excellent Qualities it has bestow'd on you. If after this, I may advance any particular Wishes for myself, it is, That after so many Wanderings, I might have the Honour to entertain you therewith; and assure you, my Lord, that I resent, as I ought the essential Obligations I have to be ———

But, Madam, of a Man which should have written Love-Letters to you, methinks I introduce many Things which could not have been admitted there. You see what it is to be vers'd in it, and to have kept me so long in Suspence; if you had given me Leave at the Beginning to have sent you of that Kind, I could at this present have written excellent ones, and should not end my Letter so simply as I do, by telling you, I am,

Your most humble Servant,

Aug. 7. 1633.

Voiture, the African.

To the same; with several Lions made with red Wax.

LETTER XLI.

MADAM,

THis Lion, with his whole Family, and some of his Friends, having been forc'd, for some Reasons of State, to depart *Lybia*, I could not think of any Place, where he might retire with more Safety, or more Honour, than near you; and he is something happy in his Misfortunes, if they procure

cure him the Acquaintance of so excellent a Person. He is descended, in a right Line, from an illustrious Lion, that about three or four hundred Years since reign'd in the Mountain *Caucasus*, from one of whose Grand-children, it is affirm'd here, came your great Grand-Father, who was the first of all the Lions of *Africa* that came in to *Europe*. The Honour he finds in being a Relation to you, puts me in Hopes you'll entertain him with more Mildness and Compassion than you are wont to have; and I believe you will think it no Manner of Disparagement to be a Sanctuary to persecuted Lions. This will extremely add to your Reputation through all *Barbary*, where you are already esteem'd beyond any Thing on this Side the Seas; where not a Day passes but I hear of some of your celebrated Actions. If you can help them, by any pretty Invention, to disguise themselves under a human Shape, you will do them a transcendent Favour; for by that Means they might do much more Mischief with more Impunity. But if this be the Secret you will never communicate, you may yet sufficiently oblige them, by affording them Refuge, and the Assistance of your Advice. I assure you, Madam, they are accounted the cruellest and most savage of all the Country, which I conceive you will be extremely pleas'd with. There are, amongst the rest, some Whelps, who, by Reason of their Age, can only kill Children, and worry Lambs; but in Time, I am apt to think they will prove good ones, and arrive to the Virtue and Courage of their Fore-Fathers. At least, I am confident they will find nothing about you that shall make them degenerate, or abate their Courage; and that they shall be as well brought up, as if they had taken up their Lodgings in the shady Forests of *Africa*. In this Hope and Confidence, that you cannot let them want any Thing which your Generosity

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nerosity might oblige you to do for them, I do now give you Thanks for the good Entertainment you shall afford them, and assure you, that I am,

Your humble Servant,

LEONARD,

Governor of the Emperor of
Morocco's Lions.



To the same.

LETTER XLII.

MADAM,

SInce I left *Madrid*, I have travell'd, before I came hither, two hundred and fifty Spanish Leagues, which are little less than five hundred French: This is pretty good Dispatch for a Man, whose Legs were so stiff, and who us'd to be told he could not walk. I thought all my Pains well spent, when, at my coming to this Place, I found the Letters you were pleas'd to send me, dated the third Day of *July*. And tho' at *Sevil* I met with the whole Unlading of the Spanish Flota, and was shew'd six Millions of Gold in one single Room; yet, I may say, I have seen no Treasures so great as those you sent me. You may easily imagine the Satisfaction it gave me, to receive so many Testimonies of Friendship and Affection from all the amiable Persons in the World. And this Joy would have been too great, to have been supported by a Man who is so little accusom'd to it, if it had not been mitigated by the News you send me of your Indisposition. Never 'till now could the Cholic conquer

conquer my Patience ; but it has now found a Way to do it, by taking me there ; and the Pain touches me in my tenderest Part, when it attacks you. It gives me great Affliction to see that my Soul is divided in two Bodies so weak as yours and mine ; and that I must generally expect to be sick, either with your Illness or my own. In short, Madam, I find I must look out for Remedies more effectual than the *Ejade* : We shall be forc'd at last to submit to the Prescriptions of the Doctors ; and 'tis better to lose one Virtue than two. Charity, which is the principal of all Virtues, obliges us to have Compassion upon ourselves ; and since Sicknes and Distempers are the Effects of Sin, and the Curses it brings upon us, we ought to do all we are able, to escape them, and preserve our Health. You are even more concern'd than me, to take this Advice ; for I am at present in a better State of Health than ordinary ; and the Trouble and Fatigue of the Journey, have deliver'd me, for some Time at least, from all Apprehension of Illness. If you'll follow the same Regimen, I'll expect you in *England*, and conduct you all about, according to the Custom of the Kingdom of *Logres*. I parted from *Madrid*, contrary to every Body's Advice, with the little Prudence you know the Philosophers of your *Husband's* Sect have in every thing that regards Pleasure ; and in a Season, when the *Spaniards* hardly dare peep out of their Houses, I undertook to travel over the greatest Part of *Spain*, and to pass the Month of *August* in the very hottest Part of all *Europe* : Yet, thank God, I have effected it ; and now I am in *Portugal*, I laugh at those who told me I should certainly die in *Andalusia*. Without lying, Madam, 'tis no small Glory to you, to have been able to kindle a Flame in the Heart of so cold a Man as I am. The Sun, which parches up the Earth, and burns the Rocks, has had much ado even to warm me ; and all the Inconveniency

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I have met with in this Voyage, is lying a little uncover'd one Night. Three Men that set out with me, were forc'd to be left behind. But neither the Heat, nor Weariness, nor the Fatigue there is in travelling in this Country, have been able to stop me; and tho' I have met with a great many Beds worse furnish'd than those of *Villeroy*, and several Chambers more inconvenient than those of *Pansou*; nay, tho' I have hardly had a Wink of Sleep for these three Months, which is worst of all; yet, I am arriv'd here more sound and lusty than ever I was. No longer imagine then, that I'm the weak Creature you were formerly acquainted with; I'm quite another Man; I am grown full six Fingers in this Journey; my Complexion is excessively burnt, my Visage longer than it us'd to be, my fore-Teeth are closer, my Eyes black, my Beard black; and, according to the Notion I have of the Baron de *Villeneuve*, I am now more like him than Monsieur de *Sorisy*. My Look, which was before partly mild, and partly silly, is now quite another Thing; only my Eye-brows still continue to be join'd, which is the Sign of a very great Knave. I hope in three or four Days, to try whether I can endure the Hardships of the Sea, as well as I can the other; and when an *English* Ship, which has already got two Thirds of its Lading, has got it all, we shall be gone, God willing, with the first Wind. It must be confess'd, Madam, my Fortune has something in it very whimsical; I, who formerly could hardly endure to stir out of Town, tho' in the best Company upon Earth, have now been farther than *Hercules*, and pass'd his Pillars a Month ago; and whereas I could not bear the least Wind in Madam de *Rambouillet's* Chamber, I am now going to brave two and thirty Winds, in the midst of the Ocean and of Winter. Yet, even this is not the greatest Danger I must go thro'; thirty *Barbary* Ships, which coast it hereabouts,

abouts, strike more Terror into those that set Sail from hence, than a Tempest it self would. I'd very fain know if e'er a Conjuror of 'em all could have told him two Years ago, if he had seen me in *St. Dennis's Street*, with my starch'd Band on, that I should in a short Time run the Risque of rowing in the Gallies of *Algier*, or being devour'd by the Fishes of the *Atalantic Ocean*. But in case it is decreed I must be taken Prisoner by Pyrates, I wish, at least, I may fall into the Hands of that famous *Corfsair* I have formerly heard *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet* speak of, and whose very Name gives me an Inclination for him. If *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet* can guess it at four Times, and afterwards name it without laughing, I'll give her a little Comb, which was presented to me Yesterday, and was made for the Queen of *China*. However, I have no great heed to trouble my self about paying a Ransom, or purchasing my Freedom; for the Captain of the Ship has assur'd me, that if it comes to that, he'll blow it up. A topping Expedient this! One had as good embark with an Anabaptist. But, which is most remarkable, and falls out very comically, and upon my Honesty, I don't tell a Word of a Lie, the Ship I go in, has nothing in it but me and eight hundred Hogsheds of Sugar; so that if I come safe to Port, I shall be preserv'd; and if I happen to be shipwreck'd, I am sure I shall die in sweet Water. I'll leave you to judge if 'twas possible to have lit upon a Vessel more fit for me. After this, 'tis impossible my Voyage should prove unhappy. I wish the *Zephyrs* may be favourable to me, and before this Letter comes to *France*, I may be in *England*. I humbly beg you, Madam, to do me the Favour to tell the first of the two Ladies I have just mention'd, that tho' I change Place so often, yet she is sure to keep that which she always had in my Memory. Every Object that offers it self to my Sight,

puts me in Mind of her, and every Time I see a magnificent Building, an agreeable Prospect, a noble City, or any other curious Work, either of Art or Nature, I wish for her, and long to know what Judgment she would make of it. That which she has lately given in my Favour, makes me better pleas'd with my self, than ever I was in my Life before ; and the Prize she has given me, coming from so good Hands, makes me think it invaluable. Nothing could have happen'd so much to my Advantage, as the receiving this Honour from one who is so good a Judge; and of whom it may be justly said, that no Lady ever understood Gallantry so much, and Gallants so little. I could only wish, that in doing me this Favour, I had been inform'd of it in other Terms than that she gave, *el precia de mas galan al Re Chiquitto*. I think it had been enough to have said, *Chico* ; but in the Style of the Lady who wrote it, I wonder she did not even say *Chiquittico*. Yet this might be done with a good Design ; and the Glory I receiv'd, was so great, that it was not improper to put me in mind of my Littleness. I do what I can to defend her Goodness ; for I own it would now be Ingratitude to complain of her, when she has done me so much Honour as to write to me. At the very Time that she upbraids me with my Littleness, she sets me above all the World, and with a Sheet of Paper makes me the greatest Man in *France*. That which I have receiv'd from her, is so excellent, and so full of Politeness, that after it, I can't tell whether I shall either have Time or Assurance enough ever to write to her. I am never so proud, as when I receive a Letter from her ; and never so humble, as when I go about to answer it, and consider how much my Wit is inferior to hers. I would willingly say something, Madam, of that Lady, who will be always prais'd, but never so much as she deserves ; and I could wish there were Words

as fine and good as she herself is, that I might speak of her as I would do : But no Language in the World can do it ; and Thought itself, with its utmost Force, can but just arrive at Strength enough to conceive something worthy of her. I thank Madam de Clermont for my not having been kill'd by the extreme Heats of *Andalusia*, and for having had fair Weather both Times I cross'd the *Streights*. I beg her to continue her Favours to me, and to believe I can never forget such solid Obligations. In my Passage from hence to *England*, I shall be thoroughly inform'd how far the Affection she honours me with, does extend. They say there are People in *Lapland* that sell Wind, but I believe she can give it if she pleases ; and if it is not always in my Poop in this Voyage, I shall call her to an Account about it. With her Permission, I humbly kiss Mrs. *Atalanta's* Hands ; and tho' her Inconstancy is one of the chief Things I prais'd in her, I must beseech her to let me have none on'r. I give her and her Sister a thousand Thanks for the Honour they are pleas'd to do me, in remembering me. But, Madam, here's the fifth Page. I have writ, without writing a Word to you ; and when you read so many Things spoken of others, without speaking to you, I think you might be ask'd, *Why don't you eat a Bit of the Cake your self ?* You know 'tis not my Fault, but yours. If you will eat, 'tis but saying the Word, and I'll swear you shall have all, and every Body's Share shall be yours : Yet, for all this, I can't help telling you the Transports of Joy it gave me to hear, that I am every Inch of me in the Heart of the Man you know is so much according to mine. I know the Place is no Place of Ease ; I don't believe there's a Spot of Ground in all *Africa* so hot, or a Gulph in the Sea more toss'd about, than that ; but all this don't hinder me from rejoycing infinitely at my being in it, and holding myself extremely happy.

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in having so great a Place in the best Heart in all France. But since he has been pleas'd to do me so much Honour, I humbly beg that, in order to make the Obligation compleat, he'll give you leave to go into it no farther than any Body else, and make Room in it for at least half your Body; for, upon my Word, Madam, I can't be wholly any where, if you an't with me. If he has still the same Inclination to do Good, as he us'd to have, I'm sure he'll readily grant me this Favour, and be very glad to put us there together in private. I stand very much in need of such an Opportunity, that I may, without being heard by so many People, to tell you what I feel for you, to what a Degree I love and honour you, how insupportable your Absence is to me, how delighted I am with thinking of you, and with how much Zeal I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Monsieur de CHAUBERONNE.

LETTER XLIII.

SIR,

I Thought I should never have got out of this Country, and my ill Fortune seem'd to have block'd up the Mouth of the Ports of St. Lucas and Lisbon. I left Madrid upon Advice that an English Ship was to set Sail from Sevil in six Weeks; and that I might not wait, but come thither just at the Time, I went round by the Way of Gibraltar and Granada. Here six more are past, and I don't believe 'twill go this Month yet. Impatience of Laying so long in one Place, made me come from
thence

thence hither to *Lisbon*, only to see this Town, and with an Intent to go back thither again. And tho' I was inform'd there was no Ship here, yet I resolv'd to travel above three hundred and fifty Miles, and pass the *Sierra Morena* twice, only for Diversion. But as good Luck would have it, whilst I was upon my Journey, there arriv'd an *English* Ship, in which, God willing, I intend to embark. I have waited three Weeks already, and in two Days more 'tis to be quite laden, and then 'twill hoist Sail with the first fair Wind. Fortune drives me about very whimsically; she made me travel thro' *Spain* in *August*, and now she'll make me go thro' a Sea-Voyage in *November*. The Vessel carries five and twenty Guns, is very stout, and well arm'd; I believe we shall stand in need of its Stoutness, for there are a great many *Turks* about the Coast, and in this Season I don't think I shall be so unhappy as not to meet with some Tempest, of which I may one Day give you a Description. This Ship is certainly better than I could have expected. The Voyage is much easier from hence, than from *Sevil*, and I would not, for a good deal, have stay'd there, and not have come to see *Portugal*. I'll assure you, Sir, *Don Manuel* and *Signora Oforia* have a fine Estate here; and if they might come to it, they would live more comfortably than they do at *Brussels*. *Lisbon* is, in my Opinion, one of the finest Cities in the World, and is as well worth seeing. It consists of three Hills, all cover'd with Houses and Gardens, which admire themselves in a River three Leagues broad; and the City, which appears in the *Tagus*, is no less beautiful than that which stands on the Banks of it; yet I can't help being uneasy in it, for I have not receiv'd one Letter since I have been here, and I know nothing of what passes in the World. They have hardly any Notion of any other *France*, than *New France*. Most of the People I see here,

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are People of t^other World ; and they have oftener News from *Cape-Vert* and *Brasil*, than from *Paris* or *Flanders*. So that tho' it ought to be some Satisfaction to me to be in the *Marmalad*-Country, and to have a Mistress who is sweeter even than that, yet all this don't touch me ; and I pray as much to be out on't, as if I were in *Greenland*. What strange Things, Sir, *Spanish* Adventures are ! I have been as chaste here, as a Lady whom I believe you visit every Evening ; and yet, with all my Severity, I shall one Day be able to shew you some Love-Letters written in the *Spanish*, *Portuguese*, and *Andalusian* Languages ; and if a *Moorish* Dame, that lives by me, could write, I might shew you some too in the *Guiny*-Language ; but I hope the Wind will shortly blow away all these Passions, and send me to a Place where I have some that are more solid and better founded. You, who have great Part of them, may imagine with how much Impatience I long for this Happiness. This I can promise you, I shall never leave a Mistress with so much Content, as when I go to see you ; and I who have defended myself all my Life-time from the Afflictions, the Languishings, and the Uneasinesses of Love, do at present meet with them all in Friendship. I believe, Sir, you'll believe, and easily be perswaded, that a Man for whom you have done so many good Offices, and to whom you have given such excellent Instructions, cannot fail to be grateful. Constancy and Gratitude are the two Virtues you have taught me, and I can never use them more deservedly, than towards you ; had I with the utmost Generosity paid you double what I owe you, I should not even then be quit, I must still be indebted to you for that very Generosity, since 'twas of you I learn'd it. Neither indeed is it my Design to try to acquit myself towards a Person, to whom I take so much Pleasure in being oblig'd ; and besides that my

Reasons

Reason and Inclination give me to you, I am glad I am oblig'd to be always,

Lisbon, Octob.

Sir,

22. 1633.

Your, &c.



To Monsieur -----

LETTER XLIV.

SIR,

TO let you see that I think your Excuse extremely good, I'll make Use of it myself; it will be much more necessary to me, than to you; and you need not wonder at my alledging it in my Necessity, since I have always less Wit, and at present less Time. You'll easily believe this, when I tell you I had Notice to Day, that we should set Sail in five Days; so that I am to buy a Bed, Matresses, Bed-cloaths, a little Flock of Sheep, twenty black Cattle, fifty Hens, and a Coop to put them in; for the Captain won't undertake to feed the Passengers. Besides this, I must write to *Sevil*, to *Madrid*, to *Flanders*, to *France*, to my He-Friends, Tradesmen, and Ministers of State, and to my She-Friends and Mistresses; and, which is most troublesome of all, I have every Day a *Portuguese Billet-doux* to answer; and, to tell you the Truth, I can neither read nor understand it. I'll leave you to judge, if ever any Body had his Hands so full of Business, and if 'tis possible, I should send you a Letter worth yours, when I could not do it in all my Leisure. It afforded me all the Consolation you may imagine it would give to a Man of good Taste and sincere Friendship, and has, I think, had a wonderful Effect in me;

for

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for it kept me from being melancholy at not having heard from my Father and Friends in *France*. I wonder I had no Letters by the Post. Tho' I tell you I shall be gone in five Days, yet I beg you would continue to write to me ; for you know the Days in this Country are not four and twenty Hour Days; the *Spanish* are hardly shorter than those of *Greenland*. I wish a Whim to see this Country, would take hold of the Knight-Errant ; for I don't know how to give him a more magnificent Title ; no Body has so good a Genius at inventing fine Names, as you have, and I own you could not have had a better Subject to employ it upon. Besides that the Ships of *St. Lucar* are above fourscore Leagues off, I don't think they'll set Sail this Fort-night at least ; then he might triumph over several Nations ; and after having set so many *Castilian* Ladies on Fire, he might come and melt some *Portuguese* ones. Really, if I were so wise as to love no Body that was out of Sight, I could never have liv'd more happily than I might have done there last three Months, remote from Hurry and Business, and without hearing any News, but those which from Time to Time you were pleased to send me. The true Way to get Wealth and Gayety, is, to let the Body be harass'd, and the Mind at Ease ; and this is obtain'd by travelling : Things generally fall out cross ; and when we think to take our Ease, we commonly have most Business. The hardest Trot of a resty Mule, the worst Weather, and the deepest Roads, are not half so tormenting as an unlucky Affair. You may therefore be sure I am wonderfully pleas'd with the Design you have form'd of putting it out of the Power of Fortune to cheat you, and of quitting her as a dangerous Mistress : Her Caresses and Aversion are equally to be fear'd ; with either of them she kills her Lovers ; and those who look upon her Favours as real Goods, are much more deceiv'd than

than those who take a Cat for a Pigeon. If I had not concluded with this Piece of Drollery, I should have been too serious for a Man who is so little us'd to be so, and who is in so much Haste. When you have a Mind to retire from the World, I'll go with you, and we'll go into some Place where we may call every Thing how we please: Like *Adam* we'll give new Names to Things; and when we run directly counter to all the rest of Mankind, and call that *Good* which they call *Bad*, we shall then agree in the true Meaning. But 'till that happens, and whilst I remain in the World, I desire you would, with the utmost Care, preserve for me the Friendship of the Gentlemen you name. There is not one of the Count *de Mayre's* Recommendations, but what I prize at the Rate of a Million: If you knew the Wealth of the *Flota*, you would know the Value of what you have sent me. If Count *Stufe* has had the same Luck with you, as he had with me, he has ruin'd you by this Time; for I am no Match for him, he has won my very Soul. This Loss you are concern'd in, for 'tis Part of your own proper Goods and Chattels, being oblig'd to be entirely yours, and more than any Body,

Sir,

Lisbon, Octob. 15. 1633.

Your, &c.



To Monsieur

LETTER XLV.

SIR,

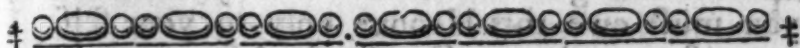
I Am not fully assur'd who you are ; but I am sure the Letter I have receiv'd can come from none but a very worthy Gentleman ; and I may expect a very great Support in you, if what you tell me, be true, namely, that you are better able to serve me, than to write. If you are him I fancy you to be, this Happin^{ess} could come from Nobody who could make it more dear to me ; and I am very glad to find so much Goodness in one in whom I had before observ'd all other good Qualities. As in this you have done me more Honour than I could have expected, so, I'll assure you, Sir, I acknowledge it with more Gratitude than you can imagine ; and am no less generous in my Thoughts of that Favour, than you were in doing it. I believe you have a good Opinion enough of me, to believe what I say ; and as for your self, who gain every Body's Heart, only by letting your self be known, you cannot doubt your being lov'd by those whom you so particularly oblige. But I may affirm, Sir, that among all the Respect you have gain'd, none can be more sincere than mine ; and that I am, more than any Body,

Sir,

Lisbon, October 22, 1633.

Your, &c.

To



To the Marquiss of MONTAUSIER;
who was afterwards kill'd in the
Valteline.

LETTER XLVI.

SIR,

I Have read your Letter with all the Content
and Satisfaction with which one ought to read
a Letter that comes from the most lazy and most
deserving Man in the World. There's hardly any
thing I might not expect from your Friendship,
since you have brought yourself to take a little
Pains for my Sake; and 'tis impossible you should
give me a better Proof of what you tell me, than
writing me Word of it. Yet it vexes me to think,
that notwithstanding all your Tendernefs for me,
there should be one Occasion, upon which you did
not care if I were hang'd. Indeed, Sir, this is a
Fault in the Affection you bear me; and I believe
I may very well take it ill, without being thought
at all over touchy. Tho', for all this, I am upon
other Accounts in so much Danger of the Fate you
mention, and I so earnestly desire you should have
what you deserve, that if you were to have a
Crown upon that Condition, I believe verily I
should consent to be hang'd as soon as you could
wish. I could more easily forgive Fortune for
that Injustice, than for not granting you your Due;
and refusing you a Title she has given Monsieur
de Bellay. But since the Business does not depend
upon this, and I may have a hundred Crowns of
Martyrdom, without getting you e'er a Royal one,
we must look out for it some other Way; and
without

without losing the Life of one of your Friends, you must owe this Honour only to your self. I promise you, in my Course thro' so many different Kingdoms, you are always in my Thoughts, and I am continually endeavouring to hammer out some Project which you may live to execute. Some Time ago I saw seven Kingdoms all at one Prospect, of which four were in *Africa*, and I wish you had them; for I thought 'twas a Pity you should let them remain in the Hands of the *Moors*. But if you should not care to live in *Barbary*, we have had Advice here, that the Island of *Madera* is just ready to revolt, and will throw itself into the Power of the first that will undertake to defend it against *Spain*. Pray do but imagine the Pleasure it must be, to have a Kingdom of Sugar; and how sweetly we might live in it. Let the Charms and Engagements of *Paris* be never so great, if I know you, they would not be able to withhold you upon such an Occasion; if any thing could detain you, it would be only the Fatigue of the Voyage, and the Trouble of rising betimes. But Conquerors, Sir, must not always sleep 'till Noon. Crowns are not acquir'd without Toil; even those which are only of Lawrel and Myrtle, are bought with Labour; and Glory is resolv'd her Lovers shall suffer for her. I must confess I was something amaz'd to find, that Fame gave me no News of you, 'till you writ yourself; and I believe I am got farther than I thought it was possible to go, when I think that I am in a Country where they do not know you. Don't let so just a Reputation as yours is, be limited to the Foot of the *Pirenaean* Mountains, over which so many have pass'd; come yourself to open its Passage, and if the *Gazette* don't say any thing of you, make History it self render you immortal. As for the Affront some People would make you believe I give you, in calling you by a Lady's Title, I'll assure

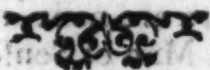
Monsieur VOITURE'S Letters. 115

assure you, Sir, you had not the least Reason to be offended at it. I can prove to you, that *Amadis de Gaul* put an End to his greatest Adventures, when he went by the Name of the *Damsel of the Sea*; and *Amadis de Greece*, when he was call'd the *Damsel of the burning Sword*, slew a great Lyon, and deliver'd King *Magadar*; but this is one of the Artifices of a certain Lady, who having sworn my Ruin, is vex'd to see me under the Protection of the bravest Man upon Earth. However, I dare say she'll find it very hard to deprive me of yours; for I swear, Sir, and I say this more seriously than all the rest, I shall always endeavour by all Sorts of Means and Ways, to deserve the Honour of your Affection. 'Tis my Opinion, that it would shew a Want of Wit, Generosity, and Virtue, not to have a perfect Love for a Man in whom all these Things are visible to so high a Degree; and I, who have an extraordinary Esteem for all these Qualifications, wherever I meet with them, must particularly respect them in you, in whom they are join'd to so many other Graces, and accompany'd with so much good Nature. I therefore beg you to believe, that as I know you better than any Body, so also I best know how to honour you; and that whilst I have any Thing Good in me, I can't fail to be,

Sir,

Lisbon, Octob. 22. 1633.

Your, &c.



To



To the Marquiss of PISANI.

LETTER XLVII.

SIR,

IF in any Thing I esteem the two Letters which you commended, 'tis for having procur'd me the Honour of one of yours; the Sight of which confirm'd me in the Judgment I had long before made of you, namely, that you might come to make your Sister and me jealous, and deprive us of the Glory of writing well, which, were it not for you, we might pretend to. But since you have so many other Ways of getting it, pray give us leave to have this one, and don't aim at so difficult an Undertaking as imitating your Father in every Thing; who, not satisfy'd with the Reputation of being one of the bravest Men in France, was resolv'd to gain that too of speaking and writing better than every Body else. 'Tis true, Sir, you might hope to arrive at this, as well as him, if you had a Mind to it; but then it would cost you a great deal of Trouble, and you would besides lose a charming Opportunity of obliging us, and giving us an undoubted Proof of your Affection, by giving up for our Sakes your Pretensions to a Praise which you might have so great a Share of if you pleas'd. There are others more solid and more worthy your Genius; aspire to them. Yet if you think that there are none, tho' never so inconsiderable, which a Man of Sense ought to despise, and that 'tis the only Thing he should not be liberal of, I own I have nothing to urge against so just an Argument. I know your Sister has so great a Love for you, that she'll readily forgive you the
Wrong

Monsieur VOITURE'S Letters. 117

Wrong you may do her in this Point; and as for me, I shall willingly suffer myself to be vanquish'd, if you are to be my Conqueror; for in lieu of the Glory you will spoil me of, I shall have a Share in yours, and content myself with that of being,

Sir,

Lisbon, Octob. 22. 1633.

Your, &c.

To Mademoiselle De RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XLVIII.

MADAM,

TIS a thousand Pities you don't take Pleasure in doing Good oftener, since whenever you undertake it, none can do it with so obliging an Air. I receiv'd the late Compliment you made me, with all the Deference I ought; and you have not only alleviated my Misfortune, but have put me in some Doubt whether I shall call it so: For since you have told me, that your Kindness for me shall last no longer than my Unhappiness, you have almost forc'd me to wish it may never end. See, Madam, how much my Fate is at your Disposal; you have, by the bare inserting of three Words, so chang'd two Contraries, I mean your Presence and your Absence, (one of which is certainly the greatest Good, and the other the greatest Ill in the World) that I know not which is the Good, or which is the Ill, and consequently which of them to chuse. However, since I must suffer one Way or other, I had rather do it in your Presence; and tho' you are never so cruel, yet, in my Opinion, you can shew it no Way so effectually, as by refusing to see me. I must confess, Madam, I fear
you

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you beyond what you can imagine, and more than any Thing in Nature; but without forfeiting the Respect I owe you, I love you (if I may so express myself) much more than I fear you. Tho' you frighten me a little sometimes, yet I am infinitely pleas'd to see you in all your Shapes; nay, should you be chang'd once a Week into a Dragon, I believe I should fall in Love with your Scales and Claws. By what Alterations I have observ'd in you, I believe this *Metamorphosis* may one Day happen; and whereas you tell me, that three Days in a Month you are not to be convers'd with, methinks that seems some Disposition to such a Change. I am of Monsieur de C——'s Opinion, that you will come to some strange End, and then we shall know what Judgment to pass upon you. In the mean Time, be what you will, all the World must own you are a most amiable Creature; and while you continue under your present Shape, as your whole Sex can shew nothing so divine and perfect, so no Man shall be with more Zeal than I am,

Madam;

London, Oct. 22. 1633.

Your, &c.

To Monsieur GOURDON at London.

LETTER XLIX.

SIR,

I Have had more Leisure than I could have wish'd, to send what you desir'd of me when I left you. The Winds are so far from carrying away my Promise, that they have presented me with an Occasion to keep it. They have kept me here already this eight Days, which I should have thought

thought very long and tedious, had I not brought from *London* Imaginations that laſt longer than that. I aſſure you, that you are much concern'd therein, and that the beſt I have had, have been wholly employ'd on you, or thoſe Rarities that I have ſeen by your Means. You undoubtedly gueſs, that I ſpeak not of the *Tower*, nor yet of the *Lyons* which you favour'd me with the Sight of; in one ſingle Perſon you have ſhewn me more Treasures than are there, and withal more *Lyons* and more *Leopards*. It will be no hard Matter for you to gueſs, that I ſpeak of the Counteſs of *Carlisle*; for there is not any one of which may be ſaid ſo much Good, and ſo much Ill. How dangerous ſoever it may be to think of her, yet for all that, I have not been able to forbear; and, to be plain with you, I would not part with that Representation which I have of her in my Mind, for any Thing, tho' it were the moſt perfect that I have ſeen in the Universe. She is, I muſt confeſs, a Perſon full of Enchantment, and there is not under the Heavens one that can command ſo much my Affection as ſhe, did ſhe but know what it is, and carry about her the ſenſitive Soul, as well as the rational. But conſidering her Temper, we can ſay no more of her, than that ſhe is the moſt charming of all thoſe Things that are not good, and the moſt delightful Poiſon that ever Nature produc'd. I ſtand ſo much in Awe of her Wit, that it has almoſt hinder'd me from ſending you theſe Verſes; for I know ſhe can judge what is good, and what is ill in any Thing; and that all the Goodneſs which ſhould have been in her Will, is diverted into her Judgment. But it matters not much if ſhe condemn them; I dare not wiſh them better, ſince they were written before I had the Honour to be acquainted with her; and I ſhould be much troubled to have praiſ'd or diſpraiſ'd any one to Perfection, for I reſerve that for her Pen. But for
your

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your Part, Sir, I will not trouble you with Excuses, but those that are allowable; and, on the other Side, I conceive you much in my Debt; so you ought to acknowledge yourself a little oblig'd to me, that I send you paultry ones. Whatever they are, I can assure you they are the first I ever transcrib'd of my own Writing. If you knew how lazy I am grown of late, you would acknowledge my ready Compliance, none of the smallest Arguments of the Power you have over me, and how passionately I desire to be,

Dover, Dec. 4.

Sir,

1633.

Your humble Servant, &c.



To Madam de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER L.

MADAM,

HOW threatening soever your Letter be, I could not chuse but admire its Beauty, and wonder how you could join the obliging and the terrible Style with so much Artifice together. You make me think of the Gold and Azure we find on the Skins of our Snakes; you do as it were enamel the sharpest Reflections, with the liveliest Colours of Eloquence; and, in reading them, I cannot forbear to be pleas'd with those very things which most affright me. You soon began to be as good as your Word, when you told me, that you would no longer smile, than Fortune frown'd on me: In the same Minute she seems to have granted me a little Repose, you begin to disquiet me, and shew me, that tho' I have escap'd the Dangers of the Seas

Seas and Pyrates, I am not yet in Safety, and that you are more dreadful than they. I could not have thought, Madam, that for having declin'd a Quarrel with your Dwarf, I should have contracted one with yourself, nor that I should be oblig'd to answer a Challenge, because I did a Compliment: If you think I fail'd in that, you ought rather to call it Respect and Fear, than Contempt; and believe, that the same Creature, who disarm'd Monsieur *de M* — of his Sword, made my Pen fall from my Hand. Altho' he might have some Reason to complain, yet you had none to take his Part against me; and if you wish me ill for his Sake, I may justly say you quarrel with me on the least Occasion in the World.

If you are resolv'd to persecute me, all the Excuses I can alledge, will signify nothing; and I can only wonder you take so much Pains to find a Pretence for it. It will be no Advantage to me, to have come so far, thro' so many Dangers; I shall find *Algiers* where-ever you are; and tho' I am in *Brussels*, yet I never was so near Captivity, or being shipwreck'd. However, don't persuade yourself, Madam, that the Flames of those Animals wherewith you threaten me, can make me afraid. I have long since learnt to defend myself from those Sorts of Mischiefs; and whatever you can say, I am more apprehensive of Death from your Eyes, than your Hands. Among all the Passages of your Letter, which seems to me admirable in all its Parts, I take particular Notice of what you say, how great a Pleasure it would have been to you, if I had been taken by the Pyrates: I can't but attribute it to your extraordinary Goodness, that you could wish I had been two or three Years chain'd to an Oar in the *Turkish* Gallies, that so my Voyage might have been more diversify'd. 'Twas an ingenious Curiosity, to desire to know how I could look after, and dress the Camels of

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Barbary,

Barbary and with what unshaken Constancy I could bear *Bastinado's* ! After the rate you talk, I suppose you would have been glad, if I had been empal'd for half an Hour, to have satisfy'd you how it felt, and what I thought of it : But that which is yet more considerable, these kind Wishes, you say, you bestow'd upon me, after you had re-assum'd the mild Form of Woman, and were somewhat appeas'd, and become more human ; neither can I any more reconcile to Justice the Quarrel you would pick with me about *Alcidalis*. Judge, Madam, if being embark'd in the same Seas with him, and in the same Dangers, I could forget those Perils which I suffer'd, to recount those he had gone through ? and while I lay under my own Misfortunes, if I could amuse myself to write a History of his ? Notwithstanding which I did not omit it in the midst of my Troubles : I writ above a hundred Sheets of his History, and took a particular Care of his Life, at a Time when I can swear to you I had none of my own. But don't thence, Madam, make an Estimate of the Care I take to please my Friends. After I have render'd you all the imaginable Services I can, those Shadows can only shew you the least Part of the Passion I have for your Concerns : If you would know that, consider it rather in the Cause, than in the Effects. But your Imagination, how lively and wonderful soever it is, falls short of that ; and if there is any Thing in the whole World greater than your Soul, and which is beyond its Comprehension, it is the Respect, Affection, and Esteem it has bred in mine. Being no less sensible to acknowledge the Obligations I owe to other excellent Persons, you'll think that the Letter I receiv'd at the same Time with yours, brought me an infinite Satisfaction, as well as an extreme Honour. You knew better than any other, the Inclination and Respect I have always had for the Merits of the Person who writ it,
and

and you may remember in the Time of the Civil Wars between you two, I have sometimes left your Part, to take his. But this last Goodness of his has gain'd something afresh in my Heart ; and since I have receiv'd it, pardon me, if you please, that I have esteem'd him for some Moments above any other Person in the World. But that you may not think, Madam, that it is you who have procur'd me all the Favours I receive from him, I assure you, that on another Occasion very lately he has done me a Piece of Service, without your being privy to it ; altho' it is none of those I take the most Pleasure in receiving, and it has given me a new Subject of reflecting on my ill Fortune, yet I esteem it a great Honour to owe Obligations to him, which I should be asham'd to do to any other, and I am glad to receive any Marks of his Generosity. He'll swear, when you speak to him of it, he knows not what you mean ; and methinks I now see him telling you so ; but you know his Humour and Temper never to forget to do a good Action, and never to remember it when it is done. Since the Honour of your Esteem for me, has been the first Motive to establish me in his Favour, I humbly beg, Madam, your Assistance to return him those Thanks I owe him, and that Way to pay him at least as far as I can at present. I a thousand times kiss the Feet of that incomparable Person, who was pleas'd to write with her own Hand the Superscription of the Letter you sent me, and with four or five Words render that Present inestimable, which was extraordinary precious before. You have a great deal of Reason to call her the most charming and agreeable Person in the World, who can relieve the Distress'd at such a Distance. I wish that she, who so well knows how to manage it, may one Day have all the Happiness due to so much Goodness, Beauty, and Virtue together, tho' I know this Wish is very exten-

five. I hear, that the Lady, which I us'd to call the Morning-Star, is become greater and more admirable than ever, and that it at the same Time enlightens and burns all *France*. Although its Beams scarce reach the dark Shades where we live, yet its Reputation does; and, as far as I can understand, the Sun is not so bright as it. I am glad the Intelligence that animates it, has lost nothing of its Force and Light, and that there is nothing but the Soul of *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, that can make us doubt whether her Beauty is not the most perfect Thing in the World. The Manner, as I have seen in one of your Letters, she condoles me in, appears admirably fine; indeed so many Crosses I have met with, ought to stir up Pity in her; in her, I say, who is so well acquainted with my Weakness, and who knows that from my Cradle I have not had one Day of Repose: It has been disturb'd at the Postscript of your Letter address'd to *King Chiquito*. In the Hell of *Anastarax* I found mine; and there I wander'd three Nights and Days, without seeing a Jot of any Thing. I am very sorry for it; for I desir'd, above any Thing in the World, to have the Comb of the *King of Georgia*; I have had a Mind to it above these two Years. Do not believe that you have got that which I have fail'd of: The Combs which belong to the Queen of *China*, are not so easily obtain'd; you must first write me the Name of the Pyrate, and do it without jesting; for in that consists the greatest Difficulty. But since you pretend to so much guessing, imagine, if you please, Madam, all I would farther say, if I durst make any Letter longer. Guess how much more I honour and esteem you, than I did two Years ago; and think with how much Passion I am,

Mademoiselle,

Brussels, Jan. 6. 1634.

Your, &c.

To



To the Cardinal de la VALETTE.

LETTER LL.

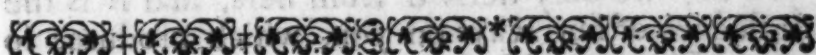
MY LORD,

I Am apt to believe, when you writ me the Letter you were pleas'd to honour me with, that you thought the Esteem I have always had for you, has acquir'd you some Reputation in the World : That on all Occasions I had given you infinite Testimonies of the Honour of my Friendship, and had for that Reason lent you two thousand Crowns on an extraordinary Occasion ; and that at such a Time, when all your Credit fail'd you elsewhere ; at such a Juncture too, that otherwise your Reputation must have for ever sunk. At least, after the Rate you return your Thanks, and speak of yourself and me, I have Reason to believe, that in a Dream you have mistook the one for the other, and put yourself in my Place. Otherwise, my Lord, you would not write after that Manner you do, unless perhaps you are of Opinion, that there is no greater Good in the World, than to do it to others, and think those oblige you, who give you an Opportunity of obliging them, and imagine you receive the Pleasures you give. Certainly, if it be so, there is no Man in the World to whom you are more oblig'd, than to me ; and I deserve all the Thanks you give me, since I have given you more Occasions than any one else of exercising your Generosity, and doing Actions of Goodness, which, without doubt, are worth more than all the Good you have done me, or all that you have remaining. Among the great Number of those I have receiv'd from you, and among so

many.

many Favours you have been pleas'd to bestow upon me, I assure you, my Lord, there are none I esteem so much as the Letter you have done me the Honour to write to me; and if among so many Things which affected me with Joy, there is any one Thing that did so above the rest, I must needs beg your leave to tell you it is that where you mention the two Persons who deserve all the Respect we can pay them, and to whom, if we compare them not one to the other, there is nothing under the whole Heaven they can be compar'd to. When I think that I am in their Memory, for that Moment my Pains cease; and whensoever I represent to myself the Image of either the one or the other, the very Face of my Fortune seems to be chang'd, and that Imagination chases from my Spirit the Darknes which oppresses it, and fills it with Light. But that which is still a greater Happiness, is, tho' I am so far from ever having deserv'd the Honour of their Favour, yet I flatter myself that I have some Share in it, and I am so happy as to believe what you tell me concerning it. I know one, my Lord, who would not be so easy to be perswaded, if he were in my Place, and who, after two Years Separation, could not live in so much Tranquility, nor with so great Assurance. In the Satisfaction which that Belief gives me, be pleas'd to judge if I am much to be lamented, and if there are not many whom the World calls happy, that are not so much as I. Without this, I could not defend myself from the general Sorrow which is here on all Sides, nor resist the Melancholy of *Monsieur de C——*, whom I am forc'd every Day to contend with, and who is in Truth much above what is commonly imagin'd of him. Besides the Fancy he has taken to let his Beard grow, which already reaches down to his Middle, he affects a Tone more severe than ever, and which comes very near the Sound of *Astolphus's* Horn: Unless
he

he were to treat of the Immortality of the Soul, or of the supreme Good, and the most important Questions of moral Philosophy, he could not bawl louder. If *Democritus* should come again, though he was never so great a Philosopher, he would not bear with him, because he was addicted to laughing; he has undertaken to reform the Doctrine of *Zeno*, as too effeminate, and is going about to make the *Stoicks* turn *Capuchins*. So that, my Lord, you don't desire any Advantage to that People, whose Governor you wish him to be.



To *Monsieur GODEAU*, afterwards
Bishop of Grasse.

LETTER II.

SIR,

YOU ought to give us Time to recover our Tongue, before you oblige me to write to you; for it appears to me to be something absurd, that I, who have been now so long a Foreigner, and but just come from breathing the Air of *Barbary*, should presume to expose my Letters to one of the most eloquent Men in *France*. This Consideration has kept me silent 'till now. But tho' I forbear to answer your Challenges, I cannot refuse to return your Civilities: By these you have found a Way to vanquish me, in Spight of all my Evasions. In my present Condition, it is more reputable for you to conquer me this Way, than to overcome me by Force: You would have acquir'd but small Glory by vigorously attacking a Man who is already driven to Extremity, and to whom Fortune has given so many Blows, that the least may be

sufficient to crush him down. Amidst the Dark-
 ness in which she hath plac'd us, we can have no
 Defence ; but here all our Art and our Skill in
 Parrying, are useless. The Case perhaps might
 be otherwise, if you had set before my Eyes the
 Sun of which you make mention ; and as dejected
 as you see me now, I should grow daring enough
 to enter the Lists against you, if the Light of that
 were divided between us equally. 'Tis more to
 have that alone on your Side, than all the rest of
 Heaven. The Beauties which sparkle in all that
 you do, are only deriv'd from hers, and it is the
 Influence of her Rays on you, which produces so
 many Flowers. Nothing can ever appear more
 lively, than those which you scatter on every Thing
 that comes from you. I have seen them upon the
 Ocean's extreamest Shores, and in Places where
 Nature cannot produce, no, not one Blade of Grass.
 I have receiv'd Nosegays of them, which made
 me meet in Desarts with the choicest Delicacies
 of *Greece*, and of fruitful *Italy*: And tho' they had
 been carry'd four hundred Leagues, neither the
 Length of Way, nor of Time, had in the least di-
 minish'd their Lustre. They are indeed immor-
 tal, and cannot decay, and so vastly different from
 all terrestrial Productions, that it is with a great
 deal of Justice that you have offer'd them up to
 Heaven ; for Altars alone are worthy of them.
 Believe me, Sir, in what I am saying, I speak but
 my real Sentiments ; when my Curiosity, as you
 say, had oblig'd me to pass the Bounds of the an-
 cient World, to find out rare and surprizing Ob-
 jects, your Works were the wonderfullest Things
 that I saw, and *Africa* could shew me nothing more
 new, nor any more extraordinary Sight. Reading
 them under the Shade of its Palms, I wish'd you
 crown'd with them all ; and at the very Time
 that I saw I had gone beyond *Hercules*, I found I
 came short of you. All this, which was capable
 of

of producing Envy in any other Man's Soul, fill'd mine with so much Esteem and Affection, that you then took the Place there, which you are now desiring, and perfectly finish'd what you think you are still to begin. After the Knowledge which I have had of you, how can I form such an Image of you, as you are willing to give me? How can I fancy you to be that little Creature you say you are? How could I comprehend that Heaven could place such mighty Things in so small a Space? When I give my Imagination a Loose, it allows you four Yards at least, and represents you of the Stature of Men engender'd by Angels; yet I shall be very glad to find that it is as you would have me believe. Amongst the rest of the Advantages, which I expect to derive from you, I am in Hopes that you will bring our Stature into some Credit, and that it is ours which henceforward will be accounted the noblest; and that by you we shall be exalted above those who believe themselves higher than we. As we pour the most exquisite Essences into the smallest Bottles, Nature infuseth the divinest Souls into the smallest Bodies, and mixes more or less of Matter with them, as they have more or less in them of their Almighty Original. She seems to place the most shining Souls, as Jewellers set the most sparkling Stones, who make Use of as little Gold as they can with them, and no more than just suffices to bind them. By you the World will be undeceiv'd of that sottish Error of valuing Men by their Weight, and my Little-ness with which I have been so often upbraided by *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*, for the future may recommend me to her. To conclude, the Affection is very just, which you tell me *she* has for you, and not only she, but six more of the loveliest Creatures that illustrate the Light. But I wonder that you should think to get mine by such a Discovery, and to gain it by the very Means which were suf-

ficient to make you lose it. You had need to have a high Opinion of my Goodness, to believe that I can love a Man who enjoys my Right, and who has obtain'd the Confiscation of my most valu'd Possessions: But yet I am so just, that even this shall be no Impediment; and I believe you to have so much Justice on your Side, that I do not despair but that we may accommodate even this Matter between us. They may very well have given you my Place, without your putting me out of it; and my Room in their Hearts, was but very small, if it cannot contain us both. As for my Part, I shall do my utmost, that I may not incommode you there, and shall take Care to take up my Station, so that we may not clash; since so powerful an Interest cannot make me cease to be yours, you may believe that, in Spight of the worst of Accidents, I shall be eternally

Brussels, Feb. 3. 1634.

Yours, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER LIII.

MADAM,

FOR, being of so great Importance in our Tongue as it is, I extremely approve of the Resentment you shew for the Wrong they design to do it; and I must needs declare, that I expect no Good from the Academy which you mention, since they are resolv'd to establish themselves by so great an Oppression; even at a Time like this, when Fortune is acting her Tragedies throughout all Europe. I can behold nothing so deserving of Pity, as when I see they are ready to arraign and
to

to banish a Word, which has so faithfully serv'd this Monarchy; and which, amidst all our Confusions, has always been of the Side of those who were truly *French*. For my Part, I cannot, for my Heart, comprehend what Reason they can alledge against a Word, whose only Business is to go before Reason, and which has no other Employment, than to usher it in. I cannot imagine what Interest can oblige them to take away that which belongs to *For*, to give it to *Because that*; nor why they have a Mind to say with three Syllables, that which they may say with three Letters. That which I am afraid of, Madam, is this, that after they have been guilty of this one Injustice, they will not scruple at more; perhaps they may have the Impudence to attack *But*, and who knows if *If* may be any longer secure. So that after they have depriv'd us of all those Words, whose Business it is to bind others together, the Wits will reduce us to the Language of Angels; or, if they cannot do that, they will at least oblige us to speak only by Signs: And here I must confess, that your Observation is true, *viz.* That no Example can more clearly shew us the Instability of human Affairs. He who had told me some Years ago, that I should have out-liv'd *For*, I had thought had promis'd me a longer Life than the Patriarchs: And yet we see, that after he has maintain'd himself for eleven hundred Years in full Force and Authority; after he has been employ'd in the most important Treaties, and has assisted in the Councils of our Kings with Honour, he is all of a sudden fallen into Disgrace, and threaten'd with a violent End. I now expect nothing less, than to be terrify'd with lamentable Cries in the Air, declaring to the World, that the Great *For* is dead; for the Death of the Great *Cam*, or of the Great *Pan*, was, in my Mind, less important. I know, if we consult one of the finest Wits of the Age, and one whom I esteem

steem with Passion, he will tell us, that 'tis our Duty to condemn an Innovation like this; that we ought to use the *For* of our Fathers, as well as their Sun and their Soil, and that we should by no Means banish a Word, which was in the Mouths of *Charlemagne* and *St. Louis*. But you, Madam, are the Person who are principally oblig'd to undertake his Protection; for since the supream Grace, and the sovereign Beauty of the *French* Tongue lies in yours, you ought to command here with an absolute Sway, and with a Smile or a Frown give Life or Death to Syllables, as uncontroul'd as you do to Men. For this, I believe you have already secur'd it from the imminent Danger which threaten'd it; and, by vouchsafing it a Place in your Letter, have fix'd it in a Sanctuary and a Mansion of Glory, which neither Envy nor Time can reach. But here, Madam, I beg leave to assure you, that I could not but be surpriz'd to see how fantastick your Favours are; I could not but think it strange, that you, who, without Compassion, could see a thousand Lovers expire, should not have the Heart to see a Syllable die. If you had but had half the Care of me, which you have shewn of *For*, I should then have been happy in Spight of ill Fortune; then Poverty, Exile, and Pain, would scarce have had Force, to come near me. If you had not deliver'd me from these Evils themselves, you had freed me at least from the Sense of them. But at a Time that I expected to receive Consolation from yours, I found that your Kindness was only design'd to *For*, and that his Banishment troubled you more than mine. I must confess, Madam, it is but just you should undertake his Defence; but you ought to have taken some Care of me too, that People might not object to you, that you forsake your Friends for a Word. You make no Answer at all to that which I writ about; you take not the least Notice of Things which so much concern

cern me : In three or four Pages you scarce remember me once ; and the Reason of this, is *For*. Be pleas'd to consider me a little more for the future ; and when you undertake the Defence of the Afflicted, remember that I am of the Number. I shall always make Use of him himself to oblige you to grant me this Favour, and to convince you that it is but my Due ; *For*

I am, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LIV.

MADAM,

HAD I presented you with as many Pearls as the Poets have made *Aurora* weep ; and instead of giving you a Piece of Earth, had given you all ; you could not have return'd me Thanks in a more magnificent Manner. The Vine of the *Great Mogul* would have been sufficiently paid for by the least Word from you, and all the Diamonds and precious Stones with which it is laden, have not so much Lustre, nor cast so great a Light as any Thing that is written by you. I think I have begun very brightly, Madam ; and those who are fond of writing fine, would think this a good *Exordium* for what they call a beautiful Letter : But the Post won't give me Time ; and besides, having carefully read yours, and your Mother's, I am resolv'd to meddle no more with Wit. May I be hang'd, Madam, if any Thing can be more gallant, or more charming, than that which I have receiv'd from her ; and 'tis a Wonder too, that one who hardly writes above once in four Years, should then do it so well, that one would think she had
been

been perpetually studying at it, and thought of nothing else all that Time. One would think, by this Time, I should be pretty much us'd to the Miracles of your Family ; but I own I can't help wondering at them. But I particularly wonder, Madam, how you, who can dance so finely, can write so finely too, and bear away the Prize at once for three Things which seldom go together, being the best Dancer, the best Sleeper, and the most eloquent young Lady in the World. — You can't imagine how you pleas'd me, in putting Monsieur *Maine* into the *Matachin* Dance : I lik'd this Thought as well as any of your others, and I give you my Word we won't dance it 'till he dances it with us. And, to tell you my Mind, Monsieur *de Chaudebonne* is too melancholy at present to tinkle Bells ; and I believe I myself shall find it hard to dance well in your Absence, being so much,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LV.

MADAM,

YOUR Letters being now more admirable than ever they were, I should be very much griev'd to go without them. Having, since the Sight of the last you wrote me, lost all Hopes of ever writing good ones myself, I should be glad to receive them from others. The high Opinion I have so long had of your Wit, had prepar'd me to see the most wonderful Productions from it without Surprize ; and I thought it could bring forth
nothing

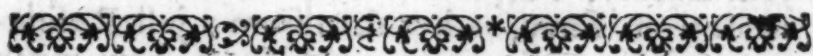
nothing that would amaze me, unless it were Things ordinary or common. But really, I must needs own 'tis arriv'd at a Degree of Perfection which I never apprehended, and I have not been able to divine, that you could do any Thing you do. Indeed, Madam, what I say, is without Flattery ; and my Anger is not so thoroughly gone off, as to suffer me to be in a Humour to say any Thing obliging to you more than I needs must. You have rais'd yourself as much above yourself, as you were before above others ; and the shortest Letter you write now, is more valuable than all *Alcidalis* and *Zelida*, even tho' you reckon their two Kingdoms into the Bargain. When my Rage was at the Height, I did not make one Complaint against you but was accompany'd with a Praise ; and one of the Reasons why I endeavour to be reconcil'd to you, is, for fear that if I shew myself your Enemy, People will think my Hatred proceeds from Envy, rather than from a just Resentment : Yet you know in your Heart, how much Cause I have for it ; and, without making any more Words on't, 'tis there I expect you'll do me Justice. After having been so long dumb, I should not care to break my Silence by Complaints ; I only beg you to consider what Condition I must be in, having at one and the same Time lost both the Hopes of coming into *France*, and the Comfort of your Letters. One of these Misfortunes of it self might have been enough to kill me ; but, which is the strangest Thing I ever heard in my Life, their coming together, sav'd me, and the one help'd me to support the other. When I consider'd with myself, that after this Proof of your ill Will to me, how many Mischiefs Fortune preserv'd me from, by hindering me from falling into your Hands, I began to think a perpetual Banishment supportable in Comparison of that, and that at the least I should not here die a Death so cruel.

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cruel. Yet, Madam, this Consolation is not so effectual, but that I have need of another; for I swear Mr. — himself is not so uneasy as I am; and those dark Fits of Melancholy which you have formerly seen me in, were but a Type of those I am now tormented with. Dissipate them, I beseech you, and think of some Words, *if you can*, to lay these Vapours. But who doubts that you *can*; every Body knows nothing is impossible to your Wit, to which I recommend myself; and since those Things, which are least probable and most extraordinary to it are easy, let it make me capable of being sensible of Joy in this Place, and of living 'till I can tell you with my own Mouth, how much beyond what you can conceive, I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LVI.

MADAM,

I Don't at all wonder you laugh'd so heartily, when you writ me Word of the strange unaccountable Report which is spread of me, namely, that I have neither Goodness nor Friendship in me; for really nothing was ever said more ridiculous, and you had good Reason to hear it in the same Manner, as if you had been told, that *Monfieur de Chaudebonne* robs upon the High-way, or has marry'd the Daughter of *Monfieur des —*'s Gentleman. For my Part, I can't help wondering, so false an Opinion, and so ungrounded a Calumny should have extended so far, and infected
three

three Provinces ; and whoever gave it Birth, he that did it must be the most dangerous Person in the World. I'll enquire diligently to find out who it is ; and if I discover them, I swear I'll be reveng'd, tho' she that did it be as lovely and terrible as yourself. Your Mother performs an Act worthy her usual Goodness, in not suffering so great a Slander to be spread about her Estate ; but let her only hinder it from being talk'd in her own Chamber ; for I know some People, Madam, that are bold and resolute enough to do it even there. Poor Mademoiselle *de Chatais*, whom, like a Lamb, you expose to my Wrath, has no Hand in the Crime ; she was faulty only thro' Simplicity ; and if I had not resolv'd to blame none but the Authors of this Imposture, I should rather complain of her Mistress. Really I think it very odd, that she, who knows so well the Charms of Idleness, and the Pleasure there is in doing nothing, should say I am ungrateful, only because I let her be quiet, and don't write her Letters, which, when she was to answer them, she'd heartily wish she had never receiv'd. Tho' I don't give myself the Trouble to tell her of it, she still keeps the Place she so well deserves in my Heart, without taking any Pains to defend it : She is, as she desires, at the Bottom of my Heart, that is, in the most retir'd Part of it, and there lies at Rest, and undisturb'd. Upon my Word, I honour and love her as perfectly as she deserves ; and every Time I read any Thing that's pretty, or eat any Thing that's good, or have a good Digestion, I think of her, and wish her the same. But well thought on ; you told us sometime ago, Madam, a Piece of News, which I made no Answer to, because I was then in the Dumps ; but now you inform me of the Report that is spread about me, I think that t'other is as strange as ever I heard. Tho' I am as well acquainted as any Body, with the Charms of
the

the Marchionefs of — I fhall never have done wondering, how, at a Time when ſhe had no Man living in her Thoughts befides her Doctor and her Cook, when ſhe was dress'd in the *Râteen* we ſaw her in, with two or three Napkins about her Head; how, I ſay, ſhe could then win the Heart of a Man ſo hard to pleaſe, as I take the Marquiſs of — to be, and ſend a Lover to ſigh for her in the Deſarts of the *Thebais*. The Spark you mention, would have done well to go after him; or, if he did not care for travelling ſo long a Journey, he ſhould at leaſt turn Hermit upon the *Valerian* Mountain. But in ſober Sadneſs, inſtead of putting the Queſtions you propoſe to me from him, he had better hold his Tongue, and not ſpeak again theſe ſeven Years. Nevertheless, Madam, I'll answer them, ſince you deſire it. The firſt, Why being dress'd in blue, he always ſeems dress'd in green? is one of the moſt difficult Queſtions I ever heard propoſ'd in any Science; and, for my Part, I can't find what can be the Cauſe, unleſs the Gentleman, inſtead of riſing at one a-Clock in the Afternoon, and being dress'd by Three, as he us'd to be formerly, is now grown more lazy, and never appears but by Candle-light. Be it as it will, I ſhould adviſe him to dress in green, in order to ſee, whether he won't then ſcem dress'd in blue. As for the ſecond, which I would have him reſolve upon, to take *la Mote*, or to deliver me out of the Hands of the *Saracens*: Without a Bit of Self-Inter-eſt, I think this laſt Enterprize, beſides its being the juſter of the two, is alſo the moſt difficult, and conſequently the moſt glorious. There are five and twenty thouſand Foot, and ſix thouſand Horſe, who are to take Care to guard me, with as much Care as *Geldres* and *Anvers*; yet he has no need to be frighten'd at this; for *Hector* the *Brown* did alone deſy five and thirty thouſand Men in *Northumberland*, and I don't think he was ſo valiant as
he

he is. And then he has no need to apprehend that he shall have any want of Lawrels here ; the finest that grow in all *Europe* are in this Country. On my Side, I promise him I'll take Care to set them in Order, and get Crowns made of them ; but besides *Saracen* Soldiers, he'll have *Saracen* Ladies to fight with too ; some of whom wont quietly see me taken from them ; and the Report which you tell me is spread all over three Provinces, is not yet come to one of the Seventeen. I have not so ill a Character here, as I have in the Place where you live ; and 'tis believ'd, that even tho' I should not be so very much inclin'd to *love*, I should nevertheless be worthy to be *belov'd*. But, Madam, I own this is no Consolation to me ; and I shall think myself very wretched, if among all the Persons in *France*, whom I have so great a Respect for, there is not one that has so good an Opinion of me, as to believe that my Heart is form'd as it ought to be ; that I can constantly honour those who deserve it, and infinitely love those who are infinitely lovely. I can't tell what you, for your Part, think of it ; but I'll assure you no Body has less Cause to doubt it ; and I am as perfectly as I ought, and you could wish,

Madam,

Your, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

YOUR Mother will always be the best and gallantest Lady in the World ; she could have promis'd me nothing that would have pleas'd me so much as that Dance you speak of ; but I fancy you are mistaken in the Name of it. This puts me in Mind of Time past, and makes me consider how much Difference there is between That and This. Thus when I lay upon Straw, I fancy'd

fancy'd myself upon three Quilts; and now tho' I had a Dozen of Quilts under me, I should fancy myself upon Thorns. This, Madam, is a true Representation of the most easy and indolent Gallant in all *Brussels*. But he who gave me this Name in his Letter to you, did not know all my Miseries, nor could conceive the Grief it gives me, to see myself so far distant from every Thing I love. You know the Interpretation that ought to be put upon this, and the Rank which those two adorable Persons hold in my Heart; a Rank which none else must ever think to gain. All that come hither from *France*, speak of them with Admiration, and are contented with the Miracles of their Vertue and Beauty. I most humbly beseech you, Madam, to use your Credit, in order to keep for me some Place in their Remembrance. The Gentleman, to whom you know I have already some Obligations, is continually adding new ones to the old; and did me the Honour t'other Day to speak of me in a Letter to Count *Brian*. I acknowledge this Favour as it deserves; and, even tho' I had as little Goodness and Friendship as they say I have, I should always have a due Sense of the Kindness and Obligations he has been pleas'd to load me with; but I am afraid he is growing too serious; pray don't let him.



To the same.

LETTER LVII.

MADAM,

THO' you assure me, that the Isle of *France* was not one of the three rebellious Provinces, yet I have a shrewd Suspicion of some Islanders;

ders ; and I wish I had one of them in my Hands, to do myself Justice upon her. Tho' they had committed no other Fault, than that of having too readily assented, as you tell me, to believe ill of me, I should think them sufficiently guilty, and should be very unwilling to have been so much so with Regard to any of them. I had much ado to understand what you say of *la Corneille*, and *the Son of the King of England* ; but if I have guess'd rightly at the Meaning, 'tis the greatest Piece of Malice that ever was forg'd. You never said any Thing to me, that provok'd me so much ; and 'tis an Affront I shall never forget, 'till I have had my Revenge for it. But at what a Degree is Persecution arriv'd ? And what may I not look for, when even your Mother herself seems to have declar'd against me. I was extreamly amaz'd when I saw her Hand, and found she made a Jest of me and my loyal She-Friend : Yet I can't believe she did this of her own free Will, but you certainly put a Dagger to her Breast, and forc'd her to write it. All these Injuries, Madam, put me into a terrible Fury ; but the sweet Sauce you sent me, appeas'd it. I found, in Monsieur *de Chaudebonne's* Letter, the Sugar which you thought you had put into mine ; and I eat it with the utmost Satisfaction. I must needs own we have none so good here ; and if you'd now and then send me a Quantity of it, I'd extract a very rare Juice from it, and, contrary to the Maxim of Physick, *That all sweet Things turn into Cholera*, I dare say it would appease mine, which is very much irritated. And indeed 'tis very ill done, to mock a poor Child, who learnt *French* only for my Sake ; and who, for all that, had the Wit to chuse me from among all the People that are here. But I dare engage for her, she'll shortly write quite another Thing, and in two or three Months Time be in a Condition to revenge herself. There was a Time when Ma-

dam

dam de ——— writ no better than she does now ; yet at present every Body talks of her Wit, and Copies of her Letters are shewn about even here. But to answer the Question which you beg I would give a Reply to with Truth and Sincerity of Conscience, I say, in Truth and Sincerity, Madam, I don't think there was any Body who thought that Billet-doux a Glory to me ; and I had rather write another wretched Letter, than make so wretched a Judgment of any Thing. But I should not give my Opinion so boldly in any Thing, without I knew who I speak of ; especially since I have been once already caught trapping in what I said of those, who can remember every Thing they have done from their very Cradle. I own I believ'd it was meant as a Jest ; nay, I thought it ought to have been so ; but since 'twas you and the C. of V—— that said it, I eat my Words, and shall take Care how I disoblige People who have such long Memories.

I am, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LVIII.

MADAM,

IF you were not the most amiable Person in the World, you'd be the most detestable ; and you have a Pride which would be insufferable in any but you. You sue for Peace in the same Manner as others grant it, and make Use of such Words to put an End to a Quarrel, as might serve to begin a War. *I don't know how I come to condescend so low ; let's have no more of your Scolding, but write to me every Week.* This is wonderfully humble indeed, and a mighty

mighty fine Manner of exercising the Christian Vertues! Then you command me never to be angry, but once every five and twenty Years, because you won't forgive me any oftner; as if your Favours were never bestow'd, but when those of Heaven are open, and that nothing but a Jubilee can absolve those who are in a Passion against you. This is the Condition I was in, Madam, when I receiv'd your second Letter, which lenify'd me mightily, by informing me, that you did not care I should be hang'd, without you were here to see the Operation. Truly 'tis a very great Mark of your good Will, and a Proof that you have still some Tendernefs for me, not to be willing that this Misfortune should befall me, unless you had the Pleasure to see it. After having so long implor'd the Assistance of your Wit, to find out Words that might make me less unhappy, it could furnish you with none but them. Indeed nothing can make me more easy to stay at *Brussels*, than the knowing that there's a Design on foot at *Paris*, to have me hang'd; and this Place, which before I thought my Prison, I now regard as an Asylum against your Persecutions. I have much ado to believe what you tell me of Madam de —, or to imagine that she sides with you against me. If it be true, Fortune has been more just than either you or she, in hindering her Letters from falling into my Hands. 'Tis really a great Pity you should spoil so good a Lady; and I shall be more sorry at your having corrupted her Innocence, than at your having pass'd Sentence upon mine. Be it as 'twill, I must tell you, that neither of you can take any Resolutions to my Disadvantage, but what must be unjust; and if you say any Thing against me, I shall live to make you eat your Words. This, Madam, is not said out of Pride, but out of the Confidence Men of Vertue generally have, and which is the natural Effects of a good Conscience.

If

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If I had the least Thought that I have slipt, and deserv'd your Menaces, I should not have those good Intervals which you see I sometimes enjoy ; and instead of curing other People of the Spleen, I should die of it myself. If I have cur'd your Mother of this Distemper, I shall patiently support all those I have left ; and indeed the Assurance I have receiv'd, that I have the Honour to be in her Remembrance, and the Uneasiness it gives me not to see her, make the greatest Part of my Joys and Afflictions ; and I don't wonder she wishes more than any Body to see me ; for I believe no Body will be so pleasant as I shall be, if ever I have the Happiness to be in her Presence. The Philosopher of our Acquaintance, whom you remember so properly for drawing up his Eyes sometimes like a Pig's, roll'd them about, when I read to him that Passage in your Letter ; and, in Truth, the Soul of Zeno might have been shaken, and *Monf. Mignon's* afflicted on such an Occasion. Philosophy, which has Remedies against all other Misfortunes, has none against the least Loss of *Monsieur Rambouillet's* Favour. Let that Science be never so much an Enemy to the Passions, it cannot disapprove one's having one for so deserving a Person ; nor wonder at one's doing for his Sake, what it commands us to do for the Sake of Virtue. I don't know, Madam, whether it can any better teach us not to love you ; but what Likelihood is there of doing that, when 'twas *Monsieur de Chandebonne* that taught it me ? So that I must needs own, I dare not hope it ; and I am resolv'd, let the worst come to the worst, to be always,

Madam,

Brussels, the last of

June, 1634.

Yours, &c.

T.



To the same.

LETTER LIX.

MADAM,

I Am very sorry you can give me no better Signs of Peace than you do, and that your Wit should be unfruitful in nothing but doing me Good. I know it to be so capable of doing every Thing, that I must think the Fault is rather in your Will; and so long as it continues no more favourable to me than it is now, I shall have Reason to believe you are not so good-natur'd as you pretend to be. I am afraid the Testimony your Brother gives of your Justice, is rather a Proof of your Tyranny; which being grown more exorbitant than ever, won't now so much as give People Leave to complain of it. Perhaps, if he were as far from you as I am, he'd talk as I do; and I should speak as he does, if I were in his Place. Yet, Madam, whether it be a Truce or a Peace that you grant me, I don't refuse to enjoy the Benefit of it. I have already executed one of the Conditions upon which you granted it me; M. D. having offer'd me another Way to write to him, I could not help accepting it, tho' I could have wish'd my Letter had pass'd thro' your Hands; for I hop'd it would have been the better for it; and I did design to beg you to correct it: It was sent away but four Days ago; and Monsieur *Frotte*, who is here, took the Charge of it upon him, after having often desir'd it. As for *Alcidalis*, I shan't leave him, 'till I have set him upon *African* Ground: I hope it won't be long before I do it, for we see Land already. But, Madam, I can't make him happy, 'till I am so myself:

H

self:

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self: I can't let him see *Zelida*, before I have seen Monsieur *Mandat*; and to write his Joy and good Fortune, will require quite another Man from what I am at present. Really, after this Story, that which you tell me of *Martha*, gave me as much Pleasure as any I ever heard; but that is only the Beginning of it; her Fortune can never stop there; and I would not swear, that we shan't in Time see her Queen of *Mauritania*. Yet, for all this, I don't despair to see her hang'd; but this won't be so soon. I am very glad of what she has procur'd for you from the Dutcheß of *Savoy*; and am pleas'd to see, that Honours pour upon you from all Parts of the World. I myself could also have gotten you one of the King of *Morocco's Mustachio's*, and a Handful of the Beard together with two of the Cheek-Teeth of the King of *Fez*. But since the Death of him of *Sweden*, I thought you would not care to place your Friendship any more upon such Sort of People; and besides, I am now more reserv'd than I us'd to be; for I remember you have often upbraided me with my engaging you always with Lovers, when you desire none of them. If I am prudent for you, Madam, I am no less so for what concerns myself: Whatever fair Opportunity Fortune presents me with, I shall take Care not to suffer myself to be caught; and I shall live longer than I thought I should, if the Prophecy of the sage Enchantress be true. I most humbly beseech her to believe she cannot assume that Title with any Body so justly as she may with me: Really, every Thing she does enchants me, and I spent a whole Day in reading the four Lines she wrote to me. I shall take her Advice, and avoid *Gradafilaa*, as much as I would do *Scylla* or *Charybdis*. Pray give me Leave to return my humble Thanks to my Lord Cardinal *de la Valette*, for doing me the Honour to speak of me in a Letter which he wrote to Count *Brian*; and likewise permit

mit me to tell you the Pain I am in for Mademoiselle *Paulot's* Illness. Her Fever, which you did not think would last above four and twenty Hours, will stick by me for several Days; and I shall never be cur'd of it, 'till I hear she is well. M. d' A— would never forgive me the Liberty you pardon in me, if she saw that I am ne'er a whit the better for her Advice, and that I can't help talking of others besides you in the Letters I write to you: She'd lose all Hopes of doing any Good upon me, and say, with more Reason than ever, that I have not a Bit of Gallantry in me: But tho' she sets you above every Thing in the World, yet if she knew my Thoughts of you, I'll assure you, Madam, she would think I am full enough,

The 3d of March.

Yours, &c.



To the Marquiss de SOURDIAC.

LETTER LX.

MY LORD,

THO' the constant Persecution of my ill Fortune had render'd me insensible to all Sorts of Affliction, yet I could not digest that of not hearing sometimes from you; and methinks the Want of your Letters is an Unhappiness able to shake the *Constancy* of the most resolv'd *Philosophers*. I have, with much Impatience, long expected an Answer to my last, which I put into the Hands of your noble *Lady*; but now my Stock is quite exhausted, and I can no longer adjourn my humble Petition, that you would put me out of Pain, and let me know what fatal Accident has depriv'd me of that Happiness. You see, my Lord, with what

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Affurance I challenge your Promise ; and what an Opinion I have of your Goodness, when I so *boldly* beg this Favour of you, which I importune you to pay with as much Confidence as if it were a just Debt, tho' it is only the mere Effect of your Indulgence and Liberality. And since you have always so great an Inclination to that Vertue, I flatter myself, that you will not be displeas'd with me, for giving you an Opportunity to exercise it. All that I can assure you, is, that it shall be well employ'd, and heartily acknowledg'd ; and that you cannot possibly make a greater Demonstration of it, than by condescending to shew it to,

My Lord,

Your very humble Servant.



To Mademoiselle RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER LXL

MADAM,

I Have read at every Hour of the Day, the Letter which you writ at Midnight : and tho' I an't us'd to be over much pleas'd with Favours done me at that Hour, I receiv'd this with more Satisfaction than I can express. After having thoroughly examin'd it, I can find nothing in it that might discover it to be written by one who was half asleep ; and I was thereby confirm'd in the Judgment I formerly made of you, that at this Time your Wit is generally most lively, most bright, and assumes new Additions of Strength. In studying for the Cause of this, I will by no Means suspect you for any Harm, nor observe, that 'tis a Wonder

der the Hour of Ghosts and Devils should be yours too. I chuse rather to believe, 'tis because there can be no Night in your Soul; and that being a Fountain of Light, the Darkness of the Night, which makes others heavy, cannot at all affect that: When Shades cover every Thing else, that shines forth with greatest Splendor; and the Shadow of the Earth can neither reach that, nor the Stars. Tho' I speak of it in Terms much more magnificent, I humbly beg you to believe, I should not say so much Good of it, as I have receiv'd from it. The Choice it made for you of three or four Words, which gave your last Letter a more obliging Air than any of your others, gave me an unhop'd for Satisfaction, and inspir'd me with a Joy which I am scrupulous of giving Way to, for fear I ought not to be contented out of your Presence. But pray, Madam, do but observe how far your Power extends: The very Moment you had written Word that you should be glad to see an End to our Misfortunes, the Heavens began to clear up, and gave us a better Prospect than ever. Since this is so, and 'tis the same Thing in you to *desire* and to *do* Good, I humbly beseech you to continue to have good Desires for us. I have a Notion, that even this will produce some happy Effect: Your good Fortune will overcome the Malignity of ours, and you may contribute more than any Body to the Accommodation which so many People labour to bring about. But pray, Madam, let it be quickly; for really I am impatient to see the Wonders which are at *Paris*. I don't think the Gentlewoman you mention to Monsieur de *Chaubonne*, can shew the most extraordinary, even tho' the Monkey, which has learn'd to play on the Guitar, could sing to it. I know where there are greater Miracles to be seen than that; I myself am in Hopes too, I shall shew you one in the Alteration of my Humour, which I can promise you is at least equal

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to yours, tho' not so enchanting. You have therefore no Need, Madam, to fear that a Melancholy, which you dissipate at so great a Distance, should come quite to you ; nor to be sorry for your having lost my Letters, when you shall find me my self ; I'll make you own, that I am better than them ; and you shall see I have never written the best of my Thoughts. In short, you may take my Word for it, that except a pretty many Hairs, which are turn'd grey, there has happen'd no Alteration to me, but what is for the better ; nay, I hope, that even they will fall off with the Cares which produc'd them ; and I shall certainly be quite another Man, when I can tell you with my own Mouth, how much I honour you, and with what Reality I am,

Brussels, October

15, 1634.

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LXII.

MADAM,

I Don't know who the *Abencerrages* are, whom you prefer to me ; but I fancy they were no more born at *Granada* than I was. Perhaps, the only Advantage they have over me, is the being near you, and all my Crime is my Absence. You may with Reason believe I am guilty of some mighty Crime, since Heaven inflicts so great a Punishment on me ; and I don't wonder you condemn me, and refuse to hear the Defence of a Man who is so far from you : All the Ladies in the World, as well

well *Moors* as *Christians*, do generally act thus. I only could wish, that in depriving me of your Friendship, you have not try'd to dishonour me too, nor taken the Pains to accuse me, in order to defend yourself. You had much better have follow'd the Example of Madam —, and Made-moiselle —; the first of whom, without alledging any Cause, breaks off all Correspondence with me abruptly, thinking that it must come to that one Time or other; and the other deserted me without any Noise, and holding her Tongue, out of meer Laziness, says nothing at all of me, neither good nor bad. Yet, Madam, if you still have so much Remains of Justice in you, as to believe one should not leave his Friends, without some Pretence, I wonder you should think of no better than that you alledge, You, who have so happy an Invention, and always gave so much Probability to your Fables. Moreover, Madam, I think you don't judge favourably enough of the Letters I have written you, if you think those I wrote to Monsieur *Mandat* are better; I make a quite different Judgment of yours; and tho' I know nothing of the other Letters you have written, I would swear you never writ better. None but one who had so much Goodness as me, could speak thus of them; and none else could prevail upon himself, to praise the Satyrs which are made against him. And, in Conscience, a Man, who endures Injuries so patiently, very well deserves Favour; and you ought to be asham'd to be so rigorous with one who bears it with so much Calmness, and is so constantly,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LXIII.

MADAM,

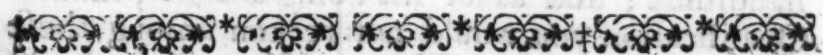
I Should have burnt this Letter after I had receiv'd yours, if I gave much Credit to what you say to me ; but I am so us'd to get nothing but Hurt from you, that I don't know how to look for any Thing else ; and I suspect Danger even from Peace itself, when you offer it me. I could wish that there were some Sign of Reconciliation between you and me, as there is between Heaven and Mankind ; and that you had a Way to make me as certain of your Promises, as I am fearful of your Threats. Yet I look upon it as a good Omen, that Mademoiselle, who had for some Days past deserted me, has begun again to write to me ; she seems to me to be your *Iris*, and is the Rainbow which appears after a Storm. She did not shew herself, whilst the Heavens were enrag'd against me, and it thunder'd and lighten'd ; and indeed, at so tempestuous a Time, nothing could have done me any Good, and I gave myself for gone. After this, Madam, I leave you to imagine, how glad I was to open my Eyes at the Rays you were pleas'd to shoot upon me amidst so much Darkness ; but I own I am not yet come thoroughly to myself. I know you often reconcile yourself to People, that you may have the Pleasure of breaking with them again. I am afraid the Light you shew me, is a false Light, and is only the Glance of a Flash of Lightning, which, may be, will shortly strike me dead. If it be otherwise, and the Peace you are willing to grant me be real, I
receive

receive it as you could wish, and with any Conditions you shall please to annex to it. But, Madam, when I have done this, I would fain have you confess my Innocence, and own you never suspected me of the Crimes whereof you pretended to accuse me. 'Till this is done, and you have quite recover'd me from my Fright, I can't make any Answer to what you ask me about Chocolate, nor talk of Comedies, when my Head is full of nothing but Tragedies. Yet I could not help laughing, when I read what you say of *Monsieur de R—*, namely, that *he strikes like Monsieur Amadis himself*. Let your Eloquence be arriv'd at never so high a Pitch, I don't at all wonder at it, for I foresaw it long ago: I am much more amaz'd at your being grown pleasant. Whatever you tell me of *Madam de S—*, I don't know how to doubt her Fidelity. I own 'tis a great Recommendation to her Lover, to be handsome, young, and a *Gascon*; but, for all this, you'll find she'll be Fool enough not to leave me for him. I myself have known these ten Years, how she uses Men who are young and handsome; and as for his being a *Gascon*, that's a Qualification you would not reckon among those which may gain her Esteem, if you remember'd that I told you formerly, she said, by way of Ridicule, *that Fellow's either a Gascon or a Picard, I dare say*. I don't wonder you should find *admire* in his Anagram; but I find *admir'd* in it too, and that's worse yet. But come what will, Madam, I may have here, whenever I please, a Mistress as handsome as the *Infanta Briana*, as amorous as *Mademoiselle Arlanda*, and as strong and large limb'd as *Madam Gradaflea*. To be serious, one of the most powerful Lasses in all the seventeen Provinces, has a Mind to strike up a Friendship with me: But *Monsieur de Chaudebonne* advises me not to venture. In the mean Time I run this Letter out into too great a Length, when I meant but to

say one Word ; and Mademoiselle d' A — won't think it at all gallant, since I talk of so many other Persons besides you. But, Madam, how kind will you be, if for *this* you write me a pretty Letter ? If you refuse me this Favour, at least grant me the other which I beg of you, namely, to let me know your Thoughts of me, and to inform me, whether you have prolong'd the four Years which you allow'd me to live. You may do as you please ; but really you ought to be more merciful to me, for I am infinitely

Your, &c.

The poor Devil will soon be well, and is almost cur'd already. I humbly thank the sage Enchantress for explaining the *Adventure of Anastarax* to me ; I don't think any Thing was ever so horrible as his Hell must be ; and I fancy I see *Cerberus*, and the three Furies, with all their Adders about them, in one single Person : But what a Character does poor ——— act amongst all those wretched Creatures !



To the same.

LETTER LXIV.

MADAM,

Lying under such great Obligations to Madam de C —, I should be very much to blame, did I not speak of her ; but in a Letter wherein I never mention'd your Mother, I think I might forget all the World besides. I believe 'twas she writ the four *Spanish Lines* about King *Chiquito*. I am not perfectly well acquainted with her Hand ; but I know the Air she is us'd to write with, which

is so gallant, and so particular to her, that 'tis impossible to be deceiv'd in it, and no Body can imitate it. As for your Letters, Madam, let me tell you in private, and in a Style less lofty than the Beginning of this Letter, and consequently more credible, that all you send me now, surprize me. They are much better than those for which I us'd to admire you so much formerly, and which I thought the most beautiful in the World; and tho' I am not much addicted to Envy, I should be very uneasy, if 'twere a Man that writ so well. Mademoiselle *Paulet* has been pleas'd to do me the Honour to write to me. I find the long Letters I wrote to her out of *Spain*, have tir'd her. I can soon amend in this Point, and I can much more easily forbear writing too much to her, than I can loving her too much. I think the only Man I have never spoken of, is the only Man I never ought to speak of; and it was better to give him Proofs of my Discretion, than of my Friendship. As I so often spoke of those about him, I thought he could never imagine my leaving him out to be Forgetfulness, nor believe that I could forget a Man, whom I am for so many Reasons oblig'd to respect and serve more than any other in the World. But I don't know why he should say, we shall have a great many Disputes about the *Spanish* Tongue, unless remembering he has always had the better of me in every Argument we ever had with one another, and knowing the Pleasure there is in disputing and conquering, he is willing to prepare that Satisfaction for me against my Return, by attacking me upon a Subject in which I must needs have the Advantage. I believe, Madam, you will forgive me all I have added in this Letter, since 'twas for the Sake of Persons whom you love no less than you do yourself. Pray give me leave once more to tell your *Brother*, that I love him as much as when I bid him adieu, and that I am his most
humble

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humble and most obedient Servant. I again kiss your Hands, Madam, for the Honour you have done me in writing to me. I was not so glad at seeing myself here, as I was at finding your Letter here ; but if you are once more so kind to me, I had rather you would write less eloquently, and more amicably ; for really you frighten me ; and when I see your Wit is so great, I fancy I can never come up to it, nor obtain any Place in a Heart so noble. Among so many choice Expressions, let there be some gracious ones. Dispel my Apprehensions, for really I, in some Measure, deserve your Care, being so much,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE.

LETTER LXV.

MY LORD,

TELL Truth, how long is it since you have had a Thought whether the four last Books of the *Aeneid* were *Virgil's*, or no, or whether *Terence* writ *Phormio*? I should not catechise you thus freely ; but you know upon Triumphs, the Soldiers were us'd to jest with their Emperors ; and the Joy of Victory gives Liberties, which otherwise would never be taken. Be frank therefore, and confess, how long 'tis since you have thought of the little *Erminia*, the Verses of *Catullus*, or those of *Monsieur Godeau*. Yet, my Lord, if you have forgot every Thing else, you ought, at least, to remember your *Benedicite* ; for no Body had ever more Cause to say it, than you, or was more oblig'd to return Thanks to the *Lord of Hosts*. And indeed,

indeed, the Conduct and good Fortune with which you have fav'd our Army, is one of the greatest Miracles that was ever seen in War ; and all the Circumstances of it are so strange, that I should put them into the Chapter of *downright Falsities*, if we had not such good Witneses of it, and if I did not know that there are no Wonders, but what one may believe of you. The Joy this has given to all here whom you love, is a Thing that can never be express'd. But you may easily imagine, my Lord, that those who were formerly ravish'd with hearing you sing, or make Verses, must be infinitely pleas'd now they hear that you raise Sieges, take Towns, and beat Armies, and that our chief Hopes in our Affairs, are fix'd upon your Person. I'll assure you this is heard in this Place with all the Satisfaction you could wish for ; and tho' you know nothing of it, your Arms make Conquests here, which are more desirable than any you can make on t'other Side the *Rhine*. This ought to hasten your Return, be you never so ambitious ; for indeed, my Lord, a Battle is not now the most glorious Thing that can be gain'd ; and you yourself shall own, that there are some Roses of a ‡ Shoe more worth than nine Imperial Standards. I am,

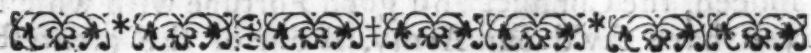
Paris, Octob. 12.
1635.

My Lord,

Your, &c.
To

‡ Some Roses of a Shoe ; that is to say, some Ladies ; for in Voiture's Time, the Ladies wore Roses upon their Shoes ; so that this is only a gallant Way of expressing himself.





To the same.

LETTER LXVI.

MY LORD,

I Shew'd to Monsieur *de St. H—*, to Monsieur *de S. R—*, and to Monsieur *S. Q—*, that Part of your Letter where you speak of the Prince's Servants: I can promise you they were not at all pleas'd with it; and I know that Monsieur *des Ouches*, to whom I have not yet mention'd it, won't like it a bit better: So that if I had a Mind to prepare myself against the Menaces you give me, you may imagine I should not want Friends; and if I write to you now, 'tis not so much out of Fear, as out of a sincere Affection, and the natural Inclination I have to obey you. Besides those I have nam'd, there are other braver Persons here, with whom it would be more dangerous to quarrel, who don't at all approve of my taking Pains to give you Pleasure, and who don't think it just you should receive any when they are not with you. And really, my Lord, since your Absence crosses all our Joys, it would be but equal if you desir'd no other than that of seeking them again, and were capable of no Diversion 'till that Time came. This I can say, all those which we have here this Season, do not hinder us from thinking of you, and wishing continually for your Return. The Cold and Snows of the *Alsatian* Mountains, make us shiver every Day in the most crowded Assemblies; and the Terror of the Ambuscades of the *Croati-ans*, gives us hourly Alarms in the Midst of *Paris*. But, which is most strange of all, and will, perhaps, to you seem incredible, Monsieur *de B—*,
and

and Monsieur *de R*——, have, for your Sake, been melancholy at a Ball, and sigh'd when the Violins have play'd. I don't know, my Lord, what you may think of this, nor what Advantage you can draw from it: But, for my Part, I am sure, that let them do what they will for you after this, they can never give you a greater Proof of their Affection. T'other Day, as I was shewing the last Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, when I came to that Part of it, where you inform us of your being just going, instead of *into Alsatia*, I read *into Thracia*. *Bonazin*, who you know is not much addicted to be mov'd at any Thing, turn'd as pale as my Neckcloth, and cry'd in an Amaze, *into Thrace, Sir!* and another who stood by, though something better acquainted with the Map, was nevertheless disturb'd. I would willingly, my Lord, tell you something of your *Spouse*; but I can't talk of her, because nothing can be said of her but Things incredible, and there's nothing in her now that can possibly be describ'd. Every Thing you knew in her that was lovely, admirable, and charming, has increas'd hourly, and new Treasures of Beauty, Generosity, and Wit, are discover'd in her every Day. Besides, I can assure you, she has had in your Absence all the good Conduct you could desire. There has indeed been spread abroad a certain Report, which has, without doubt, given you some Suspicion of her, (for I know *you Africans*) and there is, I must own, a Spark of a good Family, and who, in Time, may possess a handsome Estate, who takes some little Pleasure in seeing her: But for all that, she has all the Sentiments of a wise, prudent Woman, and is just as I could have wish'd her. Really, my Lord, if your Heart is not grown very hard among the *Swedes*, the Remembrance of all these Persons, ought to make you impatient to return; and whatever Charms there may be in Glory, you must not think

think it has as many as them. Hasten your Journey hither therefore as much as possible, and let your Ambition, at least for some Time, be turn'd towards them; for if Victory should carry you to the very Gates of *Prague*, I don't think it would be at all for your Advantage, since it would remove you farther off. No Conquests on t'other Side the *Rhine* or *Danube* ought fully to satisfy you, and all *Germany* is not worth one Suburb that lies more this Way. I am,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LXVII.

MY LORD,

YOU fancy one has nothing else to do, but to write, and you talk of it very much at your Ease: You have only twelve thousand Men to command, and thirty thousand to resist: But if you had two or three Persons that are here, to see and admire, you would not think one had so much Time to spare. If you were in my Place, I dare swear you would not be a Bit more at Leisure than I am: I should be heartily glad you were in it, that we might see how you would behave yourself, with that Conduct for which you are so much extoll'd, and that miraculous Prudence which has already extricated you from so many Dangers. For I give you Notice, Sir, that when you return from the War, which now takes up all your Thoughts, you will have a more dangerous one to carry on, in which you will meet with Enemies much more brave and fierce than
the

the *Germans* ; and you, who by your Wisdom, have lately sav'd so many Millions of Lives, will then have much ado to escape yourself. There's no retreating from them ; and the very Sight is enough to defeat you. There is, among the rest, one *Iron-Arm*, who is the most terrible Creature now under the Sun. No Armour can resist his Blows ; he breaks all he touches ; and the greatest Barbarities of the *Croatians*, are not to be compar'd to his. 'Tis true, my Lord, you know those I talk of, and have already met them upon some Occasions ; but don't think to find them as you left them : Their Strength is lately increas'd, and their Power arriv'd at such a Degree, that there is nothing now able to resist them. There does not pass a Day, wherein they do not make Conquests at the very Gates of *Paris* : They take, they kill, they destroy every Thing that comes in their Way ; and whilst you are taken up with defending the Frontiers, they set Fire to the Heart of the Kingdom. Yet don't let this make you afraid of returning ; and since you have never had the least Apprehension in so many Dangers, wherein any but you would have very much, don't begin to fear now ; for tho' they shew Mercy to no Body, yet I believe they will grant Quarter to you ; and if you fall into their Hands, will treat you with all the Favour that ought to be shew'd to a Prisoner of your Merit. As far as I can find out, they hope to make a Sight of you in that Condition ; for I can't imagine why they should rejoyce so much as they do at your Victories, unless they thought you would one Day honour theirs ; and they will be extreamly proud to see at their Feet the Conqueror of ‡ *Galas*, and to let the World know, that he who had been the Buckler of all *France*, could not shield himself

‡ *Galas* was one of the Generals of *Ferdinand* the Third's Army.

himself from their Blows. This makes them wish for your Return with incredible Impatience; and I dare confidently affirm, there is no Man in *France* whom they so earnestly desire to have, as you. I tell you this, my Lord, that you may prepare for your Defence, or at least that you may not contract such a Fondness for the Title of Victor, as not to be able to bear the Loss of it here. For my Part, let what will befall you at your Arrival, I own I long 'till it comes; for I shall have no Pleasure, 'till I have the Happiness to see you, and to tell you in your Fire-Corner, the Cares, Uneasinesses, and Fears, into which you have put all your Friends. I am,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LXVIII.

MY LORD,

YOU must have some Mortification in your Triumphs; and since you may have the Conversation of Men of the Sword, whenever you please, you must, with Patience, endure, for a Moment, the Discourse of a Man of the Pen. We at *Paris* can't endure you should be in so much Joy at *Metz*; and since we can't hinder it, we are at least resolv'd to interrupt it. Yet I should not have been so bold as to undertake this Task, had I not been commanded by a Lady who can be deny'd nothing, and whom even those who are submitted to by whole Armies with their Generals, would not be at all ashamed to obey. I own, Sir, every Time that I fancy I see you with nine or ten Mai-

tres de Camp about you, I pity *Terence*, *Virgil*, and myself, and all those Persons here who wish to be in your Remembrance; for I dare say there is not a Bastion in your Town, tho' never so little, but what you love a great deal more than you do me. Yet I was afraid to murmur at this; I consider'd there were some who had a better Right to complain of it, and I was unwilling to be at Variance with a Man who, they say, has all the Troops of *Mareschal de la Force* in his Power. But since I am spirited up to speak, and there are People here who will stand to all I write, I shan't be afraid to tell you, 'tis a miserable Thing to think of, that your Affection, which was so lately shar'd among the most amiable Persons in the World, should now be, as it were, given for Plunder to Soldiers. I am no longer myself, when I consider that the Place which the most adorable Creature upon Earth had in your Heart, is perhaps now given to Colonel *Ebron*; that Madam de C—, and *Made-moiselle de Rambouillet*, have lost theirs to some *Aid de Camp*, or Serjeant-Major, and that mine may be bestow'd upon a beggarly Corporal. This Thought, my Lord, has thrown us all here into an Affliction which 'tis impossible to express: There is but one that remains constant, and she maintains we wrong you in entertaining any such Suspicions of you. The Lady I speak of, is fair and fat, gayer and handsomer than the finest Days in this Season, and such as you could hardly equal in the whole Country of *Messina*. She has Eyes, in which one would think there were the Light of the whole World, a Complexion which makes every Thing else look black, and a Mouth which all the Mouths in the World can never sufficiently praise, full of Charms, and which never opens but with Wit and Judgment. You may easily judge, by my Description of her, that she's a Beauty very different from Queen *Epicharis*; but tho' she is
not,

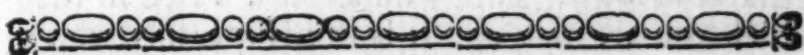
not a *Gypsy*, as that Queen is, she is nevertheless as great a Thief as if she were. In her very Infancy, she robb'd the Snow and Ivory of their Whiteness, and the Pearls of their Cleanness and Lustre; she robb'd the Stars of their Beauty and Light; and there does not pass a Day, but she steals some Ray from the Sun, and adorns herself with it in the Face of the whole World. Lastly, in an Assembly which was met at the *Louvre*, she robb'd all the Ladies of their Gracefulness and Splendor, and the Diamonds which they wore, of their Brightness; nay, she did not spare the very Jewels of the Queen's Crown, but took away the choicest and most brilliant of them. Yet tho' every Body knows of her Violence, no Body opposes it, she with Impunity does whatever she pleases; and tho' there are Fellows at *Paris*, who would not scruple to seize even a Duke the very next Day after he was marry'd, yet there are none so bold as to undertake to interrupt her Course. She commanded me to tell you; that she has not the Suspicions of you which others have; and that, in Return for this Favour, she expects you would send her six of the triumphal Arches that were left after your Entry, four Dozen of publick Acclamations, and the poetical Works of the *Landgrave of Hesse*. I would advise you to perform, to a Title, whatever she desires of you; and, above all Things, to avoid being at Variance with her; for if she resolves to do you a Mischief, all your Guards can never keep you safe from her. *Metz* is not a Place strong enough to defend you against her Power. But, my Lord, I forget that I detain you too long from your numerous Affairs; and, if I stretch out my Letter any farther, I am afraid you'll be forc'd to defer reading it 'till a Peace is concluded. Yet I should be very sorry, if you did not read the End of it, since what most nearly concerns me, is, for you to read the serious Protestations

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testations I make, that of all those who have receiv'd Favours of you, none is with more Zeal and Respect,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To Madam * * * *

LETTER LXIX.

MADAM,

I Have forgot all that I should say to —, to whom you would reconcile me, and I assure you 'tis not because I have slept since; I am sorry to have so little Concern for a Person so well recommended to me; and that not being able to afford her any Room in my Affection, she had no more in my Memory. It's that Part of my Soul in which I may with most Justice allow her a Place, being that which is most opposite to the Judgment, and wherein Things past are laid up. But if I say any Thing obliging to her after Dinner, she shall not be able to complain that I talk to her by Heart; for I find that I'm so much a Stranger to all that I have to say to her, that if you do not quickly relieve me, you shall see that I know no more than you, either the Words or Time. I wish you knew no better that of your Departure: For without lying, I have not Courage to endure the bare Thought of it, which stifles in me all others. When I think that to Morrow you will be no longer here, I am surpriz'd that I am to Day in the World; and I am ready to confess to you, that there is some Fiction in this Love which I testify, when I consider that I yet breathe, and that my Grief has not yet finish'd my

my Days. Others have lost their Speech, and confin'd themselves to the Solitudes of *Ægypt*, for less Misfortunes than mine. I own that I could not go so far from you, to vent my Grief; but I am, methinks, to be excus'd for not seeking a Cell in the Desarts of *Ægypt*, since I hope for a Place in that which you are making. It is this Hope only which keeps me in the World, and my Life hangs only on this Expectation. I know not whether all that I here say, be within the Bounds of a passionate Friendship; but you cannot accuse me of speaking too intelligibly, since all my Words will bear a double Construction; nor complain that I do not write to you in such Terms as you desire, since I never met with the Person that should inform me what those are. So long as some Allowance is made for my Failings, and that I may tell you some Part of my Thoughts, I swear to you, by the same Affection that I did Yesterday, that the only Folly I shall ever be guilty of, shall be always to love the most amiable Person that ever was, and that I will be content to be hated by you, whenever I offer you my Friendship.

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER LXX.

MADAM,

I Never thought I could possibly have been afflicted at receiving a Letter from you, or that you could tell me any News so bad, as not to be able to comfort me for them at the same Time.

I fan-

I fancy'd my Misfortunes were arriv'd at too high a Pitch, ever to increase; and after you had shewn yourself able to make me sometimes endure with Patience the Absence of your Mother and your self, I believ'd there was nothing but what you could teach me to endure. But forgive me, if I tell you, that I found the contrary in the Affliction I was struck with for the Death of Madam Aubry, which was really heavy enough to sink me with its Weight, and had lik'd to destroy the little Patience I had left. You may very well judge, Madam, how excessively it must grieve me to lose a Friend so good, so estimable, and perfect as she was, and one who, after having given me so many Tokens of good Will, was pleas'd to give me more in the very last Hours of her Life. But even tho' I did not consider my own Interests, I could not help infinitely regretting a Person by whom you were infinitely belov'd, and who, among a great many other extraordinary Gifts, had that of knowing your Worth as much as it is possible to do it, and esteeming you above all Things in the World besides. Yet I must confess, if I can receive any Comfort in this Misfortune, 'tis in considering the Fortitude she shew'd, and the Firmness with which she went thro' a Thing whose very Name us'd always to make her tremble. It gives me very great Consolation, to hear that she had at her Death the only good Qualities that she wanted in her Life-time, and could call up her Resolution and Courage upon so proper an Occasion. And indeed, when I sedately reflect upon this, I make it a Point of Conscience to forbear bemoaning her, and think 'tis loving her with too much Self-interestedness, to be sorry for her having left us in order to be more happy, and for her being gone into the other World to find that Repose, which here she could never obtain. I receive with all Gratitude the Advice you give me to study so
useful

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useful and necessary a Lesson as often as I am able, and to prepare myself to do what she has done already. The ill Fortune which has hitherto pursued us, is no small Perswasive to us to follow your Counsel. Nothing so much encourages one to die, as the having no Pleasure in this Life. But if the Hopes which Fortune now gives us a View of, should happen to succeed; if, after so many Years of Misery, we are yet to have some Days of Happiness; I must beseech you, Madam, to let me have some Thoughts more gay than those of Death; and if I shall shortly see you again, as it is now probable I may, you must pardon me if I have not yet-a-while an Aversion for the World. When you tell me, you believe I am destin'd to something great, you make me expect something better in the future Part of my Life, than to desire to have it end so soon. For my part, I can assure you, that if Destiny does promise me any thing good, I shan't be wanting on my side to promote it, but shall do all I can to co-operate with it, and to render myself deserving of your Prophecies. In the mean Time, I most humbly beg you to believe, that of all the Favours I can desire of Fortune, I wish for nothing more earnestly, than that she would do for you as she ought, and put it in my Power to let you see with how much Sincerty I am,

Madam,

Yours, &c.

Pray, Madam, give me leave to thank my Lady, your Mother, for the Honour she does me in remembering me: when she informs me by your Hand, that she always admires in Silence, she instructs me how I ought to respect Her.

To

*To the same. To thank her for having
gotten him a Place.*

LETTER LXXI.

MADAM,

I Think I ought at least to give you a Letter for the Patent you have sent me, and let the Words I write be never so proper, or well chosen, they will not be so rich as those you have obtain'd for me, since these latter are worth ten Thousand Crowns. Monsieur de Puy-Laurens dispatch'd this Business for me with all the Care and Expedition that could be desir'd. I thought, indeed, that he, who had done so many Things for the Ladies, would not fail to serve the perfectest of the whole Sex, upon such an Occasion, and that the most charming Mouth in the World, would not be open'd in my Favour, in vain. Since this good Fortune has happen'd to me, I fancy there is none I can miss of, and that of being wealthy is the least that can fall to me, since you wish I may be happy. Yet, tho' I am not much us'd to be concern'd about any-thing that regards my Establishment, I own I receiv'd this piece of good Fortune with very great Joy, and should have thought myself too much self-interested upon this Occasion, did I not know that your having procur'd me this Benefit, was what made it most dear to me. And indeed, those, who count Wealth among the Things that are indifferent, do not put your Favour upon the same Foot; and for my Part, I think I ought not to reckon that among the Goods of Fortune, which I became possess'd of thro' the Intercession of Virtue. I believe, Madam, I may call you by
I that

that Name, without speaking improperly, and if what I hear of you, be true, that Appellation would fit you much more aptly, than the Name you are call'd by at present. At least, she never shew'd herself to the World so lovely as she appears in you; and those who were formerly acquainted with her, and said, that all Mankind would be in Love with her, if she suffer'd herself to be seen naked, would have thought her much more Charming, had she been cloath'd with your Person. And really, when I reflect upon the Miracles it is full of, and the many Graces Heaven has adorn'd you with, I think that the Favour I now thank you for, is the very least you ever did me: I look upon the Place you sometimes give me in your Closet, to be more valuable than that you have got for me; and you can never do me any Kindness greater, than permitting me to see and talk with you. Yet, Madam, I don't know but this last may be more estimable than it seems to be; and since I am at present ignorant who you have given me to, 'tis possible the Service you have done me, may be greater even than you imagin'd; for perhaps you have given me to a Mistress who deserves to be Mistress of the whole World, whose Soul may be noble, amiable, and liberal, whose Heart may be great and generous, whose Person may be accomplish'd and charming, and who may have those secret Charms for all Mankind in general, which every one of them in particular admires in the Person he loves. Perhaps her Wit may be above every Thing that can be imagin'd, full of Fire and Judgment, pleasing and innocent as that of Angels; she may be learn'd in several Sciences, understand three or four Languages, know the Situation of the whole Earth, as well as that of the *petit Luxembourg*, be acquainted with the Motions of the Heavens, and with the Name and Place of all the Stars, and yet not know

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one among them so beautiful or so bright as her self. Pray, Madam, give me Leave to wish it may happen thus; for I am,

Blois, the 5th
of January.

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER LXXII.

MADAM,

SINCE my Addresses to you are all honourably meant, I think there is no sort of Gallantry which I may not safely practise; and having troubled you formerly with my Verses, I conclude there can be no great Harm in sending you a Nosegay. 'Tis a Present which the Gods have sometimes vouchsafed to receive from Men: And since Flowers are the purest and noblest Productions of the Earth, to whom can they be offer'd with more Justice, than to yourself? At least, you ought to love 'em for this Consideration, that there is not one Flower amongst 'em all, whose Beauty is not accompany'd by some efficacious Virtue; but tho' they are the Daughters of *Sol* and *Aurora*, and out-rival Pearls and Diamonds in their Lustre, I am confident they will lose all their Brightness as soon as they come near you; you'll soon make it appear that the Beauties of the Earth are not to be compar'd with those of Heaven. I presume, Madam, that you'll give me leave to call yours so; and, since you represent Heaven in every respect, that you'll not deny it the Honour of having produc'd so excellent a Person. It were too great an Advantage to the Things below to list you in the

Number:

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Number: And since we are commanded to despise 'em, is it not reasonable to believe you are not to be reckon'd among them, since you command the Esteem and Affection of all that see you, and make all submit to your Yoak, that pretend to be rational? I see what Consequence you may draw from this, if you think me one of that Class; but, Madam, I conjure you to believe that the highest Effect your Charms have produc'd in me, is that of Admiration; and that I am with the profoundest Respect,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Monsieur After Corbie was retaken from the Spaniards, by the King's Army; being a Character of the Lord Cardinal Richelieu, and a justification of his Conduct.

LETTER LXXII.

SIR,

I Own I love to be reveng'd; and after I had endur'd, for two Months together, your laughing at me, upon account of the good Hopes I had of our Affairs, had heard you condemn the Conduct of them, because the Event happen'd to be cross, and seen you Triumph for the Victories of our Enemies; it gives me very great Pleasure that I am now able to tell you we have retaken *Corbie*. This News will certainly amaze you, as well as all *Europe*; and you will wonder how it happens that a People, whom you think so wise, and who have particularly the Quality of taking
great

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great Care to keep what they have won, should suffer a Place to be retaken, upon which it might easily be imagin'd, the whole Endeavours of the War would fall, and the defending or taking of which would, for that Campaign, give the Honour of the Arms to one Side or t'other; nevertheless we are Masters of it. Those who had been thrown into it, were very glad the King would give them Leave to march out; and quitted with Joy these Fortifications which they had rais'd, and under which they seem'd resolv'd to perish. I desire, therefore, you would consider what has been the End of this Expedition, which hath made so much Noise. 'Tis three Years since first the Enemies form'd this Design, and threaten'd us with this Storm. *Spain* and *Germany* had us'd their utmost Efforts in order to it; the Emperor had sent his best Commanders, and his best Cavalry; the Army of *Flanders* had furnish'd all its best Troops; from all these is form'd an Army of five and twenty Thousand Horse, fifteen Thousand Foot, and forty Pieces of Cannon. This Cloud, Big with Lightning and Thunder, comes to break over *Picardy*, which it finds unprepar'd, all our Arms being employ'd elsewhere. They presently take *Capelle* and *Castelet*; they attack and take *Corbie* in nine Days Time. This makes them Masters of the River; they pass it; they ravage all they find between the *Somme* and the *Oise*; and whilst no body resists them, they valiantly keep the Field, kill our Peasants, and burn our Villages. But upon the very first Advice that is brought them, of the King's Brother's advancing with an Army, and himself following, they retire, they intrench themselves behind *Corbie*; and when they hear that we don't stop, but march against them as fast as possible, our Conquerors run away from their Intrenchments: Those brave, those warlike Nations, who you say are born to command

I 3

the whole World, fly from an Army which they said was made up of nothing but our Coach-men and Foot-men : And those very Men who were so confident, that they talk'd of piercing thro' *France* to the very *Pyrenean* Mountains, threaten'd to plunder *Paris*, and to pull down from the very Church of *Notredame*, the Standards taken from them in the Battle of *Avein*, do permit us to make Lines of Circumvallation round a Place of the utmost Importance to them ; give us Time to build Forts there, and afterwards let us attack it and take it by Force, before their Faces. This is the End of the Bravadoes of *Piccolomini*, who sent to tell us by his Trumpets, at one Time, that he wish'd we had Powder ; and at another, that we had Cavalry ; and when we had them, he fairly turns Tail and marches off. So that, besides *Cappelle* and *Castelet*, which are not worth speaking of, all the Fruit this mighty, this victorious Army has produc'd, is the taking *Corbie*, in order to restore it into the King's Hands with a Counter-scarp, three Bastions, and three Half-Moons more than it had before. If they had taken ten or a dozen more of our Towns with the same Success, our Frontier would be in a much better Condition, and they would have fortify'd it better, than those have hitherto done to whose Care it is committed. Do you think, Sir, that the retaking of *Amiens* was a bit more important, or more glorious than this ? Then the Power of the Kingdom was not taken off elsewhere ; all our Forces were joyn'd together, and all *France* sat down before one Place. Here, on the contrary, we had this Town to retake, in the Height of an infinite Number of other Affairs, which press'd us on all Sides ; at a Time when the State seem'd to be exhausted of every Thing, and in a Season wherein, besides Men, we had the Heavens to fight with. And whereas, before *Amiens* the *Spaniards* had not an Army, 'till
five

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five Months after the Siege, to make us raise it; they had one of forty Thousand Men at *Corbie*, before the Siege of it was begun; so that if this Event does not make you a good *French* Man; at least, I dare say it will provoke you against the *Spaniards*, and make you ashamed you should ever take a liking to a People who have so little Vigour, and can turn their Advantages to no better Use. Mean time, those who out of Hatred to them who are at the Helm, grow to hate their Country; and who, so they could but ruin one Man, did not care if they ruin'd all *France*, those, I say, turn'd to Ridicule all the Preparations we made in order to apply a Remedy to this Surprise. When the Troops we had levy'd here march'd towards *Picardy*, they cry'd they were Victims intended to be sacrific'd to the Enemy; that our whole Army would be broke at the first Shock; and that the Soldiers, being unus'd to War, would run away the Moment they saw the *Spaniards*. Then, when the Troops we were so much threaten'd with, were retir'd, and we had taken a Resolution to block up *Corbie*, this Design too was condemn'd. People said, to be sure the *Spaniards* had provided it with all Things necessary, having had two Months Leisure to do it in, and that we should spend before this one Place, the Lord knows how many Millions of Gold, and a great many stout and brave Men, and not take it neither may be, in less than three Years Time. But when it was resolv'd to attack it by Force, tho' deep in the Month of *November*, then the whole Nation in general was in an Uproar. Those who meant well, confess it to be a mad Project; but the rest cry'd out, the Ministry were afraid our Soldiers would not die fast enough with Misery and Hunger, and therefore they had a mind to drown them in their own Trenches. For my Part, tho' I knew the Inconveniencies which necessarily ensue upon Sieges,

I 4

that

that are begun at fuch a Season of the Year, I fufpended my Judgment. I believ'd that thofe who had been the Promoters of this Undertaking, had feen the fame Things which I faw, and had befides feen other Things which I did not fee; that they would never, without Grounds, engage in the Siege of a Place, upon which the Eyes of all Chriftendom were bent; and the very firft Moment that I was credibly inform'd of its being attack'd, I no longer doubted but it would be taken. For tho' we have indeed fometimes known the Lord Cardinal to be deceiv'd in thofe Things which he tranfacted by others; yet we never knew him fail in thofe Enterprifes, which he put his own Hand to execute, and which he fupported with his Prefence. For this Reason I was of Opinion that he would overcome all manner of Difficulties, and that he who had taken *Rochelle*, in fpite of the Ocean, could eafily take *Corbie*, in fpite of the Rains and the Winter. But fince we have happen'd to fpeak of him, and I have not dar'd to do it thefe three Months, pray give me Leave, in the Dejection wherein this News has caft you, to tell you my Thoughts of him.

I am none of thofe, who, having a Defign, as you fay, to turn Elogiums into Places, makes Miracles of all the Lord Cardinal's Actions, exalt his Praifes above what a mortal Man ought to pretend to, and out of their Zeal for him, would fain make the World believe Things which are utterly incredible. Neither am I fo mean spirited as to hate a Man becaufe he is above others; nor do I fuffer my felf to be carry'd away with the Tide of the Love or Hatred of the Publick, which I know to be generally very unjuft. I look upon him without either Prejudice or Favour, and fee him with the fame Eyes wherewith he will be beheld by Posterity. But when, two Hundred Years hence, thofe who came after us, fhall read

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in our History, that Cardinal *Richelieu* demolish'd *Rochele*, suppress'd Heresy, and by one single Treaty, as with a Net, gain'd Thirty or Forty of its Towns at one swoop; when they shall hear that in the time of his Ministry, the *English* were beaten, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Cazal* succour'd, all *Lorrain* joyn'd to this Crown, the greatest Part of *Alsacia* subjected to our Power; the *Spaniards* defeated at *Veillane* and *Avein*; when they shall see that, so long as he was at the Helm of Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour which it did not win Places from, or defeat in Battle; if they have any Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, or the least Love for their Country's Glory, can they read these Things without having an Esteem for him? And do you think they will Value him e'er the less, because in his Time the City-Rents were paid a little later, and a few new Officers were put into the Establishment? All great Things must cost a great deal; great Efforts dishearten, and strong Medicines weaken; but if we may look upon States as immortal, and consider future Conveniences as if they were present, we shall find that this Man, who is accus'd of having ruin'd *France*, has sav'd it a great many Millions, by the sole taking of *Rochele*, which, for two Thousand Years henceforwards, in all Minorities of Kings, in all the Discontents of Great Men, and in all Occasions of Revolt, would never have fail'd to rebel, and would have oblig'd us to be at an everlasting Expence. This Kingdom had but two Enemies which it needed to fear, the *Hugonots* and the *Spaniards*. My Lord Cardinal, upon his Entrance into Affairs, took it in his Mind to ruin them both. Could he have form'd a Design more glorious and more useful? One of them he has brought about, and has not quite finish'd the other; but if he had fail'd in the first, those who now cry that 'twas a Resolution out of Season, and above our Forces, as Ex-

I. 5

perience

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Experience has prov'd, to attack *Spain*; would they not in the same manner have condemn'd the Design of rooting out the *Hugonots*? Would they not have said 'twas Madness, to renew an Undertaking wherein three of our Kings had already fail'd, and which the late King durst never think of? And would they not have concluded, as falsely as they do now in this Affair, that the Thing was not feasible, only because it had not yet been done? But, pray, was it his Fault or Fortune's, that this Design was not effected? Let us consider the Means he us'd to bring it about, and the Engines he set at work. Let us see how narrowly he mist rooting up that great Tree, the House of *Austria*, and how he shook the very Roots of that Trunk, which, with two Branches, over-spread the *North* and *West*, and gives Suspicion to all the rest of the Earth. He fetch'd from the very Pole that Hero who seem'd born to set it on fire, and hew it down. This was he who fill'd *Germany* with Lightning and Thunder, and was heard over the whole World. But when this Storm was dispers'd, and Fortune had parry'd off the Blow, was he at all the less vigorous? And did not he once more put the Empire in greater Danger than ever it was in even by the Loss of the Battle of *Lipswic* and *Lutzen*? His Address and Practices all of a sudden brought an Army into the very Heart of *Germany*, with a Leader who had all the Qualities necessary to make an Alteration in a State. But if the King of *Sweden* run himself farther into Danger, than a Man of his Designs and Condition ought to do, and if the Duke of *Frieland*, deserting his Enterprize too long, suffer'd it to be discover'd; could he enchant the Bullet which kill'd the former in the midst of his Victory, or make the latter Proof against the Blows of a *Perruisan*? If after all this, to conclude the total Destruction of our Affairs, the Captains who

com-

commanded the Army of our Allies before *Norlingen*, gave the Attack at a wrong Time; was it in the Power of the Lord Cardinal, who was at two Hundred Leagues Distance, to make them change this Resolution, or to restrain the Precipitation of those, who for an Empire, which was the Prize of this Victory, would not stay three Days? Thus you see that Fortune, in order to save the House of *Austria*, and frustrate the Designs of the Cardinal, which are now call'd rash, was forc'd to work three Miracles, I mean, to bring about three great Events, which were not at all likely to happen; the Death of the King of *Sweden*, that of the Duke of *Fridland*, and the Loss of the Battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me that he can't justly complain of Fortune, for having cross'd him in these few Things, since she had serv'd him so faithfully upon so many other Occasions; that 'twas she who suffer'd him to take Towns, tho' he never besieg'd any before; who made him command Armies with Success, tho' he had no Experience; who always led him, as it were, by the Hand, and sav'd him from the Precipices to which he had run himself, and to conclude, who has often made him seem bold, wise and prudent. Let us therefore view him in ill Fortune, and examine whether he has had less Boldness, Wisdom and Prudence. Our Affairs did not go over-well in *Italy*; and as 'tis the Fate of *France* to win Battles and lose Armies, ours was very much diminish'd since the last Victory that it had gain'd over the *Spaniards*. We had no better Success before *Dile*, where the Length of the Siege made us fearful of an unfortunate Issue; when, presently we were inform'd, that the Enemy was enter'd *Picardy*, and taken *Capelle*, *Castelet*, and *Corbie*, and that those three Places, which in all Appearance would have detain'd them several Months, did hardly take them up eight Days. Every Thing is on Fire to the Banks of the River

Oise;

Oise ; from our Suburbs we can see the Smoke of the Villages that are burnt ; every body is alarm'd, and the Capital of the Kingdom is in a panick Terror. Upon this, Advice is brought from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was rais'd ; and from *Xaintonge*, that there are fifteen Thousand Peasants revolted and in the Field, and that 'tis fear'd *Poitou* and *Guyenne* will follow their Example. Ill News pours in upon us ; the Heavens are clouded on all Sides ; the Storm beats us on all Parts ; and not the least Ray of good Fortune shines upon us. Did this Gloominess make my Lord Cardinal e'er the less clear sighted ? Did he not hold the Rudder in one Hand and Compass in t'other ? Did he throw himself into the Skiff to save himself ? And if it were decreed that the great Ship which he steer'd must perish, did he not plainly shew, that he was resolv'd to die before the rest ? Was it Fortune that conducted him out of this Labyrinth, or was it his own Prudence, Constancy, and Magnanimity ? Our common Enemies are fifteen Leagues off of *Paris*, and his particular ones are in it. We hear every Day of some Practices or other to destroy him. *France* and *Spain* seem to conspire with each other against him. Amidst all this, how did that very Man appear, who, as People said, was confounded at the least ill Success, and who had caus'd a Haven to be fortify'd, to which he might run at the first adverse Fortune ? All this did not make him take one Step backwards ; his Thoughts ran upon the Dangers of the State, and not upon his own ; and all the Alteration that was seen in him was that, whereas before he us'd to go abroad accompany'd with two Hundred Guards, he was never now attended by above five or six Gentlemen. Adversity, when supported with so good a Grace, and with so much Fortitude, is more engaging than the greatest Prosperities and Victories. In my Opinion he was not

so great and triumphant the Day he made his Entry into *Rochelle*, as he was then; and the Journeys he took to the *Arsenal*, seem to me more glorious for him, than those he took beyond the Mountains, and from which he return'd with *Pignerol* and *Susa*. Open your Eyes then, I beseech you, to so much Brightness; no longer hate a Man who is happy in revenging himself upon his Enemies; and give over bearing Ill-will to one who knows how to turn it to his Glory, and who endures it with so much Courage. Quit your Party before that quits you; for a great many of those who us'd to hate the Lord Cardinal, are converted by the last Miracle he wrought; and if the War ends, as there is great Reason to hope it will, he'll soon find a Way to win over all the rest. He has Wisdom and Experience enough to teach him what is best, and will turn all his Designs to the making this Kingdom the most flourishing of all, after having made it the most dreaded. He will assume a sort of Ambition which is more noble than all others, and which none besides have thought of, namely, to make himself the best and most belov'd Man in the Kingdom, and not the greatest and most fear'd. He knows that the most noble and most lasting Conquests are those of Hearts; that Laurels are Plants which bear no Fruit, and do only give a Shade at most, but are not to be compar'd to the Harvests and Products with which Peace is crown'd. He knows that extending the Bounds of a Kingdom a hundred Leagues, is not half so commendable as diminishing the Taxes never so little, and that there's less true Glory and Greatness in defeating a Hundred Thousand Men, than in making Twenty Millions easy and secure. This great Genius, therefore, which has hitherto only been taken up with finding out Means to defray the Expences of the War, to raise Money and Soldiers, to take Towns,
and

and to win Battles, will for the future employ it self in nothing but establishing Repose, Wealth and Plenty. This same Head, which brought forth *Pallas* all arm'd, will now give her to us with her Olive, peaceable, mild and learn'd, and attended by all the Arts and Sciences, which generally wait upon her. He will make no other Edicts now, but for the Regulation of Luxury and Re-establishment of Commerce. The bulky Ships which were built to carry our Arms beyond the *Straits*, will now serve only to convoy our Merchandizes, and clear the Sea; and we shall have no War with any but Pyrates. The Enemies of the Lord Cardinal shall no more know what to say against him, than they have hitherto known what to do against him. The Citizens of *Paris* shall then be his Guards; and he will experience how much pleasanter it is to hear his Praises in the Mouths of the People, than in the Mouths of the Poets. I beg you to be before-hand with them, and not defer coming into the Number of his Friends, 'till you are constrain'd to do it. But if you are resolv'd to stick to your Opinion, I won't undertake to tear you from it by Force; but then don't be so unjust, as to take it ill that I should defend mine; and I promise you I will willingly read all you shall write to me, whenever the *Spaniards* retake *Corbie*. I am,

Paris, Dec. 24. 1636. Sir,

Tours, &c.



To

*To Mademoiselle * * * * **

LETTER LXXIV.

MADAM,

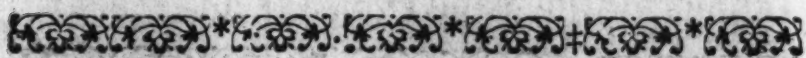
NO Flowers in the World but Lillies deserve to be presented to you, and I send you these only to be cast beneath your Feet. Nay, I envy them very much, even in that Place, and think 'twill be more glorious for them, than it would be upon the Heads of Queens themselves. You will wonder that a Man, who knows you so well as I do, durst take the Liberty to write to you; and by this you may judge of the Violence of my Passion, since at my Age, and with my Phiz, it has inspir'd me with the Boldness to declare it to you, nor could so great a Hazard as that of displeasing you, deter me from it. I know indeed, Madam, that there are no Faults so unpardonable as those which are committed against you, and that 'tis decreed I shall die by no other Hands than yours; but I yield to my Destiny; and let the Consequence be what it will, I can't help suffering my self to be caught. At the Moment you read this, you blush with Spite, and gnash your Teeth; yet you can't make me repent of what I do, for I am now Proof to all extraordinary Accidents; and, tho' it cost me my Life, I am resolv'd to be always,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To



To Madam de SAINTOT.

LETTER LXXV.

MADAM,

YOU thought only to have done a little Piece of Gallantry, and you have written the most gallant Letter in the World. As great a Scholar as I am, I find it no very easy Matter to answer it, and I can't help owning that you out-do me. I before knew that you had that sort of Wit which I always admir'd; and that of every thing in the World, you never forgot any thing besides my self; but I own I could not have imagin'd you had learnt to write since I have been absent from you, and that I should ever see any Thing more beautiful and engaging, than what I had formerly seen of yours. After this you need not doubt my doing all that lies in my Power to put off the Suit which you mention; and tho' you once prosecuted me with a great deal of Warmth, I'll assure you I won't try to be reveng'd for it, tho' I have the Means in my Hand. But are not you a mischievous Creature to disturb my Repose in this manner? I was before in the sweetest Dosing in the World, and I don't believe I shall ever have so good a Nap as long as I live again. I am very sorry you don't come to Day to the Academy; for you may easily think for whose Sake I go. I'll use all the Credit I have to make them go in a Body to petition you to come; but if you'll give me Leave to shew your Letter there, that alone will be enough to make them impatient for your Company. Adieu; I swear I am,

Madam, *Entirely yours, &c.*

Billet

*Billet from Madam de SAINTOT, to
Monsieur de VOITURE.*

I Have promis'd to bestow you, for a Gallant,
upon two fine Women, my Friends. I am con-
fident that you will not find the Exploit too many
for you, and do not doubt, but that you will con-
firm my Promise, as soon as you have but seen
them.

The Answer of Monsieur de VOITURE.

LETTER LXXVI.

MADAM,

LET me see what I love as soon as you can;
for I die with Impatience 'till that happy
Moment. And since, at your Command, I have
fall'n in Love, it behoves you, to take some Care
that I am belov'd too. I have thought all Night
upon the two Ladies that ——— you know of. I
write this Billet to one of them; deliver it, I be-
seech you, to her, whom you believe I love the
more passionately of the two. In Acknowledg-
ment of the good Offices which I receive from
you, I assure you, that you shall always dispose of
my Affections; and, that I will never love any
one so much as your self, 'till I am convinc'd that
you have in good earnest a Mind that I should.

To

To his unknown Mistress.

LETTER LXXVII.

MADAM,

WAS there ever so extraordinary a Passion, as that which I have for you? For my Part, I do not know any Thing of you; and, to my Knowledge, I never so much as heard of you; and yet, I Gad, I am desperately in Love with you; and it is now a whole Day, since I have sigh'd, and look'd silly, and languish'd, and dy'd, and all that for you. Without having seen your Face, I am taken with its Beauty; and am charm'd with your Wit, tho' I never heard one Syllable of it. I am ravish'd with your every Action, and I fancy in you a kind of I know not what, that makes me passionately in Love with I know not whom. Sometimes I fancy you fair, and at other Times black; now you appear tall to me, by and by short; now with a Nose of the *Roman* Shape, and anon with a Nose turn'd up: But in whatever Form I describe you, you appear the loveliest of Creatures to me; and though I am ignorant what Sort of Beauty yours is, I am ready to pawn my Soul, that it is the most bewitching of all of them. If it be your Luck to know me as little, and to love me as much, then Thanks be to Love, and the Stars. But lest you should a little impose upon yourself, in fancying me a tall fair Fellow, and so be surpriz'd at the Sight of me, I care not for once if I venture to send you my Picture: My Stature * is two or three Inches below the middling

* These four or five Lines are said to contain a real Description of the Author. See the *Hist. of the Academ.* Part 2.

ding one; my Head appears tolerable enough, and is decently set off with a large grey Head of Hair; then with Eyes that languish a little, yet are something wild and haggard; I have a Sort of a cudden Cast of a Face: But in Requital, one of your ‡ Friends will tell you, that I am the honestest Fellow in the World; and that for loving faithfully in * five or six Places at a Time, there is no Man alive comes near me. If you think that all this will accommodate you, it shall be at your Service as soon as I see you: 'Till that long long'd for Time, I shall think of you; that is, of I know not whom. But if any one should chance to ask me for whom I sigh, don't be afraid, I warrant to keep the Secret; I would fain see any one catch me at naming you to him.

Madam,

Taur. &c.

‡ He means *Madam de Saintot*, a Woman of Wit and Merit, whom *Voiture* had the Honour to visit often.

* *Voiture* did not content himself with loving five or six Ladies at a Time. If we may believe the Author of his *Pompe funèbre*, he lov'd from the Scepter to the Sheep-Hook, from the Coronet to the round-ear'd Cap. He believ'd, and rightly too, that a clean pretty Country Girl was as valuable in Point of an Amour, as the greatest Ladies glittering with Diamonds and precious Stones. One of his good Friends of Antiquity was of the same Mind with him on this Subject.

Nec magis huic inter niveos viridesq; lapillas,

Tenerum femur aut cras

Rectius, atq; etiam melius persape togata.

Horace.

To Madam de SAINTOT.

LETTER LXXVIII.

MADAM,
YOU can't imagine how much I am vex'd; that I can't walk with you to Day: But her Highness the Princess, and Madam de la Trimoüille, have commanded me to go to Ruël with them. But since you walk every Day, grant me to Morrow, or next Day, the Honour which you now offer me; and, in Return, I'll give you leave to dispose of me to whom you please. Sure you have something very excellent for yourself, since you can make such Presents to your Friends. But if they are handsome, as you say they are, let one of them have me all, and don't split me in two; tho' if I were really in two, one half of me should go to Ruël, and t'other half wait upon you; and I can promise you should have the better half. You have advis'd me to be cold to Madam —, Madam —, and Mademoiselle —. Pray be so kind as to make some very passionate Compliment for me to the Ladies you have given me to: I wish Madam — were one of them; for really t'other Day I lik'd her mightily. But pray behold the absolute Power you have over me; tho' I don't know them, yet I have already an Inclination for them; and tho' I never yet lov'd two Persons at one Time, yet I see I shall do whatever you command me, being as I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.

*To Monsieur ARNAUD, directed for
the SAGE ICAS.*

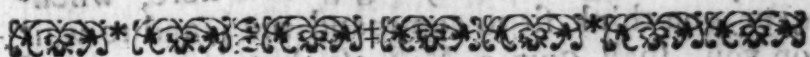
LETTER LXXIX.

SIR,

EVEN tho' I were utterly ignorant of your being a great Magician, and having the Art of commanding Spirits, the Power you have over my Affections, and the Charms I find in all you write to me, would be sufficient to inform me, that there is something supernatural in you. By the Help of your Characters, I beheld, upon a little Bit of Paper, both Temples and Goddeses; and you shew'd me all the Persons I love in your Letter, as in a Conjuror's Glass. But I observ'd with particular Pleasure the Picture, wherein among the darkest Shades you shew the finest Lights of the Age, and inform me of the Care that is taken of me by a Person who has no Equal at present; neither can Time past nor to come, as far as you can see into them, shew you one that may compare to her. But pray, Sir, since you can discover the most hidden Secrets, by only giving yourself the Trouble to say, **SPEAK DÆMONS!** cast a Figure to find out what that Creature can be, and do me the Favour to tell me what you discover about her. Every Body must own this to be a Thing very well worth knowing, and I give you my Word I'll never reveal the Secret; for in this, as in every Thing else, I shall always obey your Commands, and let you see how much I am,

Sir, Your, &c.

T.



To my Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE.

LETTER LXXXI.

MY LORD,

FOR several Reasons I did not expect any Letters from you so soon; for it was natural to conclude, that a Person who had so much Business upon his Hands, could hardly find Time to write much. I was content to hear your Name and Victories cry'd up every Week in the Streets, and to buy up all the News that I could learn of you. The Honour you did me, came at a very favourable Juncture; for some insolent People had maliciously given out, that my Kingdom would be soon at an End, and that they should shortly see me reduc'd to the obscure Condition of a private Person; nay, some of them took this Opportunity to tempt my Fidelity. You would hardly believe, my Lord, what Advantages I have been proffer'd to induce me to quit your Party this Winter, and to declare open War against you; and though these Offers have been made by the most bewitching Lady in the World, yet I have heroically slighted them, as I own I was oblig'd to do, out of Respect to the Person to whom I have so many Obligations, and whose Humour is so agreeable to mine, that tho' he had ever hated me, I could not but esteem and love him. So that altho' I have abundance of pretty Intrigues to make me fond of Paris, which People never want in this good-natur'd Town, who trouble not themselves with the Conduct of Armies, and are not capable of those high Passions which at present take up the better Part of your Soul; yet I am
ready

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ready to sacrifice all my *Engagements* here, whenever you think fit to command me; and to wait on you, shall quit a Mistress that is young and sprightly as an Angel, and black as the Night. I only want a handsome *Pretext* to put this in Execution; and if your *Enemies*, as I am perswaded, will needs have their Walls between you and them, and oblige you to a *Siege*, I shall not fail to be with you. Besides, not to flatter your Lordship, I had rather be a *Sieger*, than *besieged*; and the *Spaniards* are gotten so near *Paris*, that tho' I did not leave it for your Sake, I should for my own. All the *Bridges* near it are broken down, the *Citizens* are ready every Moment to draw up their Chains; and at the same Time when we are formidable upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, we cannot call ourselves safe upon those of the *Seine*. Amidst the *Uneasiness* that this Disorder gives me, 'tis some Consolation to me, my Lord, to see that when our Affairs *decline* on every Side, they prosper on yours; and while our Army in *Picardy* shrinks into Garrisons, that in *Burgundy* moulders away in the *Trenches*: And the same ill Success attends us in *Italy*; you have baffled all the Designs of the *Enemy*, and taken Places from him, while he contented himself with the humble Honour of being a *Spectator*. In a Word, not to magnify Matters more than they *deserve*, all the Progress we have made this Year, is entirely due to your Conduct.

Te Copias, te Consilium, & tuos praebebo Divos.

Command me, my Lord, to come and share in your Prosperity, and to pay my *Respects* to your good Fortune, in that only Quarter where she is to be seen at present. I am,

My Lord,

Your humble Servant, &c.

POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since the writing of this *Letter*, a *Messenger* is arriv'd here, who brings us Advice of your being at *Colmar*. This *News*, I assure you, has caus'd greater Rejoycing at Court than all the Balls that are now on Foot. The Absence of Friends is supportable, when they perform such glorious Exploits as you do: And as much as your Company is desir'd here, there is not a Man that heartily loves you, but rather than have you here, is content that you should tarry a little longer where you are. To be free with you, my Lord, your relieving the King's Allies in Spite of the *Season* and *Enemy*, was a Performance that can never be sufficiently applauded; and it will be always mention'd to your Commendation, that you should bear no Part in the publick Joy, who is the only Person to whom we are indebted for it.



To the same.

LETTER LXXXII.

MY LORD,

I Know no Reason you have to fall out with me, unless it be, that having so numerous an Army about you, you have a Mind to quarrel with all the World; and fore-seeing that the *Spaniards* won't employ you long, you seek out an Occasion for some new Difference. 'Tis a hard Thing, I see, to be a Conqueror, and just at the same Time; and by what Observations I have made in the World, Fortitude and Justice are two Virtues, that if you'll pardon the Meanness of the Expression, seldom set up their Horses together. Not many

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Days

Days ago, I writ you so long a Letter, that I was afraid you would not find Leisure enough to read it; since which Time I have not omitted any Occasion, that I know of, to discharge my Duty. Tho' Gratitude did not remind me of the infinite Obligations I have to your Lordship; yet my Interest would teach me to keep a punctual Commerce with you, lest I should disoblige the Man, who at present is the most to be fear'd of any in *France*. But, my Lord, because you have so many different Affairs to imploy you; because you discharge at once the Business of an *Engineer*, a *General*, and a *private Soldier*; because you are taken up in fortifying a Camp, and taking a City; in seeing Order and Justice observ'd in your Army, and reducing a Nation to Discipline, which could never endure it before; you imagine, Forsooth, that the rest of the World sit down with their Arms folded together, like the People of *Lubberland*, and that none but yourself takes any Pains. In the mean Time, my Lord, I can assure you, that if I had nothing else to do here, but barely to listen to those that tell News of you, and retail it to others who enquire after the same, I should not be much less employ'd than you are, and should have very little Time to write to you. Some Persons, who a few Years ago were content with two or three Hours Discourse of you, can't now come off under six at least. Those who are zealous for the Government, and those that are against it, are equally inquisitive to know what you are a doing; and your Lordship is indifferent to none, but those to whom *France* is so. While I write this, I hear that the Treaty of *Landreci* is concluded, and that you are to march into it next *Sunday*. I congratulate your good Success, my Lord, for convincing our Neighbours that it is not impossible for us to take some of their Places, and for dissolving that Magick Charm, whose wicked Influence

we

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we had felt so long. *Louvain, Valentia, and Dole*, had perswaded our *Enemies*, that we should never get any Thing but dry Blows of them; and that the most we could pretend to, was only to recover what we had lost. The weakest Towns seem'd to become impregnable, as soon as we came before them: Our Troops, that behav'd themselves very well upon all other Occasions, were ruin'd and quite dispirited, as soon as they were engag'd in a *Siege*. In short, there was no Ditch so shallow, no Work so contemptible, but gave a Check to our Army, and stopt their *Career*: But you, my Lord, have deliver'd us from the Power of our old ill Destiny; you have made your Cannon be heard as far as the Gates of *Brussels*; and the Noise of it oblig'd the Cardinal *Infanta* to retreat as far as *Gaunt*, instead of advancing to the Relief of a Place which you were going to take from him. But what I principally admire in this Action, is, the Order, Diligence, and Security with which it was carry'd on. The very Day you open'd your *Trenches*, one might have ventur'd to affirm, that *Landreci* was as good as lost; and though *Picolomini* and his Forces, which struck such a Terror into us the last *Campaign*, had brought all the Power of the Empire along with him, 'twas impossible for them to wrest it out of your Hands. But, my Lord, our Ancestors did not use to observe this Method, when they sat down before any Place; and it may be truly said, that the first *Siege* you laid, was the first regular one that ever *France* beheld. M — has been very importunate with me to go along with him; but I have excus'd my self, pretending an Affair of great Consequence was to be dispatch'd before I could stir from hence. This Affair of so very great Consequence, is a *Siege* I have laid to a very pleasant Place, and very well situated. I have drawn my Lines of Circumvallation about it, after your and the *Dutch* Way;

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and *Picolomini* shall not hinder me from taking it. Having carry'd on Matters so far, it would go plausibly against the Grain to raise the *Siege*; for such a Disgrace amongst Conquerors, such as you and I are, is a Pill of very hard Digestion. I am,

My Lord,

July 3. 1634.

Your most humble, &c.



To the Marquiss of PISANY.

LETTER LXXXIII.

MY LORD,

I Rejoice to hear that you are become the hardest Man in the World, that neither Labour, Watching, Diseases, or even the Steel nor Lead of the *Spaniard* are able to do you the least Harm or Injury; neither could I think it possible, that a Mannurs'd up with Tisan and Barley-water, could have such a terrible hard Skin, nor indeed that any Thing were possible to produce such extraordinary Effects. I don't know which Way this may happen, but I am confident it can't be truly natural, and, for all that, I am not in the least troubled at it; but I had rather have you a Conjurer, than in the Condition of *Attichy* or *Grimville*, tho' you were never so well embalm'd. To deal freely with you, whatever is the Occasion of one's Death, there is something very low and mean in being dead. For that Reason avoid it as much as you can; and I humbly intreat you to hasten your Return, for I can no longer be happy without your Company; this is the chief Reason why I believe you use *Charms*, is, that I, that am so indifferent as to those who

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who are absent, have always a longing Desire to see you; and I wish for you every Moment; however, the Occasions wherein I desire your Company, are full as agreeable, and something less dangerous, than those wherein you are daily, nay hourly engag'd; if then you'll be rul'd, take a good Horse between your Legs, and be as willing to return to *Paris*, as you were to leave it. And as soon as I can hear the happy News of your being there, I promise you to bid adieu to *Tours*, *Blois*, and *Richlieu*, and likewise to take my Leave of *Madam de Combalet*, and the Lady your Sister, to come and wait on you, with the sincere Professions of my being,

My Lord,

Richlieu, Octob. 7. 1637.

Your Honour's humble Servant, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET;

With this Superscription,

*To the Fortunate Infanta, at the
Palace of the Periskians.*

LETTER LXXXIV.

MADAM,

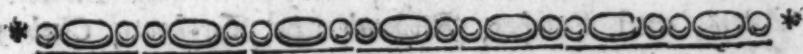
WE are come thus far, without having met with any Adventure worthy your Knowledge; and the Author of our History will have nothing to say hitherto, but that on the 5th Day we arriv'd at *Saumur*. Yesterday, 'tis true, as we were crossing a River, we saw four huge Bulls making

making directly towards us ; my Fellow-Travel-
 lers would have it that they were enchanted ; but,
 for my Part, I can't think so, because they suf-
 fer'd us to pass by them without any Lett or Mo-
 lestation whatsoever, and did not cast the least
 Spark of Fire out of their Nostrils. The Day be-
 fore, we had a Mind to seize the Horse and Purse
 of one that was going that Way, according to the
 ancient and laudable Custom of Knight-Errantry ;
 but we let it drop at last ; for as far as we could
 find, the Man took it for an Outrage, and thought
 it little better than mere Robbery. You can't
 imagine how much the ancient Chivalry is fall'n
 to Decay ; we have pass'd over half a Score Bridges,
 that had not one single Knight to guard e'er a
 one of them ; and wherever we baited, the Inn-
 keepers and Lords of the Castles did not make
 the least Scruple to bring in a Reckoning. Sir
Launcelot of the Lake and my self are mightily con-
 cern'd at it. We do all we can to revive the Cu-
 stoms of the Age of *Uterpendragon* ; but we find the
 rest of the World very little of our Mind ; and you
 can hardly conceive how scarce Adventures are
 grown. The two best I have met with, is finding
 the Letter of *the resolute Infanta*, which I did two
 Days ago ; and receiving another, which I think
 the most charming I ever read in my Life : 'Tis,
 in my poor Judgment, the most compleat Work
 that Fortune ever produc'd ; and since you dispose
 of the aforesaid Fortune just as you please in every
 Thing, we shall lay it at your Door if we are not
 happy ere long ; for, upon my Honesty, I believe
 that 'tis wholly in your Power, and that if you did
 but wish it, 'twere done. We are resolv'd to be
 your Knights in all this War, and to gain so many
 Atchievements, as even to make *Don Falanges de*
Astra jealous. 'Till that happens, we shan't fail to
 send you all the Giants we overcome upon the
 Way ;

Way ; and I will then take the Opportunity to inform you by their Mouths how much I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER LXXXV.

MADAM,

I Have travell'd so far, that at last I came into a Country, where there is not the least Talk of War, or Plunder, free Quarter, or Taxes, or any such Pagan Things ; and where all the Conversation of the People, from the highest to the lowest, runs upon *Love and Gallantry*; *Plays, Balls, Serenades*, and so forth. And now I fancy you imagine I am got, the Lord knows where, into some strange Romantick Country beyond *Popocampesche*, or that Fortune has brought me to the invisible Island of *Alejdiana*. To undeceive you then, the Place where the aforesaid Wonders are to be heard and seen, is at no very great Distance from you ; 'Tis a City seated upon the Bank of the *Loyre*, where the *Ober* discharges its self into that River. The Inhabitants speak a Sort of *Tourain French* ; and as for their Stature and Complexion, they somewhat resemble those of *France*. To be serious with you, Madam, I can assure you, that since the *Moors* were turn'd out of *Granada*, no Place in the World could boast of so much *Gallantry and Magnificence* as this. *Tours*, formerly call'd the Garden of *France*, may now stile it self the *Paradise of the Earth* : There passes not a Day over our Heads, wherein we have not Musick, Balls and Entertainments. All that is

nice and delicious, may be had here in Abundance; Oranges come tumbling in from all Parts; we have whole Caravans loaded with *Bon-chrestien* Pears; and all the adjacent Countries are exhausted to furnish us. The *High-Ways* from *Paris* hither, are all strew'd with *Violins* and *Haut-boys*, *Musicians* and *Dancers*, *Masks* and *Patches*, *Ribbons* and *Top-knots*, *Cloth of Silver* and *Embroidery*, which come thronging into this City. Last Night, by Seven in the Evening, came in by Torch-light six Coaches full of Love and Laughter, Allurements and Charms, Attractions and Invitations, who came from all Parts of the World to honour this Assembly with their Presence. Nay, 'tis confidently reported, that some of them are come from the remotest Parts of *Norway*, as indeed may be reasonably concluded from the late blustering Weather we have had; and many grave Folks here believe, that there is not a Man or a Woman left in the World, but that they are all come hither; and yet, Madam, I make no question, but the People you us'd to converse with staid behind; for among the vast Crouds I daily behold, I have not seen one of them, nor indeed any that resemble them. This prodigious Confluence of Strangers has produc'd wonderful Effects all over the City. The Air is become infinitely more mild and serene; the Men are all up to the Ears in Love, the Women are all become as beautiful as Angels; and the Lady-President, whom you saw at *Richelieu*, is now one of the gayest, busiest Women in all *France*. But, Madam, what is the strangest of all, (by the same Token perhaps you will not think it credible) amidst all this Mirth and Jollity, all this Feasting and Entertaining, I hardly know how to pass away the Hours, they move so heavy and dull. Among so many thousand Ladies, the Devil of one is fallen to my Share; neither dare I pretend to make my Addresses to them: So that while all the rest of our

Gallants

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Gallants have their Hands so full of Love, that they hardly know where to turn themselves, and are so elevated with their good Fortune, that they are resolv'd to live here *eternally*; I, for my Part, heartily wish myself at your Fire-side with Mademoiselle d'Intan, or to have a Glimpse of you at least through a Glass-Window with your Lady-Mother. What I should ascribe this to, I can't tell; but this is certain, that I never found myself possess'd with so ardent a Desire to see you both as now; and the philosophical Reason for it is plain; for I place my whole Felicity in it. This, Madam, I humbly conjure you to believe, as likewise that I am

Tours, Jan. 8. 1638.

Your Servant.



To the same.

LETTER LXXXVI.

MADAM,

TH^O at present I am not able to write you any Letters, but what are dull and insipid, yet I can't forbear writing to you. But forgive me, if I do something to take my Time off my Hands, and consider that this is the only Means I have to do it; for in the Humour I am now in, when I can take up even with Mademoiselle des Condreaux, and Mademoiselle Chesneau, I am sure you will believe, that there's nothing here to hinder me from being the most melancholy Man alive. Among a great many other Uneasinesses, the Pain I am in for your Health, torments me extremely; this last Misfortune has made me so timorous, that whereas I us'd to fear nothing, I now fear every Thing;

Thing; and I dread that I shall never more behold any Thing that I leave behind me. The dearer a Person is to me, the more likely I fancy it is that I shall lose her. This being so, Madam, I leave you to judge how much I must be afflicted upon your Account: You cannot but know, that if Fortune had a Mind to do something that might be more heavy upon me than any Thing she has yet done, it must be you she must attack. I am very impatient to see my self freed from these Fears, and out of this Place, and to find in your Presence some Joy after so much Grief, or at least some Repose after so much Disturbance. I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To the Marchioness de SABLE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

MADAM,

I Could wish I had not seen the Letters you sent to *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*, and to — yet a while; for by writing first, and embarking myself in this Correspondence of my own free Will, I was in Hopes to have given you as certain a Proof of my Affection, as that which I receiv'd from you. But what you have written of me, is so obliging, that I own I can pretend to no Merit in answering it; and the lazyest Man upon Earth, were he in my Place, would do as much as I do. Really, Madam, those People who run you down as to want of Tenderness, must own, that if you are not the most loving Person in the World, you are at least the most obliging. True Friendship cannot have more Sweetness, than there is in your Words;

Words; and all Appearances of Affection are in you so charming, that there is no Man of Honour but what must be contented with it. For my Part, I can scarce help believing you have bewitch'd me; for tho' I very well know, that you can counterfeit a Kindness, as well as Mr. ——— can a Ruby, and can give to a Bit of Paste the Brilliancy of a Diamond, yet I can't, for the Life of me, forbear believing that which you have given to me as true and firm as ever any Thing was in the World. As for my own Part, I may boldly say, that I always honour'd and lov'd you above all Things, but never so much as I do at this Moment; and I dare not write all the Sentiments I have for you, for fear this Letter should chance to be lost, and so be taken for a Love-Letter. I don't think that Passion itself has any Thing more tender, than what I every Day feel for you. I can't counterfeit the Agitations of Lovers, nor distort myself like a pretended Demoniac; but since I left you, I have really had Fits of Melancholy, which have quite chang'd me from what I was, and amaze every Body; nay, a few Hours ago, Father *Tranquille*, and the little Jesuit, had almost a Mind to exorcise me; for if I took any Pleasure, 'twas in talking of you to every Body I could come near. People knew that I had been at your House at *Loudun*, so that every Body had a Curiosity to see me; and I have been question'd and interrogated, as if I had been a Man come either from Heaven or Hell. I told them, Madam, that you were full as handsome as you were forty Years ago, and in this they did not much scruple to believe me; but when I said you had more Wit, they presently fancy'd I told them a Parcel of Stories, and there they began to doubt my Truth: And indeed, you have Miracles wrought in you, that never were wrought in any Body else; and none but you was ever made more handsome by the

the

the Small Pox, or more genteel and witty by the Country. Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet* was ravish'd with your Letter; I thought it one of the best you ever writ, and was glad to see Things so much to my Advantage written in so handsome a Manner. I was very glad too at seeing the Assurances of Love which you gave to some other Persons; tho', to tell you the Truth, the Woman's Vanity, you say is in me, was a little mov'd at it. Adieu, Madam; tho' I have written so long a Letter, yet I give over with Regret, as being

Your, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Pray, Madam, let me know whether you perceiv'd at first that the —, *as being your, &c.* with which I concluded my Letter, is one of those polite Turns which you and I talk'd of together.



To the Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MY LORD,

AND are you still uneasy upon the Miscarriage of *Verceil*? Surely you make no great Use of your Reason, if such a Trifle disturbs you; or were you in Hopes to do Things impossible, since you are not satisfy'd with doing all that a Man could do? Your Lordship will forgive me, if I make so familiar with you; but certainly it does not become a Person of your *Eminence's* high Quality, to be so disorder'd for a foolish Accident, wherein he has committed no Over-sight; and methinks it takes away much from the Merit of a Man's Duty, when he is not satisfy'd that he has

discharg'd

discharg'd it. You brought a Hand-full of People to the Relief of a Place *invested* with a numerous Army. You found the Lines already drawn about it, and all the Works in such a Condition, that it was thought impossible to get one single Man into the City; yet, contrary to the Hopes and Opinion of the whole World, you forc'd a Passage for *eighteen hundred*. Could any Thing be better design'd, more resolutely carry'd on, or more fortunately execut-ed? It was your own proper Conduct and Valour, that brought Things to this Pass. Fortune is accountable for the rest; and if she has done any Thing amiss, why should you torment yourself about it? Accustom yourself, I beseech you, not to be so familiar with her; but as well in good Success, as in the contrary, distinguish what is of her doing, and what of your own. If you *carefully* observe this Method, you will neither have too great, nor too mean an Opinion of yourself. If you will needs answer for 'all Events, and cannot be satisfy'd at a cheaper Rate, than that of finding every Thing come up to the Top of your Expectations, you must certainly wage War upon very hard Conditions, while you expect that Fortune should do as much for you, as she did for *Alexander*, and somewhat more than she could find in her Heart to do for *Cesar*. Besides, I must make bold to tell you, that your Lordship is ungrateful to her, if you quarrel with her upon the Score of this last Accident; for 'tis a Kind of Injustice for a Man to think himself unfortunate, merely because his Hopes and Wishes are not always answer'd. In the mean Time, my Lord, you talk after such a Rate, as if, through your own Oversight, you had lost ten Battels, and an hundred Towns; and you continue to be enrag'd at the Loss of a Place, which, in the Opinion of all the World, was given for lost from the Beginning. I must own to you, indeed, that the taking of *Ver-*
ceil,

ceil, has much prejudiced the King's Affairs ; but your Reputation suffers not at all by it. If the Relief you pour'd into it, did not prove *effectual*, it deserves never the less Commendation. Nay, give me Leave to tell you, that in the most prosperous Stream of your Victories, you never did any Thing more heroic, or more resolute. Reconcile yourself therefore to a more moderate *Temper*, than you seem to be in at present ; and since you are not in a Capacity to fright your *Enemies*, don't attempt to do it on your *Friends*. You, who have taught me all I know, are not to learn at this Time of Day, that Prudence is an universal Virtue, which enters into the Composition of all the rest ; and that where she is not, Fortitude loses its Name and Nature. I am,

My Lord,

Your humble Servant.

Paris, Aug. 7. 1638.



To Monsieur COSTART.

LETTER LXXXIX.

SIR,

I Shall this Time use that *imperatoriam brevitatem*, which you mention in yours ; for I must immediately set out for *St. Germain* ; and therefore I shall say but one Word to you. Nevertheless, I shall not be *ἀνεργος*, according to your *Theophrastus*. In the Feasts you and I are at together, or rather which you treat me with, I ought never to speak at all, except it be to say Grace.

Tantum

Tantum laudare paratus.

To tell you, for certain, what Nation it was that introduc'd Polygamy, I'll swear is out of my Power; neither care I a Pin who it was.

Tros, Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habeo: At least, I'll believe you sooner than I would *Herodotus*, who says, that in the *Indies* there are Ants something less indeed than Dogs, but much bigger than Foxes. This is the Text, according to my *Herodotus*; but may be yours may differ.

But, well thought on; you give me a Scruple about *Theocritus*; and I was before so much at Ease upon that Head, that nothing could be more so. Pray tell me what he means, when he says, that *Venus* sent the *Womens Disease* among the *Scythians*, for having violated her Temple of *Ascalon*.

Your Verse of *Athenaus*, that Wine is the great Horse of the Poets, is very comical; but tell Truth, did not you try to make an *Alexandrine* of it? That *μῆγας* with *ἵππῳ* pleases me mightily; but the great Horse often throws his Rider.

As for *Plautus's Vinum Edentulum*, I am of your Opinion, that he does not mean it would not bite; for that would be a Fault: But I suppose 'tis a Buffoon Way of speaking, to say, that 'twas very old which was a Perfection.

What shall I do to *Ulpian*, who calls the Christians Impostors, *idem Trebatio & Papiniano videbatur*. We should lose our Cause in the Digest, but the Code is for us.

I think *Pliny* has a very good Saying, *verum natura nusquam*, &c. When I behold the Elephant, I am inclin'd to believe, that 'tis a Figure only sketch'd out by Nature, and that there is more Form in a Fly.

I believe I shall in a little Time go a very long Journey: The King has appointed me to go to *Florence*, to inform the Great Duke of the Queen's Delivery. I believe this will not only be agreeable, but

but also advantageous to me ; but I am sorry it will for some Time deprive me of your Letters, and your Company ; for I believe you will be at *Paris* before I shall return. I don't know whether I shall stay here or no, 'till you answer my Letter ; but write to me, however, for a thousand Things may happen to retard, or may be prevent my Departure. Be that as 'twill, I bid you farewell, and beg you to believe that I love you entirely, and that I never enjoy'd any Happiness, which I esteem so much as your Friendship.

But pray don't intersperse so many *Sirs* in your Letters, *ad populum phaleras* ; for if you do, I'll Sir you up at every Line, and say to you,

Vis te, Sexte, coli : volebam amare ;

Sed si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.

I mean, I shall not be so much,

Paris, Aug. 25. 1639.

Your, &c.



To the same.

LETTER XC.

Malè est Cornifici tuo Catulle,

Malè est me hercule & laboriosè.

SIR,

I Never in my Life, had my Mind so toss'd and agitated, as it is now ; and yet you write to me with as much Gaiety and Waggishness, as if we had neither of us the least Cause to be uneasy. Instead of writing to me upon the Subject of my Vexation, and giving me your Thoughts of it, (for

there

there is as much Room for Conjectures in it, as upon the obscurest Passage in all *Tacitus*) you talk to me of *Lampridius* and *Athenaus*, *quam inepte!* And at a Time when I am disputing with myself whether Madam ——— loves me or no, the Thing being really problematic, you ding me o' th' Ears with *Pharaoh*. If I had talk'd to you about the Kings of *Ægypt*, when we return'd together from *Arucueil*, how would you have heeded me, pray? Yet I can't say I did not like some Things that you say to me. What you tell me about ———, made me laugh.

*Tityosque vultu
Risit invito.*

I thought your *patruissimè* very comical. 'Tis true, *Plautus* has now and then a bald Jest or so; but it must be own'd too he has often very good ones; and thus I make *Horace* and *Tully* agree: One of them says, he is a silly Buffoon; and t'other says, he is *passim refertus urbanis dictis*. T'other Day I read in him of an old Fellow, who having surpriz'd Somebody near the Place where he had hid his Treasure, search'd his Pockets, made him shew him first his right Hand, and then his Left; and finding nothing on him, he cries, *cedò tertiam*. This is a very good Description of an old Hunk, who imagines, that a Man has a third Hand to rob him. I can't express to you the Pleasure you give me in writing to me, as you do. I am more instructed by your Letters, than by all the Books in the World, and meet with finer Things in them.

As for *Quintus*, *Metellus*, *Celer's* Gentlemen, I know nothing of them. You tell me they were taken for *Indians*; for my Part, I fancy they were taken for *Loggerheads*. Then you talk of the Winds, like *Columbus* himself. I shrewdly suspect, that you pick'd this, Word for Word, out of a Book;

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Book; for I dare swear you never, till this Moment, knew what a *Rhomb* is; and as for the *Strains of Vegas*, I can't think you knew much more of that, than you did of t'other.

As far as I see, *φιλέω* signifies *bacciare* and *amare*, because *kissing* and *loving* convertuntur. But I am pretty confident Mr. ——— would belye this Passage of *Aristinatus*.

Your Shepherd, his Sheep, and *Hercules*, pleas'd me mightily; nay, the *Afs* himself, as you make him speak, is very pretty. Pray tell me whether you found him or no in *Æsop's Fables*. The Application of the Moral is, I think, a little dangerous; go preach it at *Ruel*, and see how you'll be receiv'd! But to return to our Sheep. They us'd to go down mighty favourily with *Hercules*, and he eat a great many of them at a Time. The *Argonauts*, in their Passage to *Colchos*, left him by himself in an Island: The Learned give several weighty Reasons for their so doing; some say, that when he row'd, he us'd to snap all the Oars to Bits; others, that he was too heavy for the Ship: Some say, the *Argonauts* were afraid he would run away with all the Glory; and others, that he us'd to eat more than they could conveniently spare him. I remember I read once in a *Greek Poet*, (that is, *Greek* and *Latin*) that when he eat, he wag'd his Ears; I thought it a very pleasant Observation, and have therefore remember'd the following Verses of it.

*Illum si edentem videris, strepunt genæ,
Intus sonat guttur, sonat maxilla, dens
Stridet caninus, sibilant nares, movet
Aures, solent armenta sicut haud minus.*

I am sorry I did not mind you, when you were eating the Cinnamon Biscuit at *Gentilly*; for I dare say your Ears wagg'd.

I think

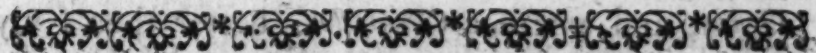
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I think your Verfion from the Greek into French Verfe, is very happy ; but, tell Truth, how often did you invoke *Apollo* before you could do it ?

The Saying of *Achilles Tatius*, that the Tail of a Peacock is a Meadow of Feathers, is pretty ; but perhaps a little too bold ; and, in my Opinion, *Tertullian* has out-done him, when, after having faid feveral Things of the Peacock's Coat, he adds, *nunquam ipfa, femper alia, etfi femper ipfa quando alia, toties denique mutanda, quoties movenda.*

Since you are defirous to chaftife *Ulpian* and *Papinian*, I give you my Consent to do it ; for they engender nothing but Law-Suits ; but if you would take my Advice, you would pardon *Trebatius*, were it only for this Saying of his, which you taught me, *consultus à quodam, an nux pinea pomum effet, refpondit, fi in Vatinius miffurus es, pomum erit.* Adieu, Sir ; I am fincerely,

Your, &c.



To the fame.

LETTER XCI.

SIR,

WHEN I had a Flock of Sheep to buy, and Love-Letters to write, both in the *Castilian* and *Portuguese* Languages, I had hardly more Buſineſs upon my Hands, than I have now. I muſt take my Leave of the King and the Duke of *Orleans* ; I muſt ſolicit *Monſieur de Bulion* for ſome Bills, and get them paid me in *Spain*. I muſt wait upon all my Friends ; and all this muſt be done in three Days. Yet, in the Miſt of all this Hurry, I ſteal Time to write to you ; for, in my Thoughts, nothing is ſo important ; and my Voyage can never

ver be fortunate, if I began it fo ill, as to go without bidding you adieu. Whether my Voyage prove fortunate or no, I never went out of *France* with fo good a Will; and I now take Pleasure in going to defy, upon the *Mediterranean*, the two and thirty Winds, which you know I formerly defy'd upon the Ocean. But now I think on't, you reckon up five and thirty, tho' you pretend to be fo great a Mariner, with your *Rhomb*, and your *Straits of Vegas*.

Hæc quidnam tanti turbarunt æthera venti!

Those who have fail'd round the whole World, know of but two and thirty; fo that the other three muft be in your own Head: I could never have thought there had been fo many. But the Wind which I think moft inſupportable of all in you, is, the *Greek Wind*; and the Sufficiency you affume to yourſelf of knowing where to put a *Grave*, and where a *Circumflex*, better than I myſelf, is intolerable. I own the Saying, *That you ſhall neither add nor diminiſh an Iota*, is very juſt; but it is not meant with Relation to Accents; and yet, becauſe I forgot but one, you hiſs as if you had gain'd a mighty Victory: *Ventum horribilem!* When you made ſuch wretched Work with poor *Philomela*, fo that none but *Tereus* ever us'd her fo ſcurvily, I did not make half this Noiſe; and yet 'twas leſs pardonable in you than me.

But, good Heaven! how ingeniouſly you bring in your *Duriter* —, and all the reſt of that Paſſage! Well, 'tis a Sign I have a true Love for you, ſince I can read without Envy the Things you write to me, and take Pleaſure in ſeeing that you have more Wit than myſelf. Really, I am ſorry for nothing in my Journey, ſo much as my being to loſe the Pleaſure of hearing from you. All the *Figs*, *Raiſins*, and *Melons* in *Italy*, nay, nor the
Present

Present I shall have from the Great Duke, will be able to make me amends for the Loss of your Letters: But I believe you had rather I should praise your Poetry, than your Prose; for *Aristotle* says, that of all Artificers, the Poet is most fond of his Workmanship. Your poetical Works are indeed admirable; and may I be hang'd if I don't think you write Verses like *Tully* himself. I am,

Sir,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XCII.

MADAM,

I Cannot positively say, that I am come to *Turin*; for I have brought but one half of my self with me. You imagine my Meaning is, that I have left the other half with you; but give me Leave to tell you, you are mistaken. All that I mean by it, is, that of an hundred and four Pounds that I weigh'd at my coming out of *Paris*, I now weigh but fifty two. In short, I am fallen away exceedingly, and am so much alter'd for the worse, that I believe my nearest Acquaintance would hardly know me, should they see me in this Condition. An ill-natur'd Intruder, a Fever, staid me a Day at *Roan*. Upon its first Attack, I concluded with myself, that I should be laid up for a Month or two; and therefore, with the humblest Resignation of a good Christian, expected a Sickness of a long Continuance. What vex'd me most of all, was, that I imagin'd you would hardly believe it proceeded from my Grief of parting from you; but

ascribe

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ascribe it to my riding Post. And indeed, Madam, had you made that Inference, I could not condemn you: For to tell you the Truth, the three last Horses I mounted, very much gall'd that Part of my *Body*, which *History* tells us *Brunello* once upon a Time shew'd *Marfisia*. This I mention'd to a certain Great Person in *Roan*, who being, as I was afterwards inform'd, an *Apothecary* by Trade, was so complaisant and civil, as to bring me something of his own composing, which gave me present Relief. When you see my *Lady Dutches*s next, pray inform her of this Matter; and likewise tell her, that I have receiv'd no other Hurt as yet, save only that which proceeds from my not seeing you. But alas! there is no Remedy for that: Neither *Acids*, nor *Alkali's*, nor *Acrimony*, nor *Chymical Salts*, will help me. Within a few Days I shall pursue my *Journey* to *Rome*, whither, if you please to direct any of your Letters to me, I shall behold the Curiosities of that famous Place with more Delight and Satisfaction, and pass away my Time more agreeably, who am,

Madam,

Turin, Sept. 8. 1638.

Your obedient Servant, &c.



To the same.

LETTER XCIII.

MADAM,

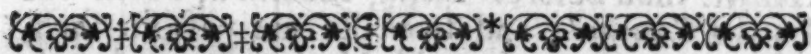
I Wish, with all my Heart, you could have seen what a blessed Pickle I was in this Day, in your Glass; you then would have found me amongst the most horrid Mountains in the World, in the midst

midst of a dozen or fifteen Men, the most dreadful to look on that might be ; the most innocent of them has kill'd fifteen or twenty Men to his Share. They were all black as Devils, their Hair grew down to their Wastes, each of them had two or three Cuts cross the Face, and every one a Blunderbuss on his Shoulder, and two Pistols, and as many Daggers at his Girdle. These are the *Banditti* that live in the Mountains of *Piedmont* and *Genoa* ; you would certainly have been afraid to have seen me amongst these Scoundrels, and would have believ'd they were a going to cut my Throat. For fear of being robb'd, I entreated their Company, having the Night before written to their Captain to meet me here, which he hath done ; so that I have got off for three Pistoles. But above all, I wish you had seen what Faces my Nephew and my Man put on, on this Occasion, who thought nothing less than that I had led them to the Slaughter-house. Having dismiss'd them, I came into two Places where there were *Spanish* Garrisons, and there certainly I was in greater Hazard than before. Being examin'd, I told 'em I was a *Savoyard* ; and to make me pass for such, I spoke as like as I could *M. de —* ; and upon that, I was permitted to pass. Consider whether I shall make any excellent Discourses that will stand me in so much Stead ; and if it had not been very impertinent in me at that Time, if under Presence of being of the Academy, I should have pump'd for the best *French*. From thence I came to *Savonne*, where I found the Sea somewhat more tempestuous than was suitable to so small a Vessel as I had taken ; and yet, God be prais'd, I am come safe hither. Consider how many Hazards I have pass'd in one Day. In short, I have escap'd the *Banditti*, the *Spaniard*, and the Sea, and they have not all of them done me so much Hurt as you have ; and it is for your Sake that I run the greatest

greatest Hazards I am like to meet with in this Voyage. You think that I am in Jest, but may I die, if I can any longer defend myself from the Affliction it is to me, not to see your Mother and yourself. I must needs confess, that I was first in some Doubt, whether it were you or the Post-Horse that hurt me; but now it is six Days since I have ridden, and yet feel no less Weariness. This convinces me, that my Torment proceeds from my Distance from you, and the greatest of my Ailments, is that of not seeing you; and this is so certain, that had I no other Business here, than what I have to do at *Florence*, I think I should immediately return to *France*, and not have the Heart to go any farther, had I not an Affair of yours to solicit at *Rome*. Be pleas'd then to think yourself oblig'd to me for this; for I assure you, there's much more in it than I tell you, and that I am as much as I ought to be,

Madam,

Your humble Servant, &c.



To my Lady Marchioness de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XCIV.

MADAM,

FOR your Sake I have given myself the Trouble to see *la Valentin*; and that with much more Curiosity than ever I saw any Thing in my whole Life. Since you expect a Description of it, I shall give it you in as exact a Manner as I can. But, Madam, be pleas'd to consider, that when I have done this, and executed your other Commission

sion at *Rome*, I shall have done for you two of the hardest Things in the World, which is to talk of Buildings and Business. To begin then, Madam, with *la Valentin*, I must inform you, that it is a pleasant House, within a quarter of a League of *Turin*, situated in a Meadow on the River *Po*. As you come up to it, the first Thing that presents its self to your Sight, the Duce take me if I know what it is; but, as I was saying before, the first Thing you see, is a Lodge. No, no, it is a Portal. No, I am mistaken, it is certainly a Lodge. After all, I *seriously* profess to you, I know not whether it is a Portal or a Lodge. Not an Hour ago, I had every Thing as perfect as might be; but this wicked *Memory* of mine uses now and then to play a Jade's Trick, and leave me in the Lurch. But at my Return, I shall take better Notice, and not fail to give you a punctual Account of all I am,

Madam,

Genoa, Oct. 7. 1638.

Your Servant.



To Monsieur COSTART;
LETTER XCV.

SIR,

I Was Yesterday entertain'd in one of the most magnificent Palaces in the World. For my Lodgings, I had a spacious Hall, two Anti-Chambers, and a Chamber hang'd with *Tapestry*, all over bedaub'd with Gold, and was attended by some 20 or 30 tall Servants in *Liveries*; and to Day I find myself in one of the wretched'st Inns that ever was seen, and have only one Boy to wait upon me. To banish so surprizing an Alteration of the

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Scene out of my Head, and raise myself to as great a Degree of Happiness, as I enjoy'd Yesterday, I call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, on purpose to write to you ; and may I be abandon'd by all the World, if amidst the Honours I receiv'd suitable to the Person that I then represented, and amidst all the Dainties I was then regal'd with, I found so much Pleasure as I do at this present. Besides the Satisfaction I take in entertaining you, I had a much stronger Reason to incline me to write ; and that was, that the Cause of my maintaining a constant Correspondence with you, does not proceed from any Advantage I propose to my self by the Exchange, since at this present Moment, when I cannot hope for any Answer from you, I yet take an infinite Pleasure to write to you, and likewise to assure you of my Readiness to serve you, whenever any Occasion presents itself. Within three Weeks I hope to take my farewel of Rome ; and if I can meet with the *Conveyance* of a Vessel, to sail *directly* for *Marseilles*, you that are so well acquainted with the Winds, if you have any Command over them, be so kind as to lock them up all but one or two, that will send me Homewards. As for them, there is no great Danger, should they storm and bluster a little. I don't care a Farthing for a little tossing of the Sea, provided I make the more Speed ; for I long exceedingly to be at *Paris*, and *particularly* to kiss your Hands there. I am

Rome, Nov. 15.

1638.

Your most humble Servant

To



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER XCVI.

MADAM,

MY Lady, your Mother, must excuse me, but never any Thing was so tiresome to me, as *Rome*. Not a Day passes, but I see something that is wonderful; Master-pieces of the greatest Artists that ever were; Gardens where there is an everlasting Spring; Buildings that are not to be equall'd in the World; and Ruins yet more beautiful than they: But all this that I tell you, hath no Power to divert me; and at the same Time that I see 'em, I wish myself far from 'em. The most excellent Paintings, Sculptures, and Portraits of *Apelles*, *Praxiteles*, and *Papardelle*, have no Charms for me. I should be amaz'd at this, were I not sensible of the Cause, and did not well know, that a Person, who has been accusom'd to the Sight of you, could never be easy when he did not enjoy it: For to tell you the Truth, Madam, I have the same Sense of you, as of Health; I never so well know your Value, as when I have lost you; and although, when I am near you, I manage not always so well as to maintain myself well with you; yet from the Moment that I behold you no more, I seek you with a thousand Wishes. I call to Mind that you are the most precious of worldly Things; and I find, by Experience, that all the Delights of the Earth are harsh and disagreeable without you. I had more Pleasure some Time ago in two or three Turns of the Ruel with you, than I have had since in seeing all the Country-Seats of *Rome*, or that I should have to see the Capitol, tho' in all

its ancient Splendor, with even *Jupiter Capitolinus* there in Person: But that you may know that this is no Raillery, and that I am really as ill as I express it, 'tis but eight Days since, that walking in the Morning with the *Chevalier de Fars*, I had fallen all along, if he had not receiv'd me in his Arms; and the next Evening I swoon'd once more in the Apartment of the Marshal *de Estree's*. The Physicians say, that those are melancholy Vapours, and that these Accidents are not to be neglected. As for me, since this has taken me two Days successively, and that I was threaten'd with something worse, I have neither been stupid nor insensible, but have taken some Antimony which Monsieur *Nerli* gave me. This has done me some Good, and I'll bring four Doses with me, which I'll persuade the Dutches *d' Aiguillon* to take; for there is no Volatile Salt which can have so good Effect: And this we must be contented with, 'till he that hath given me it, shall find the Receipt of the *Aurum Potabile*; which Secret, as he says, he shall attain to in a Year at least. I hope to leave this Place in a Week; you will be amaz'd that I can continue so long in a Place which I tell you I have been so tir'd with; but I have been kept here 'till now, by some Things which I will acquaint you with, and which I have not yet been able to dispatch; but I assure you once more, that I never in my Life was so uneasy and so impatient to see you. I humbly beseech you to do me the Honour to believe me, and to be assur'd that I am much more than I can here express,

Madam,

Rome, Nov. 25. 1638.

Yours,



To

To the Lord Bishop of LISIEUX.

LETTER XCVII.

MY LORD,

I Would willingly myself have brought you the Letter herein inclos'd, and return'd you my Thanks by Word of Mouth, for the Favour you were pleas'd to do me, in recommending me to the Person who sends it you : And indeed, having been but little amended at *Rome*, I had a mighty Mind to see whether I should be more improv'd at *Lisieux*, and whether you would teach me how to make myself worthy of the Pardons I have receiv'd from the Pope. This Journey I believe would be of more Use to me, than that which I have lately finish'd ; for really, my Lord, I never see you, without being the better for it some Days together ; and every Time I come near you, I find my good Angel assumes new Strength, and leads me by the Hand with more Boldness. I have long thought, that if ever God vouchsafes to convert me, he will make Use of no other Means in order to do it, than your Discourse and Example ; and, that if he sends a Voice from Heaven to reclaim me, he will communicate it to me by your Mouth. I can't help thinking, that the Desire I have to serve you, does, in some sort, sanctify me already ; and I cannot be very prophane, whilst I have so much Respect and Affection for so holy a Person : At least, you cause me to have one reasonable Passion among so many other unreasonable ones ; and let me be ever so irregular, I am sure one Part of my Heart is sound ; tho' I am us'd to bestow it with very little Considerations, yet now I

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believe

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believe I have for ever secur'd the Part you have of it, from all Danger of being given or engag'd elsewhere. Your Share in it, my Lord, is so great, that I hope it may one Day come to save all the rest; and I don't despair of seeing it wholly yours e'er long. You are every Moment winning more and more of it, and, within a very little while, you will have as much Power in it, as all the rest of the World besides, put together. I beg you would go on and gain it all, and you may rejoyce in this Acquisition, as a Conquest made in an Infidel Country, from whence you are decreed to expel Idolatry. I have some Hopes that this will happen; for when I consider that you, who can very hardly be deceiv'd, have given me so many Commendations, I look upon all the Good you have said of me, as a Prophecy, and I believe, I shall come to be the Man you assur'd Cardinal *Barberini* I was already. 'Tis impossible for me to express the good Reception he gave me upon your Recommendation, and the Affection he testify'd for every Thing that related to you. *Italy*, my Lord, is not a bit less acquainted with your Merits than *France*; and I saw nothing at *Rome* that edify'd me so much, as the Esteem they have there for you. But Cardinal *Barberini* particularly seem'd to be an extraordinary Friend of yours; and I dare say, he has that Love and Respect for your Virtue, which all, who converse with you, must feel in your behalf. He has commanded me to tell you some Things from him, which I reserve 'till I have the Honour to see you, and to assure you my self, that I am more than any Body,

My LORD,

Your, &c.

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may be assur'd I shall do any Thing that may secure an Honour that I esteem so extreamly, and that I shall not easily lose a Friend I have purchas'd at so dear a Rate. I have fulfill'd your Desires in the Business that you writ to me about, and shall be as observant to you in all your other Commands, for I am with Sincereness and Affection,

Sir,

Your humble Servant, &c.



To the Lord Cardinal de la VALETTE.

LETTER XCIX.

MY LORD,

IF you remember the Love I us'd to have for *Rinaldo* and *Rogero*, you would not at all doubt of my having as great a one now for you, since in only a Doublet you do all that they did in enchanted Armour: Had you been a Fairy, you could not have run into Danger more boldly than you have done: You have push'd Valour to its farthest Limits, and carry'd it to the greatest Height that it can possibly be rais'd to, even by those who have no other Virtue besides their Bravery. I own, my Lord, if the War had been ended by this last Action, which you had the principal Hand in, and if nothing remain'd for you to do now, but to come Home in Triumph, I should take a vast deal of Delight in the Praises which are here given you, and should sit down to write your History, with a great deal of Calmness and Pleasure: But when I reflect that more Occasions are likely to offer, wherein you may run the same Hazards,

Hazards, and not being sure what may be the End of the Story, I can't enjoy, without some Uneasiness, the Glory you have gain'd in the World; and the Fear of Futurity will not suffer me to be heartily joyful at what now requires it. For this Reason, I leave the Office of loading you with Elogiums, to those who have not so much Affection for you as I have, and who do not stand so much in need of you, as I do. For my part, all I can do at present, is most humbly to beseech you, my Lord, to be more careful of the most illustrious Person of the Age, and not to be so fond of Valour, as to do Wrong to Justice, which forbids you to be so free in venturing the Happiness of so many People, and commands you to be very cautious how you risque a Life, wherein so many worthy Persons have an Interest, and which is of more Concern to *France*, than all the Countries you defend. I am,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To the Lord - - - - -

LETTER C.

MY LORD,

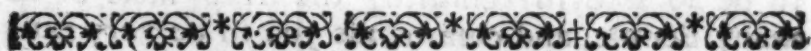
HAD you left *Paris*, even upon an agreeable Occasion, either for Pleasure or Glory, I believe I should have been sorry even for that, and in this one Point oppos'd your Interest; but your Absence having so unlucky a Cause as it has, I may say, nothing could have happen'd to afflict me more, and Fortune could have done nothing (in my Eyes) more unjust and hard to be supported. Since this Accident has disturb'd the Pleasure

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of every Body here, and given Uneasiness to so many People, who are less oblig'd to you than I am, I dare say, my Lord, you would not in the least have scrupled to believe that I am inexpressibly griev'd at it, tho' I had not writ to you, to inform you of it. However, I thought it my Duty to give you this Proof of it; and I fancy'd, I should receive some Consolation from assuring you, that there is no Body on Earth, who is so much concern'd at every Thing that relates to you, or is more sincerely than I,

My Lord,

Your, &c.



To Monsieur - - - - -

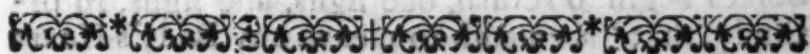
LETTER CI.

SIR,

I Wish you had danc'd a *Couranto* the less, and sent me a Letter, or employ'd the Time wherein you may dance a *Boutade* in writing to me. We are told here, that in one single Ball you danc'd it thirty Times: This is heavy dancing for a great *Mareschal de Camp*, who ought to give some Proof of his remembering those whom he left behind at *Paris*. If you go on at this Rate, I declare I'll have no more to do with you, nor take any more Care of your Affairs; for I think the Ladies of *Lorain* will be more oblig'd to reward you, than our Court-Ladies. I don't know, Sir, what you may fancy, nor what Advantage you may have in't; but, for my Part, I think your Dancing can't be much in Tune at *Metz*; and I dare swear you have no Ladies there, more handsome nor lovely than three or four here, who talk of you
some-

sometimes, and who are a little affronted at your being so merry in their Absence : But if you are grown such a mighty Dancer, that you can't forbear, at least they desire you not to dance the *Boutade* any more, but to chuse some graver Dance, such as the *Brawls*, or the *Pavane*. I thought myself oblig'd, Sir, to give you this Advice ; you may make what Use of it you please ; for my Part, I shall be always,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER CII.

MADAM,

THE raising of the Siege of *Turin*, was the most agreeable News I ever heard in my Life. Yet I could not help being a little sorry, that it depriv'd me of an Opportunity to give my Lord Cardinal *de la Valette* a Proof of the sincere Affection I have for him ; for I had made a Resolution to get into the City, and carry him some Refreshments, together with your Message. Count *Guiche*, to whom I boasted of this Project, told me, that they generally hang those whom they catch in such Designs ; but this did not at all deter me ; for having had some Reasons from Madam *de la Trimouille*, with which I might comfort myself up, in Case I were broken upon the Wheel in *Italy*, I did not much mind so small a Matter as being hang'd. But it had been comical, if the Cardinal from the Walls, should have happen'd to spy me upon the Ladder. In sober Sadness, when one is absent from you, a Man would be hang'd for a Groat, and one feels so great a Weight lying upon one's Stomach,

Stomach, that I don't know but 'twould be better to be put out of one's Pain at once. 'Tis impossible for you, Madam, to conceive the Nature of this Distemper, because you were never absent from your self, nor ever knew the Affliction it gives, to be separated from the most amiable Person in the World. But, if you will, I'll tell you how it is: The first Day one is quite fast asleep; the second, one is only in a Sort of a Dose; the third, one is as it were stupify'd, and when one's Senses begin to return, one sighs, and sighs, so pitifully, that 'tis enough to cleave any Body's Heart to hear it. Don't be afraid of this Letter's being open'd, for the Posts do now travel in Security: But, in Case it is surpris'd, I declare to Prince Thomas, to the Marquis of Leganez, and to all those to whom these Presents shall come, that there's no Heed to be given to me, that I am in Jest all the while, in whatever I say, and that I generally do write thus, in an extravagant Manner. They may believe as much of this as they please; but this is undoubtedly true, that I am, beyond any Thing I can say,

Madam,

Grenoble.

Your, &c.



To the Princess.

LETTER CIII.

MADAM,

WERE I not nail'd to *Paris* so fast, that I don't know how to stir from it, nothing should have hinder'd me to Day, from being at *Poissy*; for whatever I may have said of another Princess, there is none in the World I see with so much

Monsieur VOITURE's Letters. 229

much Pleasure, as I do your Highness. But as you know, Madam, that one Pellet drives out another, the Passion I have for you, is forc'd to give Way to a new one which is come upon me, and which, if it is not stronger, is at least more pressing at present. I don't know whether you will understand this *Ænigmatical* Way of Expression; but I assure you, I have a *fundamental* Reason not to stir from hence, but I dare not rest too much upon it, nor explain myself farther to you. I deliberated a long Time with myself, whether I should go or no, and there was a great Dispute between my Heart and another Part which I don't Name: But, in short, Madam, I must own to you, that that which ought to have been undermost, got the upper Hand of it, and I preferr'd that *before* every Thing else, which naturally ought to have been *behind*. Yet I swear, in the Posture my Affairs are in, 'twas impossible for me to do otherwise; and you yourself, who are the most prudent Person in the World, and do nothing without Order, must have done as I did, if you had been in my Condition. I pray God, Madam, you never may; for in the Condition I am in, there is no Place at all but what is irksome to me; and be I where I will, I am, as it were, upon Thorns: I can't walk; I am very uneasy on Horseback; a Coach is too violent for me, and even Monsieur de *Sous-carriere's* Chairs are troublesome to me. I am,

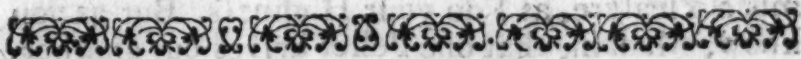
Madam,

Paris, August 5,
1639.

Your, &c.



To



To Monsieur CHAPELAIN.

LETTER CIV.

SIR,

THIS comes to tell you, that I shall punctually put your Orders in Execution. Whether 'tis for your own, or M. de Balzac's Sake, that I do it, the Duce take me if I know, nor, indeed, do I think I shall be able to resolve the Question, tho' I study'd it twenty four Hours by the Clock. The Authority that both of you have over me, is so equally divided, that if, at the same Time, one of you should command me to eat, and the other to drink, in my Conscience I should be starv'd, at least, according to the nice Notion of our Philosophers; for I should never find any Reason to comply with the one more than the other: But as my good Stars order it, you agree so well in your Sentiments, that you will never impose any contrary Commands upon me; and your Interests are so mutually interwoven, that when ever I satisfy one of you, I cannot fail of satisfying the other. I am,

SIR,

Aug. 10.

1639.

Your humble Servant.



To



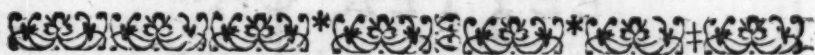
*To Mademoiselle * * * * **

LETTER CV.

MADAM,

THE Letter which you desir'd to see, is not worth the least Line of that in which you command it ; but you, who were Yesterday so devout, do you make no Scruple to write such Things in the Holy-week, and do you not apprehend the Consequence of 'em, and what Effect they may have ? I had set my Conscience at rest, and for that Reason had resolv'd never to see you more. But your Letter has given me a new Disorder ; and, as well as another, I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by your Pearls, and your four thousand Livres. I could not have thought that you would ever have made use of such Means to regain a Lover, or that these Sort of Things could have had any Power over me ; and I assure you, 'tis the first Time that I have let myself be dazzled with Riches : So, to tell you the Truth, the Pearls were never so well set as they are in your Letter ; and your four thousand Livres, as you have manag'd 'em, are worth more than three hundred thousand. You are an incomprehensible Person, and I cannot sufficiently admire how, without reading *Herodotus*, and making use of the *Satur-walia*, you can write such delicate Letters ; as for me, Madam, I begin to imagine that you have deceiv'd us ; I believe you are acquainted with the Source of *Nilus*, and that Spring from whence you draw all these fine Things, which you say, is much more secret and unknown : In fine, whatsoever your Steward says, 'tis not the Marchioness de *Sable* who

who is the finest Person in the World ; you have more Charms in a Corner of an Eye, than there is in all the rest of the Earth ; nor have all the Charms of Magick, a Power comparable to those you write.



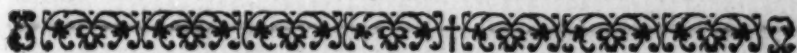
To Madam * * * * *

LETTER CVI.

MADAM,

YOU have good Reason to make a Jest of me, and I own I am asham'd to find, that after having made so much Boasting, I must at last be forc'd to shew my Weakness. As far as I see, Madam, let me be where I will, I can never be far from you ; I carry you always about me in my Heart ; and you have me as sure when I am at my own Lodgings, as when I am in your Coach. But, if we consider this Matter thoroughly, you neither ought to have any Glory upon its Account, nor I any Shame ; for since 'tis all done by Sorcery and Enchantment, there's no Room for you to boast, nor me to be reproach'd and upbraided. It must be done so ; for if there were not something super-natural in it, how could it happen, that, knowing your Artifices so well as I do, I should make no better a Defence against them ; and that the most unlucky, ungrateful Creature upon Earth, should to me seem the most amiable. Be satisfy'd, I beseech you, Madam, with the Mischiefs you have done me ; break the Charm you have laid upon me ; or, if you are not willing I should be cur'd, at least, since nothing is impossible to you, so order it, that I may believe you love me, and I shall then endure with Chearfulness.

fulnefs all the Misfortunes you fhall pleafe to in-
flict upon me. I am,
Madam,
Your, &c.



To the Marchionefs de SABLE.

LETTER CVII.

MADAM,

THO' *Monfieur Mefnardiere's* Letters are very gallant, yet *Mademoifelle de Chalais* and my felf don't know how to be fatisfy'd with receiving only that one in this Journey, fince that too inform'd us of nothing but your having caught a dreadful Cold. But 'tis a ftrange Thing, that I, who have fo often been angry with you for being too tender and fearful in what concern'd your Health, fhould now grow to be of the fame Temper as to what regards you; and that your having a Cold, fhould be a greater Torment to me, than if I myfelf had a continual Fever upon me. But indeed I am now fo much interefted in your Health, that I have good Reason to be uneafy for it, fince thereon depends your Journey, and upon your Journey, all my Repofe and Satisfaction; for I affure you, Madam, I am refolv'd to have none, if you don't come; fo that I fhall this Winter be the happieft or unhappieft of all Mankind, according to the Refolution you take. Nay, you yourfelf too would have your Share in the Pleafure you give us; for you would undoubtedly have more Diverfion here, than where you are, and be more gay, and confequently better in Health. But 'till you can come, how kind I fhould think you, if you would but fend *Mademoifelle*—— and
Made-

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Mademoiselle — before you, that in the mean Time I might have some Body to talk of you to, and so deceive my Impatience, by giving it that Satisfaction! —

— This is a great Piece of Assurance, Madam, to scratch out four Lines together, when one writes to a Marchioness; but you know better than any Body how necessary a Thing it is in human Society, to have the Liberty of scratching out. I don't write to —, for I am vex'd at her not having written to me all the last Journey. I send a Parcel of Top-knots, which I humbly beg you to transmit into the Hands of her Confident. She may make what Use of them she shall think most proper, and keep them for herself, if she believes she cannot present them to —, without being suspected by the Mother. Yet I desire she would pick out the handsomest of them, and present them to you as from herself; I would say from me, if I durst, and if I did not know that you never take the least Pleasure in having any Thing given to you. I send them some Images too, because I remember I promis'd I would. I tell you nothing from your Friend; the poor Creature is, I think, in a deplorable Condition; her Husband never stirs a Moment from her; he is every Moment scolding at her, and so is her Mother. In short, never was Woman marry'd so little, nor so much. Pray, Madam, come quickly, and see this Wonder. I am,

Your, &c.





To Madam * * * * *

LETTER CVIII.

MADAM,

TH^{O'} I can never hope to acquit myself of the Obligation I lie under to you for your Civilities, yet I should be sorry to be less oblig'd to you; and tho' I know myself unworthy the Honours you heap upon me, they nevertheless give me inexpressible Pleasure; if I knew nothing more of you than your Quality and Birth, I should think myself very much honour'd in having receiv'd Letters from you, and been favour'd with your Commands. But Fortune having so order'd it, I can't tell by what Means, that being at a great Distance from you, I nevertheless know you as particularly as those who are most near you. I own, Madam, it gives me an inconceivable Satisfaction, not to say Vanity, to have receiv'd so much Kindness from one whom I long ago thought the most accomplish'd Lady this Age can boast of, and in whom all the Qualifications that can create Affection and Esteem, are assembled together. But tho' I had known so little of the World, as never to have heard this talk'd of, yet I can judge by your Letters, that there is nothing in *France* that can equal your Affability and Wit; and the beautiful and obliging Words which you do me the Honour to write to me, would certainly make me imagine something extraordinary of you. They are really such Words, Madam, as would have touch'd me extreamly, let them come from whom they would; but the Person who sends them, makes them much more considerable in my Eye; and

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and the Hand that writ them, gives them a Force and Virtue they could never have had elsewhere. If after this, I serve A — with my utmost Diligence and Interest, 'twill be no great Wonder; your Perswasions are such, that it would be impossible not to do it, and you have left me no Room to have any Merit in doing it. I could wish, Madam, that instead of recommending to me a Person for whom I have already a very great Esteem, you had commanded me to do something very difficult, and for which I might have had some little Repugnance; that you might, in some Measure, have known the Power you have over me, and been sensible, that it is not either the Favours you have loaded me with, or the Manner of writing, by which you so easily gain the Hearts of all who read your Letters, that make me obey you; but that 'tis the Respect I have for the many wonderful Qualities you possess, and Zeal with which I am,

Madam,

Your, &c.



To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

LETTER CIX.

MADAM,

WERE it not for my Waggon, I should be wonderfully afflicted at the Loss of your Company, and should have thought of nothing besides yourself; for, to tell you the Truth, I was never in my Life so unwilling to leave you. But you can't imagine, Madam, what an excellent Remedy a Waggon is against an extraordinary Passion; sometimes a Horse founders, then a Wheel breaks;

breaks ; sometimes we stick fast all Night in the midst of a Bogg ; and 'tis really as much as one can do to think of one's best Friends twice or thrice a Day, in these plaguy *Vehicles*. But now that we shall travel more gently, and are just going to take Water upon the *Rhosne*, I shall do my Duty better in thinking of you ; and I am mistaken if I shan't arrive at *Avignon* the most passionate Man in the World. As for you, Madam, who travel no farther than from your House to *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, and are not oblig'd to hobble thro' such ill Ways as I am, you are not excusable, if you don't do me the Honour to think of me sometimes ; at least, I know you are more oblig'd to do it than ever ; and if I don't think of you very often, when I do, 'tis with such a good Will, and in such a Manner, that I am sure, if you could conceive it, you would be satisfy'd with me ; and besides, how do you know but I do think of you very often, and talk thus, only because I dare not tell all my Sentiments ? In this Doubt, I beg you, Madam, to believe what Monsieur *Amand* shall tell you about me, for I have appointed him to let you know my Intentions, and do me the Favour to think me,

Madam,

Lyons, Feb. 23. 1642.

Your, &c.

The Resolution which my Lord Cardinal had form'd, to go by Water on the *Rhosne*, is alter'd ; because, as he was walking upon the Port the Day before Yesterday, he saw a Boat full of Soldiers like to perish, and there were some of them so mad as to fling themselves into the Water, and so were drown'd : Now, his Eminence don't care for drowning, because it would retard the Design he has upon *Roussillon*.

The End of the First Volume.

[illegible]

The 14th, in ten which my Lord Cardinal had
 turned to go by Water on the 11th, is stated;
 and as he was walking upon the Portico, the
 15th, I observed, he saw a Boar Hill at Bonifazio
 like to death, and there were some of them
 and as to him, the 16th, the 17th, and the 18th
 were drawn: Now, the 19th, the 20th, the 21st
 drawing, because it would seem the 22nd
 has upon the 23rd.

The end of the First Volume.

